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THE
British Bibliographer.

BY
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. 7.

AND
JOSEPH HASLEWOOD.

VOLUME III.



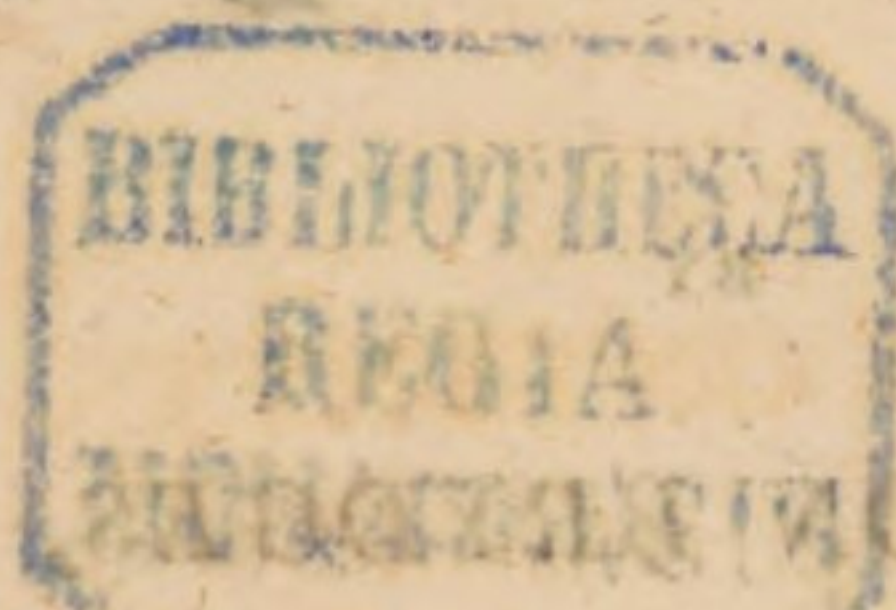
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

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PREFACE.

THE aid, which, it is hoped, may now be asserted to have been given by the CENSURA LITERARIA to the researches of the Literary Antiquary, prompted the present undertaking, with similar views. How far it has yet attained its end, is more proper for the reader, than the Editor to pronounce. It may, however, be confidently said, that the First Volume contains a great deal of recondite information, illustrative of British Bibliography; a study which is every day growing more fashionable, and which, surely, is honourable to the liberal curiosity of a polished and enlightened age.

Even within the last five years, we have seen this pursuit make a rapid progress. Books, which were before little regarded, except by a few black-letter collectors, have become objects of a wide interest; and the taste for knowledge of this kind, is at length far spread through the kingdom. This has given encouragement to the Booksellers to reprint the major part of the old English Chronicles;* and to put the rest in a state of forwardness;† works, which were before almost inaccessible, and which form, in themselves, an historical library of high and important value. The body of the English Poets‡

* Holinshed, Hall and Grafton, are already printed; and others in the press. To these is to be added, a reprint of the old translation of Froissart, by Lord Berners.

† Hackluyt's Voyages have been reprinted by Mr. Evans, of Pall-Mall, who has, also, given a new edition of his father's Collection of Ballads. Prince's Worthies of Devon have been reprinted by Rees, of Plymouth; and Fuller's Worthies of England are in the press, under the care of an able Editor. Dugdale's Warwickshire, and Carew's Cornwall, are also reprinting. Bloomfield's Norfolk is finished.

‡ Twenty-one Vols. large 8vo. in double columns, printed for the principal booksellers, 1810. It contains the chief poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, including all of Dr. Johnson's edition; and the scarce Volumes of Gower, Skelton, Surry, Wyatt, Gascoigne, Turberville, Warner, Habington, Stirling, &c. &c.

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also,

also, edited by the judicious labour, the elegant pen, the nice and correct taste, and virtuous mind of Mr. A. CHALMERS, has been augmented by the accession of some of our rarest writers in that class.*

That many of these sunk into oblivion for want of eminent merit, may be admitted; but the progress of time has given them attractions of a different sort from that by which they originally endeavoured to force themselves into notice.

It is, however, no longer necessary to expatiate on the instruction, or on the amusement afforded by Bibliographical inquiries.† The voice of the British public has acknowledged it †

The present work, by the assistance of friends, whose fame is so well known, that the tribute of my commendation would be impertinent, offers some gratification to the prevailing taste, by an account of a few rare books, of which notices are no where else to be found.

Mr. PARK's Catalogue Raisonné of WITHER's

* To these may be added, Todd's Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower: as well as his Spenser and Milton.—Mr. Gilchrist has illustrated Bishop Corbet; and Mr. Fry has given Selections from Carew. Dr. Nott's long expected edition of Surry's Poems, has not yet appeared.

† An ENGLISH DE BURE has long been wanted; and I am happy to announce that it has been, at length, undertaken by the person most qualified by his extensive and varied knowledge, by his lively mind and indefatigable industry, to do it justice. Mr. Dibdin, whose "*Introduction to the knowledge of rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics*," has established his reputation; and whose splendid first Volume of "*Ames's Typographical Antiquities*," cannot be too highly praised, has exhibited among his friends, a most luminous and elegant specimen of "*THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY COMPANION, or a Guide to the knowledge of rare, curious, and useful Books in the English Language, or appertaining to British Literature and Antiquity*, by the REV. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN."

‡ The treasures from the Hafod press, ought not to be omitted among the modern additions of the greatest value to the literature of past ages. To the Froissart, and Joinville, is now added the Monstrelet, in five handsome quarto volumes, most richly embellished with plates. The *Somers Tracts* and *Harleian Miscellany*, contribute to the mass of old literature now reprinting.

numerous

numerous Works, will be admitted to be highly curious and instructive. It will be of essential aid to the Bibliographer, in future inquiries after his works.

Mr. DIBDIN's similar Catalogue of HEARNE's publications, is entitled to equal notice and praise. The excessive price of the Volumes of this industrious collector, renders a full account of them of important service to the student in British Antiquities.

The articles regarding our old Romances, may, without hesitation, be pronounced worthy the attentive perusal of those who are fond of exploring ancient manners, and the intellectual amusements of our ancestors. The Editor regrets that he is prohibited from mentioning the name of the learned and ingenious communicator, to whom the Volume is under such essential obligations.

The "Account of the St. Graal," p. 217, is of the same class; and calls for the Editor's grateful acknowledgments.

But it is to Mr. HASLEWOOD that the work owes the care of constant superintendence, and a most copious and never-failing supply of articles, as remarkable for their rarity, as for the curious matter in which they abound. The keenness of his researches, his industry, his accuracy, his memory, his opportunities, his extensive acquaintance, give a value to his numerous articles, which cannot be too highly rated.

Among the friends to whose rich collections he has access, it is not easy to convey, in terms which adequately unite warmth with delicacy, the acknowledgments which are due to Mr. BINDLEY, now become almost the only remnant of the old School of Collectors, whose inestimable stores have been laid open with as much urbanity, as they have been collected with taste, research, perseverance, and judgment. Mr. HEBER, whose library is become a national treasure, on which all the members of British Literature are continually drawing, must submit to the tax of the same acknowledgment, however frequently, even to satiety, it meets his eye in every new book, which tends to elucidate the learning of our ancestors. How much his own brilliant conversation excels all that can be taught by the books,
which

which he so liberally purchases, can only be appreciated by those who have had the happiness of his personal acquaintance.

For other valuable communications, the Editor begs here to express his thanks.

It would be an ill compliment to such aid, to speak too diffidently of the contents of this Volume. In truth it possesses much recondite matter, for which *Black-letter* Literati will find a substitute in no other Work. It is the earnest wish of the Editor, that it should contribute to feed that increasing curiosity regarding past ages, which may continue to give encouragement to the Booksellers, to revive, by modern typography, the relics of former ingenuity, long covered with the mantle of oblivion.

The literature of Queen Elizabeth's reign is growing more familiar to us, than that of Queen Anne; scarce one of the numerous poetical offerings of her time will much longer escape elucidation. Even the most insignificant production of that kind, restores some person, illustrates some expression, or explains some temporary allusion of that period.

In the pages of the BIBLIOGRAPHER such knowledge is to be abundantly gathered. The continual recurrence of the names of obsolete poets makes the reader nearly as well acquainted with them, as with those which form the list of Johnson's Collection.

Of the Memoirs of Wither, Sir Philip Sydney, Lord Vaux, Lord Buckhurst, Gascoigne, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, which accompany each Number, it becomes not the Editor to say any thing. They were deemed necessary attendants of the Portraits.

The PARADISE OF DAINTY DEUISES and TUSSEY'S HUSBANDRY may either be bound separately, or placed together at the end of the volume.

May the Reader receive this new volume of unmercenary labour, the result of inextinguished zeal for the illustration of past ages, with candour and kindness!

June 29, 1810.

A hundreth good

pointes of husbandrie.

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• •

A hundreth good pointes, of good husbandry,
maintaineth good household, with huswifry.
House keeping and husbandry, if it be good:
must loue one another, as cousinnes in blood.
The wife to, must husband as well as the man:
or farewell thy husbandry, doe what thou can.

[Set forth by

Thomas Tugser, Gentleman;

Servant to the Honorable Lord Paget of Beaudesert.

COPIED FROM THE FIRST EDITION, 1557.]

LONDON:

REPRINTED FOR ROBERT TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET, AND
WILLIAM SANCHO, AT THE MEWS GATE.

1810.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DR. MAJOR has announced his intention of giving to the public a new edition of the present once popular work of Tusser, collated with the various editions which passed the press in the Sixteenth Century, and afterwards. For these editions were not confined to the time of the author's life, who died very aged, as early as 1580. Mr. Walter Scott has given, in the Third Volume of the *Somers Tracts*, a copy of the edition of 1599 by Peter Short. The present reprint of the first edition of 1557, which exhibits the *prima stamina* of this work, is offered to the curious reader for the purpose of affording a comparative view of the progress of the author's mind, and of a production which was once probably in the hands, or committed to the memories of almost all the country-gentlemen, and others connected with husbandry, in the kingdom. The original consists of seventeen leaves, which are now given in ten. So very greatly was it enlarged in subsequent impressions, that it fills 144 quarto pages (closely printed) in Mr. Scott's late republication.

One other recommendation the present copy may have, that it is less tedious than the poem in its last state, and preserves all the vigour of the original conception, which future expansion never fails to weaken.

March 28, 1810.

¶ To the right honorable and my speciall good lord
and maister, the Lord Paget, Lord priuie seale.

THOMAS
The trouth doth teache that tyme must serue.
(How euer man doth blase hys mynde)
(Of thynges most lyke to thryue or sterue:)
Much apt to iudge is often blynde.
And therefore, tyme it doth behoofe:
Shall make of trouth a perfit prooffe.

TUSSER
Take you, my lord, and mayster than,
(Vnlesse mischaunce, mischaunseth me:)
Such homely gyft of your own man,
Synce more in court, I may not be:
And let your praise wonne here tofore,
Remayne abroad for euermore.

MADE ME
My seruyng you thus vnderstande,
And God his helpe and yours withall:
Dyd cause good lucke, to take myne hande
Erecting one, most lyke to fall:
My seruing you I know it was,
Enforced this to come to passe.

So synce I was at Cambridge tought,
Of court ten yeres I made a say;
No musicke than was left vnsought,
A care I had to serue that way,
My ioy gan slake then made I chaunge,
Expulsed myrth, for musike straunge.

My musike synce hath been the plough,
Entangled with some care among:
The gayn not great the payn enough,
Hath made me syng another song.
And if I may my song auowe;
No man I craue, to iudge but you.

¶ Your Seruant,

Thomas Tusser.

¶ *Concordia parua res crescunt*
Discordia maximæ dilabuntur.

1. Where couples agree not is rancor and poysen,
where they two kepe house than is neuer no foysen:
But contrary lightly where couples agree,
what chaunseth by wisdom looke after to see.
2. Good husbandes that loueth good housholdes to kepe,
be sometime full carefull when others do slepe:
To spend as they may, or to stop at the furst,
for running behinde hand or feare of the wurst.
3. Then count with thy purse when thy haruest is in,
thy cardes being tolde how to saue or to win:
But win or els saue or els passe not to farre,
for hoping to make, least thou happen to marre.
4. Make money thy drudge for to folow thy warke,
and Wisdom thy steward, good Order thy clarke:
Prouision thy cator and all shall goe well,
for foysen is there where prouision doth dwell.
5. With some folke on sundayes their tables do reke,
and halfe the weke after their diners to seke:
At no tyme to much but haue alway ynough,
is housholdy fare, and the guyse of the plough.
6. For what shal it profet ynough to prouide,
and then haue it spoiled, or filched aside:
As twenty lode busshes cut downe at a clappe,
such hede may be taken shall stoppe but a gappe.
7. Good labouring threshers, are worthy to eate,
Good husbandly ploughmen deserueth their meate,
Good huswiuely huswiues that let for no rest,
should eate when they list and should drinke of the best.
8. Beware raskabilia, slouthfull to wurke,
proloiners and filchers that loue for to lurke:

B

And

And cherishe well willers that serueth thy nede,
take time to thy Tutor, God sende the good spede,

¶ August.

9. When haruest is done all thing placed and set,
for saultfishe and herring then laie for to get :
The byeng of them, comming first vnto rode,
shal pay for thy charges thou spendest abroad.
10. Thy saultfishe well chosen, not burnt at the stone,
or drye them thyselfe, (hauing skill is a lone :)
Brought salfe to thy house would be packed vp drie,
with pease strawe betweene, least it rot as it lie.
11. Or euer thou ride with thy seruauntes compound,
to carry thy muckhilles on thy barley ground :
One aker wel compast is worth akers three,
at haruest thy barne shall declare it to thee.
12. This good shalt thou learne, with thy riding about,
the prises of thinges, all the yere thoroughout :
And what time is best for to sell that thou haue,
and how for to bye to be likely to saue.
13. For bying and selling doth wonderfull well,
to him that hath wit how to by and to sell :
But chopping and chaungeing, may make such a breck,
that gone is thy winninges for sauing thy neck.
14. The riche man his bargaines are neuer vnsought,
the seller will fynde him he nede not take thought :
But herein consisteth a part of our text,
who byeth at first hand and who at the next.
15. He byeth at first hand that ventreth his golde,
he byeth at second that dare not be bolde :
He byeth at third hand that nedes borrow must,
who byeth of him than shall pay for his lust.

16. When

16. When euer thou bargain for better or wurse,
let alway one bargain remain in thy purse:
Good credit doth well, but good credit to kepe,
is pay and dispatche him or euer thou slepe.
17. Be mindeful abroad of thy Mighelmas spring,
for theron dependeth a marueilous thing:
Wheⁿ gentiles vse walking with hawkes on their handes,
Good husbandes with grasing doe purchase their landes.
18. And as thou come homeward bye xl. good crones,
and fatte me the bodies of those sely bones:
With those and thy swine, or and shrouetyde be past,
thy folke shal fare well, where as others shal fast.
19. Thy saffron plot pared in saint mary daies,
for pleasure and profit shal serue many waies:
With twenty foote square knowing how for to doo,
shal stede both thine own house and next neighbour too.

¶ **September.**

20. Threshe sede and goe fanne, for the plough may not lye,
September doth bid to be sowing of rye:
The redges well harrowde or euer thou strike,
is one poynt of husbandry rye land do like.
21. Geue winter corne leaue for to haue full his lust.
sowe wheate as thou mayst but sowe rye in the dust:
Be carefull for sede, for such sede as thou sowe,
as true as thou liuest, loke iustly to mowe.
22. The sede being sowne waterforow thy ground,
that rain when it cummeth may runne away round:
The diches kept skowred the hedge clad with thorne,
doth well to drayne water and saueth thy corne.
23. When furth with thy slinges, and thine arowes & bowes,
till ridges be grene kepe the corne from the crows.

A hundreth good poyntes of husbandry.

A good boye abrode, by the day starre appere,
shall skare good man crowe that he dare not come nere:

24. At Mihelmas mast would be loked vpon,
and lay to get some or the mast time be gon:
It saueth thy corne well, it fatteth thy swyne;
In frost it doth helpe them, where els they should pine.

¶ **October.**

25. The rye in the ground while September doth last:
October for wheate sowing, calleth as fast.
What euer it cost thee what euer thou geue,
haue done sowing wheate before halowmas eve.
26. The mone in the wane, gather fruit on the tree,
the riper the better for graffe and for thee.
But michers that loue not to bie nor to craue:
make some gather sooner, els fewe should they haue.
27. Or winter doe come while the weather is good:
for gutting thy grounde get the home with thy wood.
Set bauen alone, lay the bowghes from the blockes:
the drier the les maidens dablith their dockes.
28. For rooting thy grounde ring thy hogges thou hast nede:
the better thou ring them, the better they fede.
Most times with their elders the yong ones kepe best:
then yoke well the great knaues and fauour the rest.
29. But yoke not thy swine while thine akorne time last:
for diuers misfortunes that happen to fast.
Or if thou loue eared and vnmaimed hogges:
giue eie to thy neighbour and eare to his dogges.

¶ **Novembre.**

30. Get vp with thy barley lande dry as thou can:
at March (as thou layest it) so loke for it than.

Get

Get euer before hande drag neuer behinde:
least winter beclip thee and breake of thy minde.

31. At Hallowmas slaughter time, sone commeth in:
and than doth the husbände mans feasting begin.
From that time to Candlemas weekly kill some:
their offal for household the better shal come.

32. All soules that be thursty bid threshe out for mawlt:
well handled and tended, or els thou dost nawlt.
Thencrease of one strike is a pek for thy store:
the maker is bad els or pilfreth the more.

33. For Easter at Martilmas hange vp a biefe:
for pease fed and stall fed, play pickpurse the thiefe.
With that and fat bakon, till grasse biefe come in:
thy folke shall loke cherely when others loke thin.

34. Set gardeine beanes after saint Edmonde the king:
the Moone in the wane theron hangeth a thing.
Thencrease of one gallonde well proued of some:
shall pleasure thy householde ere peskod time come.

35. Except thou take good hede when first they apere,
the crowes will be halfe grow they neuer so nere.
Thinges sowne, set or graft, in good memory haue:
from beast birde and weather to cherishe and saue.

¶ **Decembre.**

36. Abrode for the raine when thou canst do no good;
then go let thy flayles, as the threshers were wood.
Beware they threshe clene though the lesser they yarne:
and if thou wilt thriue loke thy selfe to thy barne.

37. If barne rome will serue lay thy stouuer vp drye
and eche kinde of strawe by hitselfe let it lie.
Thy chaffe housed sweete kept from pullein and dust:
shall serue well thy horses when labour they must.

38. When pasture is gone and the fildes mier and weate :
then stable thy plough horse and there giue them meate.
The better thou vse them in place where they stande :
more strength shall they haue for to breake vp thy lande.
39. Giue cattell their fodder the plot drie and warme :
and count them for mixing or other like harme.
Trust neuer to boyes, if thou trust well to spede :
be serued with those that may helpe at a nede.
40. Serue first out thy rie strawe then wheate & then pease,
then otestrawe then barley, then hay if you please.
But serue them with haye while thy straw stouuer last,
they loue no more strawe they had rather to fast.
41. Kepe neuer such seruantes as doth thee no good,
for making thy heare growing thorough thy hood.
For nestling of verlettes, of brothels and hoors :
make many a rich man, to shet vp his doores.

¶ Christmas.

42. Get iuye and hull, woman deck vp thyne house :
and take this same brawne, for to seeth and to souse.
Prouide vs good chere, for thou knowst the old guise :
olde customes, that good be, let no man dispise.
43. At Christmas be mery, and thanke god of all :
and feast thy pore neighbours, the great with the small.
yea al the yere long, haue an eie to the poore :
and god shall sende luck, to kepe open thy doore.
44. Good fruite and good plenty, doth well in thy loft :
then lay for an orcharde, and cherishe it oft.
The profet is mickell, the pleasure is mutch ;
at pleasure with profet, few wise men will grutch.
45. For plantes and for stockes, lay afore hand to cast :
but set or remoue them, while twelue tide doe last.

Set one from another, full twenty fote square:
the better and greater, they yerely will bare.

¶ *January.*

46. When Christmas is done, kepe not Christmas time still:
be mindefull of rering and loth for to kill.
For then what thou rerist thou nede not to dout:
will double thy gaine ere the yere come about.

47. Be gredy to spende all and careles to saue:
and shortly be nedy, and redy to craue.
Be wilfull to kill, and vnskilfull to store:
and sone giue vp houskeping longe any more.

48. Thy calues then that come betwene new yere and lent:
saue gladly for store lest thou after repent.
For all thing at that time that colde feleth some:
shall better beare colde when the next winter come.

49. Weane no time thy calfe vnder xl daies olde:
and lay for to saue it as thou sauest golde.
yet calues that doe fal betwene change and the prime:
has seldome to rere them, but kill them in time.

50. For stores of thy swine be thou carefull betwix:
of one sow at one time rere seldome past six.
The fewe that she kepe much the better shal bee:
of all thing one good is worth steruelinges three.

51. Geld vnder the dame, within fortnight at least:
and saue both thy money and life of the beast.
But gelde with the gelder, as many one doe:
and of halfe a dosen, go geld away two.

52. Thy coltes for the sadle geld yong to be light:
for cart doe not so if thou iudgest a right.
Nor geld not, but when they be lusty and fat:
for there is a point to be learned in that.

53. Geld

53. Geld marefoles but titts ere and nine dayes of age:
they die els of gelding, some gelders wil gage.
But marefoles, both likely of bulke and of bone:
kepe such to bring coltes, let their gelding alone.
54. For gaining a trifle sell neuer thy store:
for chaunsing on worse then thine owne were before.
More larger of body the better for brede:
more forward of growing the better they spede.
55. Thy sowes great with fare that come best for to rere:
loke dayly thou seest them and count them full dere.
For that time the losse of one fare of thy sowe:
is greater then losse of two calues of thy kowe.
56. A kow good of milk, big of bulke, hayle and sounde,
is yerely for profet as good as a pounde.
And yet by the yere haue I proued ere now:
as good to the purse, is a sow as a kow.
57. Kepe one and kepe both so thou maist if thou wilt:
then all shall be saued and nothing be spilt.
Kepe two bease and one sow and liue at thine ease:
and no time for nede, bye thy meate but thou please.
58. Who both by his calues, and his lambes will be knowne:
may well kill a neate and a shepe of his owne.
And he that will rere vp a pig in his house:
shall eate sweter bakon and cheaper fed sowse.
59. But eate vp thy veale, pig and lambe being froth:
and twise in a weeke go to bed without broth.
As that man that pas not, but sell away sell:
shall neuer kepe good house where euer he dwell.
60. Spende none but thyne owne howsoeuer thou spende:
nor haft not to god ward for that he doth sende.
Tythe truly for al thing let pas of the rest:
the iust man his dealinges god prospereth best.

61. In January husbandes that powcheth the grotes:
will breake vp their lay, or be sowing of otes.
Sow Jauier otes, and lay them by thy wheate;
in May bye thy hay for thy cattel to eate.

¶ *Februarij.*

62. In Feuerell rest not for taking thine ease:
get into the ground with thy beanes and thy pease.
Sow peason betimes and betimes they will come:
the sooner the better they fill vp a rome.

63. In euery grene where the fence is not thine:
the thornes stub out cleane that the grasse may be fine.
Thy neighbours wil borow, els hack them belue:
so neither thy grasse nor the bushes shall thriue.

64. Thy seruant in walking thy pastures aboute:
for yokes, forkes and rakes, let him loke to finde oute.
And after at leyser let this be his hier:
to trimme them and make them at home by the fier.

65. When frostes will not suffer to ditch nor to hedge:
then get the an heate with thy betill and wedge.
A blocke at the harthe, cowched close for thy life:
shall helpe to saue fier bote and please well thy wife.

66. Then lop for thy fewel the powlings well growen:
that hindreth the corne, or the grasse to be mowen.
In lopping and cropping saue Edder and stake
thyne hedges, where nede is to mende or to make.

67. No stick nor no stone leaue vnpicked vp clene:
for hurting thy sieth, or for harming thy grene.
For sauing of al thing get home with the rest.
the snow frozen hardest, thy cart may goe best.

68. Spare meddowes at shroftide spare marshes at paske:
for feare of a drough neuer longer time aske.

Then hedge them and ditche them bestow thereon pence :
for meddow and corne craueth euer good fence.

69. And alway let this be a part of thy care :
for shift of good pasture, lay pasture to spare.
Then seauer thy groundes and so keping them still :
finde cattel at ease, and haue pasture at will.

¶ Marche.

70. In Marche sow thy barley thy londe not to colde :
the drier the better a hundreth times tolde.
That tilth harrowde finely, set sede time an ende :
and praise and pray God a good haruest to sende.

71. Sow wheate in a meane, sow thy Rie not to thin ;
let peason and beanes, here and there, take therein.
Sow barley and otes, good and thick doe not spare :
giue lande leaue her sede or her wede for to bare.

72. For barley and pease harrow after thou sowe :
for rye harrow first seldome after I trowe.
Let wheat haue a clodde, for to couer the hedde :
that after a frost it may out and goe spredde.

¶ A digression from husbandrie : to a poynt or two of huswifrie.

Now here I think nedeful a pawse for to make ;
to treat of some paines a good huswife must take.
For huswifes must husbande as wel as the man :
or farewell thy husbandrie do what thou can.

In Marche and in Aprill from morning to night :
in sowing and setting good huswiues delight.
To haue in their garden or some other plot :
to trim vp their house and to furnish their pot.

Haue

Haue millons at Mihelmas, parsneps in lent:
in June, buttred beanes, saueth fish to be spent.
With those and good pottage inough hauing than:
thou winnest the heart of thy laboring man.

¶ Aprill.

From Aprill begin til saint Andrew be past:
so long with good huswiues their dairies doe last.
Good milche bease and pasture, good husbandes prouide:
good huswiues know best all the rest how to guide.

But huswiues, that learne not to make their owne cheese:
with trusting of others, haue this for their feese.
Their milke slapt in corners their creame al to sost:
their milk pannes so flotte that their cheeses be lost.

Where some of a kowe maketh yerely a pounce:
these huswiues crye creak for their voice will not sounde.
The seruauntes suspecting their dame lye in waighe:
with one thing or other they trudge away straight.

Then neighbour (for gods sake) if any such bee;
if you know a good seruant, waine her to mee.
Such maister, suche man, and such mistres suche mayde:
such husbandes and huswiues, suche houses araide.

For flax and for hemp, for to haue of her owne:
the wife must in May take good hede it be sowne.
And trimme it and kepe it to serue at a nede:
the fемble to spin and the karle for her fede.

Good husbandes abroad seketh al well to haue:
good huswiues at home seketh al well to saue.
Thus hauing and sauing in place where they meete:
make profit with pleasure suche couples to greete.

¶ *May.*

73. Both Philip and Jacob, bid put of thy lammes:
that thinkest to haue any milke of their dammes.
But Lammas aduise thee, milke not to long:
for hardnes make pouerty, skabbed among.
74. To milke and to folde them, is much to require:
except thou haue pasture, to fill their desire.
But nightes being shorte, and such hede thou mayst take:
not hurting their bodies much profit to make.
75. Milke six ewes, for one kowe, well chosen therefore:
and double thy dayrie, els trust me no more.
And yet may good huswiues, that knoweth the skill:
haue mixt or vnmixt, at their pleasure and will.
76. For gredy of gaine, ouerlay not thy grownde:
and then shall thy cattell, be lusty and sownde.
But pinch them of pasture, while sommer time last:
and plucke at their tailes, ere & winter be past.
77. Pinch weannels at no time, of water nor meate:
if euer thou hope to have them good neate.
In sommer at al times, in winter in frost:
if cattell lacke drinke, they be vtterly lost
78. In May at the furdest, twy fallow thy lande:
much droughth may cause after, thy plough els to stande.
That tilth being done, thou hast passed the wurste:
then after, who plowgheth, plowgh thou with the furste.

¶ *June.*

79. In June get thy wedehoke, thy knife and thy gloue:
and wede out such wede, as the corne doth not loue.
Slack no time thy weding, for darth nor for cheape:
thy corne shall reward it, or euer thou reape.

80. The

80. The maywede doth burne, and the thistle doth freate:
the Tine pulleth downe, both the rie and the wheate.
The dock and the brake, noieth corne very much:
but bodle for barley, no weede there is such.
81. In June washe thy shepe, where the water doth runne:
and kepe them from dust, but not kepe them from sunne.
Then share them and spare not, at two daies anende.
the sooner the better their bodies amende.
82. Rewarde not the shepe, when thou takest his cote:
with two or three patches, as brode as a grote:
The flie than and wormes, will compel it to pine:
more paine to thy cattell, more trouble is thine.
83. But share not thy lammes, till mid July be worne:
the better their cotes will be growne to be shorne.
The pie will discharge thee, for pulling the reste:
the lighter the shepe is, then fedeth it beste.
84. Saint Mihel byd bees, to be brent out of strife:
sajnt John bid take honey, with fauour of life.
For one sely cottage, set south good and warme:
take body and goodes, and twise yerely a swarme.
85. At Christmas take hede, if their hiues be to light:
take honey and water, together wel dight.
That mixed with strawes, in a dish in their hiues:
they drowne not, they fight not, thou sauest their lyues.
86. At midsommer downe with thy brimbles and brakes:
and after abrode, with thy forkes and thy rakes.
Set mowers a worke, while the meddowes be growne;
the lenger they stande, so much worse to be mowne.
87. Prouide of thine owne, to haue all thing at hande:
els worke and the workman, shall oftentimes stande.
Loue seldome to borow, that thinkest to saue;
who lendest the one, will loke two thinges to haue.

88. Good husbandes that laye, to saue all thing vpright :
for Tumbrels and cartes, haue a shed redy dight.
A store house for trinkets kept close as a iayle :
that nothing be wanting, the worthe of a nayle.

89. Thy cartes would be searched, withoute and within,
well cloughted and greased, or hay time begin.
Thy hay heing caried, though carters had sworne :
the cartes bottome borded, is sauing of corne.

¶ Iulii.

90. Then muster thy folke, play the captaine thyselfe :
prouiding them weapon, and suche kinde of pelfe.
Get bottels and bagges, kepe the fiede in the heate :
the feare is not mucche, but the daunger is great.

91. With tossing and raking, and setting on cox :
the grasse that was grene, is now hay for an ox.
That done, leaue the tieth, lode thy cart and awaye ;
the battell is fought, thou hast gotten the daye.

92. Then doune with thy hedlondes, thy corne rounde about :
leaue neuer a dalop, vnmoune or had out.
Though grasse be but thinne, about barley and pease :
yet picked vp clene, it shall do thee good ease.

93. Thryfallowe betime, for destroing of weede :
least thistle and dock, fall a bloming and seede.
Such season may hap, it shall stande the vpon :
to till it againe, or the somer be gone.

94. And better thou warte, so to doe for thy hast :
then (hardnes) for slough make thy lande to lie wast.
A redy good forehorse, is dainty to finde :
be hindred at first, and come alway behinde.

95. Thy houses and barnes would be loked vpon ;
and all thing amended, or haruest come on.

Things

Thinges thus set in ordre, at quiet and rest:
thy haruest goeth forward and prospereth best.

96. Sainct James willeth husbandes, get reapers at hande:
the corne being ripe doe but shead as it stande.
Be sauing and thankfull, for that god hath sent:
he sendeth it thee, for the selfe same entent.
97. Reape well, scatter not, gather cleane that is shorne:
binde fast, shock a pase, pay the tenth of thy corne.
Lode salfe, carry home, lose no time, being faier:
golfe iust, in the barne, it is out of dispaier.
98. This done, set the pore ouer all for to gleane:
and after thy cattel, to eate it vp cleane.
Then spare it for pasture, till rowen be past:
to lengthen thy dayrey, no better thou hast.
99. Then welcome thy haruest folke, seruauntes and all:
with mirth and good chere, let them furnish thine hall.
The haruest lorde nightly, must geue thee a song:
fill him then the blacke boll, or els he hath wrong.
100. Thy haruest thus ended, in myrth and in ioye:
please euery one gently, man woman and boye.
Thus doing, with alway, such helpe as they can:
thou winnest the name, of a right husband man.

Finis.

Nowe thinke vpon god, let thy tonge neuer cease:
from thanking of him, for his myghty encrease.
Accept my good wil, finde no fault tyll thou trye:
the better thou thryuest, the gladder am I.



A hundreth good poyntes of husbandry.

¶ *A sonet or brief rehersall of the properties
of the twelue monethesafore rehersed.*

As Janeuer fryse pot, bidth corne kepe hym lowe:
And feuerell fill dyke, doth good with his snowe:
A bushel of Marche dust, worth raunsomes of gold
And Aprill his stormes, be to good to be solde:
As May with his flowers, geue ladies their lust:
And June after blooming, set carnels so iust:
As July bid all thing, in order to ripe:
And August bid reapers, to take full their gripe.
September his fruit, biddeth gather as fast:
October bid hogges, to come eate vp his mast:
As dirtie Nouember, bid threshe at thine ease:
December bid Christmas, to spende what he please:
So wisdom bid kepe, and prouide while we may:
For age creepeth on as the time passeth away.

Finis.

Things thriftie, that teacheth the thriuing to thriue;
teach timely to trauas, the thing that thou triue.
Transferring thy toyle, to the times truely tought:
that teacheth the temperaunce, to temper thy thought.
To temper thy trauaile, to tarrye the tide:
this teacheth the thriftines, twenty times tride.
Thinke truely to trauaile, that thinkest to thee:
the trade that thy teacher taught truely to the.
Take thankfully thinges, thanking tenderly those:
that teacheth thee thriftly, thy time to transpose.
The trouth teacheth two times, teach thou two times ten:
this trade thou that takest, take thrift to the then.

¶ Imprinted at London in flete strete
within Temple barre, at the sygne of the
hand and starre, by Richard Cottel,
the thirde day of Februarie. An. 1557.
*Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.*

PREFACE.

THE title-page to *The Paradise of Daintie Deuises* proves, that Richard Edwards was considered as its principal collector, though he had been dead about ten years in 1576 when the first edition was published. Henry Disle, the publisher, states in his Dedication to Lord Compton, that the poems contained in this volume “had been collected together through the travel of one both of worship and credit, for his own private use, who not long since departed this life.”

After the several editions, which were put forth during the four and-twenty following years, it seems singular that copies should so very rarely occur. In this age therefore, in which the curiosity for old English literature has long been raised, and is every day growing more active, no book can, in the Editor's judgment, better deserve reprinting, more especially since, added to its rarity, it possesses many intrinsic claims to notice.

The compositions, of which the work consists, are exceedingly valuable as specimens both of language and sentiment. They are for the most part in a style of simplicity, which shews that our ancestors, wherever genius predominated over mere scholarship, had arrived at a better taste, and possessed a more easy flow and more skilful command of words, and such as more nearly approached to modern usage, than is generally supposed.

The poems, it must be admitted, do not belong to the higher classes; they are of the moral and didactic kind. In their subjects there is too little variety; as they deal very generally in the common-places of ethics; such as the fickleness and caprices of love; the falsehoods and instability of friendship; and the vanity of all human pleasures.

tures. But many of these are frequently expressed with a vigour, which would do credit to any era. To the eye only used to modern orthography, the redundant or awkward spelling may create an unfavourable deception; and the occasional change of accentuation produced by the lapse of two centuries and a half may now and then give the effect of an inharmonious line. But these are mere superficial objections, which will soon vanish before the curious and attentive reader.

There are those, whom it will not be easy to persuade, that a collection of moral precepts, even when enlivened by the harmony of versification, can lay claim to the character of poetry. It is true that they often cannot; and the distinction of such as can, is indeed very subtle; but still it may, I think, be ascertained. Poetry may consist either in the thought or the dress. Figurative language may make a dry axiom poetical; or a sublime or pathetic idea may deserve this praise when conveyed in the simplest words. But a mere unornamented position, the abstract result of the understanding, and neither illustrated by metaphor, nor tinged with sentiment, cannot surely be made poetry by the sole application of rhythm. This seems to have been the opinion of Dr. Joseph Warton, in the criterion by which he endeavoured to judge of some of the compositions of Pope. By such a test there are parts of those compositions which must fall.

By this severe principle I am afraid that no inconsiderable portion of the present collection will also be condemned. But perhaps not very justly. At any rate Time has given it an adventitious merit.

If my partiality do not mislead me, there is in most of these short pieces some of that indescribable attraction which springs from the colouring of the heart. The charm of imagery is wanting; but the precepts inculcated seem to flow from the feelings of an overloaded bosom. Perhaps the perfection of poetry is in the union of these qualities, as in the enchanting and most highly-finished Elegy, and Odes, of Gray. But such excellence is not to be expected from the age in which *The Paradise of Dainty Devises* was produced.

An account of the principal contributors to this collection may be found in the third volume of WARTON'S
admirable

admirable *History of English Poetry*, and in the *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*. Yet it may be proper to give a catalogue of them here, accompanied by a few short Biographical Notices.

Catalogue of the Writers in this Collection, with Biographical Notices.

I. RICHARD EDWARDS.

TO RICHARD EDWARDS the principal place has been assigned in the original title page, and is certainly due in point of merit, if not in the number of his pieces.

He was a native of Somersetshire, and born about 1523. He was educated at Oxford, where Wood says he was a scholar of Corpus Christi College. But the author himself informs us in one of his poems printed in fol. 2 of this Collection, that in early life he had some employment about the Court. In 1547 he was nominated a senior student of Christ-Church in Oxford, then newly founded. In 1561 he was constituted a Gentleman of the Royal Chapel by Q. Elizabeth, and Master of the Singing Boys there. He attended the Queen in her visit to Oxford 1566, and was employed to compose a play, called *Palamon and Arcite*, which was acted before her Majesty in Christ Church Hall. In that year he died, at the age, as it seems, of 43.

George Turberville, in his *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets*, 1570, has the following

Epitaph on Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the Children of the Chappell, and Gentleman of Lyncolnes inne of court.

“ Ye learned Muses nine, & sacred sisters all,
Now lay your cheerful cithrons downe, & to lamenting fall.
Rent off those garlands greene, doe lawrell leaves away;
Remove the myrtill from your browes, and stint on strings to play.
For he, that led the daunce, the cheefest of your traine,
I mean the man that Edwards height, by cruel death is slaine.
Ye courtiers chaunge your cheere, lament in waileful wise;
For now your Orpheus hath resign'd; in clay his carcas lies.
O ruth! he is berest, that, whilst he lived here,
For poets pen & passinge wit could have no English peere.
His vaine in verse was such, so stately eke his stile,
His fate in forging sugred songes with cleane & curious file;
As all the learned Greekes and Romaines would repine,
If they did live againe, to vewe his verse with scornfull cine.

From Plautus he the palme & learned Terence wan,
His writings well declarede the wit that lurked in the man.
&c.&c.

Thomas Twyne also, the assistant of Phaer in the translation of Virgil, wrote an epitaph on Edwards's Death, which is printed with Turberville's poems, beginning

"If teares could tell my thought," &c.

Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, praises Edwards as "one of the best for comedy." * Puttenham had given him the same commendation.

Warton says that the most poetical of Edwards's productions in the present Collection is his *Description of May* (see fol. 1.) If rural imagery constitute the primary ingredient in poetry, it is so. But in all the various and indefinable charms, which exhibit themselves in the happier efforts of this inspired art, the celebrated Song on Terence's apothegm of *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est*, is by far superior to it, and indeed, without reference to the age which produced it, among the most beautiful morceaus of our language. It is to be found at fol. 42, and begins with these lines :

“ In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept :
She sighed sore, & sang full sore, to bring the babe to rest ;
That would not rest, but cried still in sucking at her breast :
She was full weary of her watch, & grieved with her child ;
She rocked it, & rated it, until on her it smil'd :
Then did she say, now haue I found the proverb true to prooue ;
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.”

&c. &c.

The happiness of the illustration, the facility, elegance, and tenderness of the language, and the exquisite turn of the whole, are above commendation; and shew to what occasional polish and refinement our literature even then had arrived. Yet has the treasure which this gem adorned lain buried and inaccessible, except to a few curious collectors, for at least a century and an half.

Among the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum are four poems by Edwards, one of which is addressed to some Court-Beauties of his time.†

* See CENS. LIT. Vol. IX. p. 49.

† See *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. II. p. 392, Edit. 1804.

A part of his song *In commendation of Music*, (see p. 55) is cited by Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. sc. 3.

2. LORD VAUX.

Lord Vaux's pieces exceed in number even those of Edwards, and are second only to his in merit. But it is now ascertained that the writer of them was not *Nicholas first* Lord Vaux, (who died May 14, 1524, only seventeen days after he was advanced to the peerage) but *Thomas, second* Lord Vaux, his son, who it appears was dead in the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary; for on the 20th January of that year his son and heir *William, third* Lord Vaux, took his seat in the House of Peers. Ritson and others have suggested that this last (who, according to Dr. Percy, died in 1595) was a joint contributor with his father to the present Collection. The words "Lord Vaux *the elder*," appended to the back of the title of the edition of 1580 (see fol. 90) seem however to fix the claim on Lord *Thomas*, the *second* Peer.

THOMAS, *second* LORD VAUX, was one of those who attended Cardinal Wolsey, on his embassy in 19 Hen. VIII. between the Emperor, King Henry, and King Francis of France. He took his seat in the House of Peers in 22 Hen. VIII. and two years afterwards waited on the King to Calais, and thence to Boulogne. He was one of those who were honoured with the Order of the Bath, at the Coronation of Q. Anne Boleyn. He was also Captain of the Isle of Jersey, which he surrendered in 28 Hen. VIII. * He was born in 1510, and was therefore scarcely middle-aged at his death.

George

* William Vaux of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, where his family had long been seated, (deriving their descent from Robert de Vaux, a great man in the North of England, in the days of K. Stephen and K. Hen. II. who founded the Priory of Lanercost, Co. Cumb.) lost every thing in the contest between the Houses of York and Lancaster for his adherence to K. Hen. VI. When Hen. VII. obtained the crown, he made restitution and ample amends to his son NICHOLAS abovementioned, who, as has been already said, a few days before his death was elevated to the peerage. This Nicholas married 1st. Elizabeth daughter and heir of Henry Lord Fitzhugh (widow of Sir William Parr,

George Gascoigne, in his Panegyric on English Poets, 1575, combines him with Lord Surry: and Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie," says that his Lordship's "commendation lay chiefly in the facility of his metre, and the aptness of his descriptions, such as he takes upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfeit action very lively and pleasantly."

This Peer's "Ditty or Sonnet, made in the time of the noble Q. Mary, representing the Image of Death," and vulgarly but erroneously said to have been composed on his death-bed, and also his "Assault of Cupid upon the fort in which the Lover's heart lay wounded," first appeared in *Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557, and may be found reprinted by Percy, Ellis, and Anderson.

In the first edition of this Collection are thirteen poems of this noble author. Almost all of them deserve praise for an easy flow of unaffected sentiment, which seems to spring from the fulness of a heart, sick of the bustle of a turbulent, inconstant, and treacherous world. He, who from a lofty station has had an opportunity of viewing distinctly the incessant and unsuspected intrigues of mankind, who has seen that every thing is carried by secret and corrupt means, and that neither innocence can rationally hope for security, nor merit for reward or promotion, turns away with sickness and horror from a

Parr, Kt.) by whom he had only three daughters. He married 2dly Anne daughter of Thomas Greene, Esq. of Greene's Norton, Co. Northampt. by whom he had a younger son William, three daughters, and his son and heir,

THOMAS, *second Lord Vaux*, the poet, who married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Cheney of Irtlingburgh, Co. Northampt. by whom he had two daughters, a younger son Nicholas, and his son and heir,

WILLIAM, *third Lord Vaux*, married first Elizabeth daughter and heir of John Beaumont of Grace-Dieu, Co. Leic. Esq. Master of the Rolls, by whom he had a son Henry, who died in his lifetime; and three daughters. He married secondly Mary, daughter of John Tresham of Rushton, Co. Northampt. Esq. and by her he had two daughters, and two younger sons, Edward, and Sir Ambrose Vaux, Kt. besides his eldest son,

GEORGE *Vaux*, who died in his father's lifetime, having married Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Roper of Linsted, Co. Kent (afterwards Lord Teynham) by whom he had three daughters; and two younger sons, William and Henry, besides his son and heir,

EDWARD, who succeeded his grandfather as *fourth Lord Vaux*, and having married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, widow of William Knowlys, Earl of Banbury, died without lawful issue in 1661, on which the title became extinct. It is from this Countess that the present Claimant to the Earldom of Banbury derives his descent.

world

world of such dangerous activity, and unavailing struggles. He seeks for peace in the depths of solitude; and soothes his uneasiness with the innocent conversation of trees and streams. If such an one have the talents for composition, and the generous wish to teach others by his wisdom, his writings seldom fail to possess supereminent attraction. When an awful sense of religion gives still richer hues to the mind, it scarcely ever is deficient in pathos, and often rises to sublimity. Of the former class is the poem "Of a contented mind," at fol. 80; of the latter, that "Of the instability of youth," at fol. 11.

I insert the two pieces of Lord Vaux from the Collection already mentioned, for the sake of juxtaposition.

The Aged Lover renounceth love.

[FROM TOTTELL'S MISCELLANY.]

"I lothe that I did love, in youth that I thought swete,
 A time requires: for my behove methinks they are not mete.
 My lustes they do me leave, my fansies all are fled;
 And tract of time beginnes to weave gray heares upon my hed.
 For age with stealing steppes hath clawde me with his crouche,
 And lusty life * away she leapes, as there had bene none such.
 My Muse doth not delight me as she dyd before,
 My hand & pen are not in plight, as they have been of yore.
 For reason me denyes this youthful idle ryme,
 And day by day to me she cryes, leave off these toyes in tyme.
 The wrinkles in my brow, the furrows in my face,
 Say lyngring age will lodge him now, where youth must geue him place.
 The Harbinger of Death to me I see him ride,
 The cough, the cold, the gasping breath, doth byd me to provyde
 A pickax & a spade, & eke a shrowding shete,
 A house of clay for to be made for such a guest most mete.
 Methinks I heare the clarke that knoles the careful knell;
 And bids me leave my wofull warke ere nature me compell.
 My keepers knit the knot, that youth doth laugh to scorne,
 Of me that cleane shall be forgot, as I had not been borne.
 Thus must I youth geve up, whose badge I long did weare;
 To them I yelde the wanton cup, that better may it beare.
 Lo, here the bare hed skull, by whose balde signe I know,
 That stouping age away shall pull, which youthfull yeres did sowe.
 For Beauttie with her band these croked cares hath wrought,
 And shipped me unto the land, from whence I fyrst was brought.
 And ye that byde behinde, have ye none other trust,
 As ye of claye were cast by kynd, so shall ye waste to dust."

* Youth in Percy.

The assaulte of Cupide upon the fort, where the Lover's heart lay wounded, and how she was taken.

[FROM THE SAME.]

“ When Cupide scaled fyrst the fort, wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
The batry was of such a sort, that I must yelde or dye therfore.
There saw I love upon the wall, how he his banner dyd display,
Alarme, Alarme, he ’gan to call, & bade his souldiours kepe aray.
The armes the which that Cupide bare, were pearced hearts with teares besprent,
In silver & sable to declare the stedfast love he alwayes ment.
There might you see his band all drest, in colours like to white & black,
With powder & with pellets prest, to bring the fort to spoyle & sacke.
Good-Will, the maister of the shot, stode in the rampire brave & proude,
For spence of powder, he spared not, Assaulte ! Assaulte ! to crye aloude.
There myght you heare the cannon’s roar ; each peice discharged a lover’s loke,
Which had the power to rent, & tore in any place whereas they loke.
And even with the trumpets sowne the scaling ladders were upset,
And Beautie walked up & downe, with bow in hand & arrowes whet.
Then first Desire began to scale, & shrowded him under his targe,
As one the worthiest of them all, & aptest for to give the charge.
Then pushed souldiers with their pykes, & holbarders with handy strokes ;
The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes, & dims the aire with mystie smokes.
And as it is now souldiers use, when shot & powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flagge of truce, & pleaded for my lyves graunt.
When Fanny thus had made her breache, & Beautie entred with her band,
With bag & baggage, sely wretch, I yelded into Beautie’s hand.
Then Beautie bade to blowe retrete, & every souldiour to retire,
And Mercy wyll’d with spede to set me captive bound as prisoner.
Madame, quoth I, sith that this day hath served you at all assayes,
I yeld to you without delay here of the fortresse all the kayes.
And sith that I have ben the marke, at whom you shot at with your eye,
Nedes must you with your handy worke, or salve my sore, or let me dye.”

3. EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, only son of John, 16th Earl, who died 1563, by his second wife Margaret daughter of John Golding, Esq. could not have been born earlier than 1540, or 1541, because his elder half sister Katherine, widow of Edward Lord Windsor, died in Jan. 1599, at the age of 60.* Lord Orford therefore must mistake in saying that he lived to be a very aged man, as he died June 24, 1604, when he could little have exceeded 60.

In his youth he travelled into Italy, and as Stowe re-

* See her epitaph at Tarbick, Co. Warw. Coll. Nob. Fam. 263, &c.

lates,

lates,* was the first that brought embroidered gloves and perfumes into England, and presenting the Queen with a pair of the former, she was so pleased with them, as to be drawn with them in one of her portraits. He had the degree of Master of Arts conferred on him Dec. 6, 1566.

In 1571 he was one of the challengers in a celebrated Tournament, and in another, in 1580, in which her Majesty conferred the prize on him.

About this latter period he had the rencounter in the Tennis Court with Sir Philip Sydney, related in the Memoir of Sir Philip in the *Bibliographer*, I. 84, which does not much redound to his Lordship's honour.

In 1585 he was the chief of those who embarked with the Earl of Leicester for the relief of the States of Holland and Zealand.

In 1586 he sat as Lord Great Chamberlain of England on the trial of Mary Q. of Scots. In 1588 he hired and fitted out ships at his own charge against the Spanish Armada. In 1589, he sat on the trial of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel; and in 1601, on the trials of the Earls of Essex, and Southampton.

One of the most remarkable events of his life was his cruel usage of his first wife, Anne, daughter of the famous William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, in revenge for the part acted by that statesman against Thomas Duke of Norfolk, for whom he had a warm friendship. † Camden says that having vainly interceded with his father-in-law for the Duke's life, he grew so incensed that he vowed revenge against the daughter, and "not only forsook her bed, but sold and consumed that great inheritance descended to him from his ancestors." In answer to this, Collins says that the estate descended to his son. It is probable however it was much impaired, as Arthur Wilson ‡ agrees with Camden; and something of the same kind may be inferred from a letter in Winwood's Memorials, III. 422. §

* Annals, 686.

† They were first cousins, the Duke's mother being Frances Vere, the Earl's aunt.

‡ See Memoirs of K. James's Peers, p. 3, 494, &c.

§ Ibid. 3.

The Earl was buried at Hackney, * July 6, 1604.

His character seems to have been marked with haughtiness, vanity, and affectation. He aped Italian dresses, and was called *the Mirrour of Tuscanismo*. † His rank however, and his illustrious family commanded the respect of a large portion of the literary world; and among his eulogists, were Watson, Lily, Golding, Munday, Greene, Lock, and Spenser. ‡

Webbe says, that in the rare *devises* of poetry, he may challenge to himself the title of the most excellent among the rest. Puttenham, and Meres, have ranked him among the best for comedy. Scattered pieces of his are found in Breton's *Bower of Delights*, 1597; Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591; the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593; and England's *Helicon*, 1600, besides the modern collections of Percy and Ellis, and the last edition of Lord Orford's *Works*. Mr. Park also, in the *Royal and Noble Authors*, has drawn forth a dedicatory specimen, from Bedingfield's translation of *Cardanus Comfort*, 1576. §

In the specimens of Lord Oxford's poetry, which this collection contains, there appear the same traits, as are said to have been exhibited in his character. They are

* Lysons's *Environs*, II. 485.—His second Countess was buried there Jan. 3, 1612-13. *Ibid.* Lysons, under Lambeth, Vol. I. p. 297, gives the burial on Feb. 22, 1558-9 of "my Lady of Oxford," whom he supposes to be Anne wife of John Vere Earl of Oxford, and daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. I find such a marriage in the Howard pedigree by Dugdale and Collins—but not in the Vere pedigree. The names of the wives of John Vere, Earl of Oxford, were Dorothy Neville and Margaret Golding.

Earl Edward, had a sister of the whole blood married to Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby. His own issue were three daughters by his first wife, Anne Cecil, who died 1588; and an only son and heir by his second wife, Elizabeth Trentham. These were, 1. Lady Elizabeth, born 1575, married 1594 to William Stanley Earl of Derby. 2. Lady Bridget, born 1584, married to Francis Lord Norreys, afterwards created Earl of Berkshire. 3. Lady Susan, born 1587, married to Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery and Pembroke. Henry, only son and heir, born 1592, became 18th Earl of Oxford; and died 1625, without issue, aged 33. His cousin and heir male Robert Vere, grandson of Aubrey Vere, younger brother of John, 16th Earl, (the poet's father) succeeded after some dispute as 19th Earl of Oxford, and died 1632, leaving an only son, Aubrey, 20th and last Earl, who died in March 1702-3, aged about 78. But when Earl Robert was admitted to the Earldom, a severe litigation took place for the hereditary office of Lord Great Chamberlain between the Countess of Derby, Earl Henry's eldest sister of the half blood, and Robert Lord Willoughby, the son of his aunt Mary, who was of the whole blood; and in consequence of the absurd rule of law on that point, it was determined in favour of the latter.

† See Bibliogr. I. 83—and Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. xliii.

‡ Park's *Royal and Noble Authors*, II. 120.

§ *Ibid.* 122.

generally

generally affected, full of conceit and antithesis, and obscure. They have none of the attractions and graces, which recommend those of Lord Vaux. Dr. Percy observes, that "perhaps it is no injury to his memory that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity." This elegant critic however has given a poem, which deserves a higher character. It is copied from BRETON'S *Bower of Delights*,* 1597—and is entitled FANCY AND DESIRE. In justice to this noble Peer, I cannot omit to give it a place.

Fancy and Desire.

"Come hither, shepherd's swaine. 'Sir, what do you require?'
 I pray thee, shew to me thy name. 'My name is FOND DESIRE.
 When wert thou born, Desire? 'In pompe & prime of May.'
 By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot? 'By fond Conceit, men say.'
 Tell me, who was thy nurse? 'Fresh youth in sugred joy.'
 What was thy meat & daily food? 'Sad sighs with great annoy.'
 What hadst thou then to drink? 'Unsavoury lover's tears.'
 What cradle wert thou rocked in? 'In hope devoid of fears.'
 What lull'd thee then asleep? 'Sweet speech, which likes me best.'
 Tell me, where is thy dwelling place? 'In gentle hartes I rest.'
 What thing doth please thee most? 'To gaze on beauty still.'
 Whom dost thou think to be thy foe? 'Disdain of my good will.'
 Doth company displease? 'Yes, surely, many one.'
 Where doth Desire delight to live? 'He loves to live alone.'
 Doth either tyme or age bring him unto decaye?
 'No, no, Desire both lives & dies a thousand times a daye.'
 Then, fond Desire, farewell, thou art no mate for mee,
 I should be lothe, methinks, to dwell with such a one as thee."

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, are three extracts from some unknown poem or poems of this Earl. Two are given in the *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* 1800. The third follows.

"What plague is greater than the grieve of minde?
 The grieve of minde that eates in every vaine:
 In every vaine that leaves such clods behinde,
 Such clods behinde as breede such bitter paine,
 So bitter paine that none shall ever finde,
 What plague is greater than the grieve of minde?"

Among Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian library are "verses made by the Earle of Oxforde and Mrs. Ann Vavesor."

* There must have been an earlier edition of the *Bower of Delights* than that of 1597; for Breton, in his *Pilgrimage to Paradise*, 1592, mentions it, with a protest that it was done without his knowledge, and that there were in it, many things of other men's, mingled with few of his own. See *Cens. Lit.* II. 235.

4. WILLIAM HUNNIS.

This poet was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal under K. Edw. VI. and afterwards Master of the Boys of Q. Elizabeth's Chapel Royal. He had a grant of arms in 1568. He translated *Certain of the Psalms of David into English Metre*, 1550, 8vo.—and these were afterwards published in conjunction with the translations of the Psalms by T. Sternhold, Sir T. Wyatt, and John Hall, in quarto. But they had not the good fortune to be incorporated into Hopkins's Collection.* He was also author of *A Hyve full of Hunnye*, 1578, 4to. and 8vo.—containing the whole book of Genesis in English rhyme—*Seven sobs of a sorrowfull soule for sinne*, 1585, 1597, 1615, 1629, 24°. and also at Edinburgh, 1621, 12°.—containing seven psalms of David, called the Penitential; whereunto is annexed his *Handfull of Honey-suckles*, containing the Poor Widow's Mite; a dialogue between Christ and a Sinner, and diverse godly and pithy Ditties, with a Christian Confession of and to the Trinity. "But his honey-suckles and his honey," says Warton, "are now no longer delicious." Warton adds, that "metre was now become the vehicle of enthusiasm, and the Puritans seem to have appropriated it to themselves in opposition to our service, which was in prose."†

Some of Hunnis's pieces are pretty at least; and discover such a simplicity of sentiment, ease of language, and flow of verse, as justly entitle them to commendation. The poem on "*No pains comparable to love*," at f. 63, and that "*On the fruits of fained frendes*," at f. 63, are pleasing; and the latter in particular is very skilfully turned, especially at the close. That in which "*He repenteth his folly*," at f. 57, might, with the least alteration, be made to appear like a love-song of later ages. His verses at p. 96 are cited by Webbe as a witty ditty.

5. FRANCIS KINWELMERSH.

Very little is known of this author, or rather translator. He was a Member of Gray's Inn, and he and his brother

* See a minute and curious account of the successive early editions of the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, by Mr. HASLEWOOD, in *Cens. Lit.* X. 4.

† History of English Poetry, III. 181.

Anthony

Anthony were gentlemen of Essex, had the character of being noted poets of their time; and were the intimate friends of George Gascoigne. In conjunction with this poet, Francis Kinwelmersh translated the *Jocasta* of Euripides; and Warton commends the *Ode to Concord* by him, as exhibiting great elegance of expression and versification. It is an original insertion, not being in Euripides. Warton has transcribed it into his *History*, Vol. III. p. 374. It strikes me that the productions of this author, in the present Collection, are inferior in general to those of the contributors already named. The stanzas *On Learning*, at f. 14, are pretty.

6. JASPER HEYWOOD.

Jasper Heywood, son of John Heywood the Epigrammatist, (for whom see *CENS. LIT.* IX. 113,) was born about 1535, in London; and sent to Oxford at twelve years of age in 1547, where he took the degree of A. M. 1553; and was then elected Probationer-Fellow of Merton College, which he retained five years. At this time he carried away the palm in all disputations at home, and in the public schools. His lively and facetious disposition, which he probably inherited from his father, at length urged him into several acts of indiscretion and wildness, which rendered it prudent for him to quit his fellowship, 1558, a step to which similar irregularities drove his brother Ellis. "He exercised," says Warton "the office of Christmas Prince, or Lord of Misrule, to his college; and seems to have given offence by suffering the levities and jocularities of that character to mix with his life and general conversation."* He was however soon afterwards appointed Fellow of All Soul's College. But not satisfied with the change of the national religion, he within four years left England, and entered himself in 1562 into the society of the Jesuits at Rome. Here he spent two years in the study of divinity, and then was sent to Dilling in Switzerland, where he continued about seventeen years in explaining and dis-

* *History of English Poetry*, III. 388.

cussing controverted questions among those he called heretics, during which he was promoted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity and of the four vows. At length Pope Gregory XIII. sent him in 1581 a missionary to England. Here he settled in London, as Chief or Provincial of the Jesuits in England. It was remarked that he now kept many men, horses, and coaches, and that his port and carriage were more like a Baron, than a priest. In 1584, he was ordered back to France, where when he was about to land in Normandy, he was driven back by contrary winds on the English shore, taken, examined, and, as some say, imprisoned, but released again by the interest of the Earl of Warwick. He immediately retired to Naples, where he became known to that zealous Catholic, John Pitts. He died at Naples, Jan. 9, 1598, aged 63. He is said to have been an accurate critic in the Hebrew language. He translated the *Hercules Furens*, *Thyestes*, and *Troas*, in the Translation of Seneca's *Ten Tragedies*, 1581, 4to. * The first of these was first printed in London, 1561, 12mo. and dedicated to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The *Hercules Furens* was first printed separately by Berthelette, 1560, 12mo. The *Troas* was first printed in 1560.

There is no particular merit in Heywood's pieces in this Collection.

7. RICHARD HILL.

A writer, of whom nothing is known. One of this name is mentioned by Webbe. Some of the poems supposed to belong to this author have only the initials R. H. and one of them I. H. † which Ritson thinks a mere error for R. H. Wood seems to attribute them to the name of Hall—but no such name is elsewhere to be discovered. They none of them are above mediocrity. Yet Hyll and Sand are both spoken of by Webbe, for their abundant skill in many pretty and learned works. *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586.

* See Warton's Hist. E. P. III. 382, 386, and Cens. Lit. IX. 386, 388, 392.

† Perhaps John Hall.

8. D. SAND.

Perhaps Dr. Sands. The only author of this name and period at present known, was Dr. Edwyn Sandys, Archbishop of York, who was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and took the degree of D. D. 1549; was appointed Bishop of Worcester, 1559, of London, 1570, and Archbishop of York, 1576. He died Aug. 8, 1588. I know not if he was ever suspected of writing verses. The initials E. S. are probably of the same person; and agree with the supposition of Edwyn Sandys. See f. 1, 17, 20, 23, 43.

9. M. BEW.

A writer as little known as Hill. See f. 55. The initials M. B. at f. 46, f. 61, f. 65 and f. 74, are probably of the same.

10. M. THORN.

As unknown as Hill, or Bew. See f. 54. The same initials, M. T. occur at f. 15.

11. T. MARSHALL.

The initials of this name are found at f. 84, to the poem entitled, "*Being in trouble, he writeth thus.*"

12. YLOOP.

This is conjectured to be for Pooley, read backwards. See sign. A iiii, and f. 88. Pooley is a name that occurs in Yates's tripartite collection of poems, printed in 1582.

13. F. G.

These initials are supposed to belong to Fulke Grevile, afterwards Lord Brooke. See f. 22.

14. R. D.

Perhaps Robert Dillington, who has commendatory
verses

verses prefixed to Lewkenor's *Resolved Gentleman*, 1599. * See f. 9.

15. M. D.

Perhaps the same—or Mr. Dyer; or Mr. Dolman. See f. 20.

16. E. S.

See D. Sand. See Sign. A iijj and f. 30, 31, 47, 67. Yet possibly Edmund Spenser, who was about twenty-three in the year 1576.

17. F. M.

Remains undeciphered.† See f. 21, 51.

18. R. L.

With these initials (see f. 83) were published poems, entitled *Diella—Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous poem of Dom Diego & Gineura. By R. L. Gentleman.* Printed for Henry Olney, 1596, 4to. See Ritson Bibl. Poet. 265. The same initials accompany a sonnet on Drayton's Matilda, 1594.

19. M. S.

These initials occur in the edition of 1580, &c. Ritson supposes they may designate Mr. Sackville (Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset). But as he had then long been ennobled, this is improbable.

20. M.CANDISH.

Richard Candish, a learned man of this time, a native of Suffolk, flourished about 1556—but he was a mathematician and translated *Euclid's Geometry* into English. It is more likely to have been the celebrated navigator. ‡

* The same initials appear at the end of "*an Epitaph upon the death of Richard Price, Esquier,*" 1586 (Cens. Lit. Vol. VII. p. 130) and to some verses in a rare tract containing "*a true report of the general embarrement of all English Shippes,*" &c. printed by Wolfe, 1585, 16mo.

† He appears to be author of a piece at f. 21, and four others on the cardinal virtues, the initials being affixed to the last.

‡ Robert Parke dedicated his translation from the Spanish of "*The Historie of the great and mightie kingdome of China,*" printed by Wolfe, 1588, "to the right worshipfull and famous Gentleman M. Thomas Candish, Esquire, the Navigator."

21. H. D.

Author of the poem *On the death of Master John Barnabe*, in the Appendix.

22. A. BOURCHER.

Arthur Boucher is author of a single poem in the Appendix, f. 110. He published a Fable of Æsop versified, 1566, and has a poem to the Reader before Whitney's Emblems.

23. G. GASKE.

Mr. Park thinks this was no other than George Gascoigne. He has only one poem in the Appendix. See f. 105.

24. LODOWICK LLOYD.

Lodowick Lloyd, Esq. was a person eminent in the Court of Q. Elizabeth; and Serjeant at Arms to that Queen. He wrote *The Pilgrimage of Princes*,* 1573, 1586, 4to. *Hilaria*, a complimentary poem to K. James, 1607—*The Consent of Time*, 1590, 4to.—*The first part of the Diall of Daies; containing 320 Romane triumphes*, 1590, &c. 4to.—*The Triplicitie of Triumphes*, 1591. 4to.—*The Stratagems of Jerusalem*, 1602, 4to.—*Divers laws*, 1602—*The Practice of Policy*, 1604, 4to.—*Linceus Spectacles*, 1607, 4to.—and an English poem prefixed to Twyne's Translation of Humphrey Lloyd's Breviary of Brytayne, 1573, 8vo. He has also commendatory verses before *Blandy's Castle, or Picture of Policy*, 1580. He composed "A Dittie to the tune of Welshe Sydanenn made to the Queenes Maj. Eliz."† His *Epitaph on Sir Edward Saunders* is in the Appendix.

25. BARNABE RICKE.

Of this writer Mr. HASLEWOOD has furnished me with the following account.—This "Gentleman," however numerous his pieces, appears to have been un-

* Revived by R. C. M. A. 1653, 4to.

† Will be found in British Bibliographer, Vol. I. Art. Pilgrimage of Princes.

noticed by contemporary writers, and scarcely known to the modern ones. Amidst the pile of lumber ransacked by Ritson, not a single article afforded his name for preservation. The earliest piece I have seen is entitled "*A right excellent and pleasant Dialogue betwene Mercury and an English Souldier; contayning his supplication to Mars; Bewtified with sundry worthy Histories, rare inuentions and politike deuises,*" 1574, 12mo. Prefixed are commendatory verses by G. Argal and John Bettes, Gent. and a dialogue in metre between the author and his book.—"*Allarme to England foreshewing what perilles are procured where the people liue without regard of Martiall lawe,*" &c. * 1578, dedicated to Syr Christopher Hatton, Knight. An address to the reader, says, "Such is the delicacie of our readers at this time, that there are none may be alowed of to write, but such as haue bene trained at schoole with Pallas, or at the last haue bene fostered vp with the Muses, and for my parte (without vaunt be it spoken) I haue bene a trauayler, I haue sayled in Grauesende barge as farre as Billings gate, haue trauayled from Buckelers bery to Basingstocke, I haue gone from S. Pankeridge church to Kentish towne by lande, where I was combred with many hedges, ditches, and other slippery bankes, but yet I could neuer come to those learned bankes of Helicon, neither was I neuer able to scale Parnassus hyl, although I haue trauiled ouer Gaddes hyll in Kente, and that sundrie tymes and often." This piece was commended in prose by Barnaby Googe, and in verse by Lodowick Flood (*Lloyd*), Thomas Churchyard, S. Stronge, and Thomas Lupton, with 136 lines from "the authour to the reader why he tooke in hand to write this booke."—"The straunge and wonderfull aduentures of Dō Simonides a gentilman Spanyarde: contenyng verie pleasaunte discourse, gathered for the recreation as well of our noble yong gentilmen, as our honourable courtly Ladies," 1581. Prefixed are verses by Thomas Lodge and Richard Walley the printer. There afterwards appeared "*The seconde Tome of the Trauailes and Aduentures of Don Simondes, enterlaced with varietie of Historie, wherein the curteous and not curious reader maie find matters so*

* Herbert, 1079.

leveled as may suffice to please all humours. For melancholie men, they shall not neede to saile to Anticera, for here they shall finde pleasaunt expulsiues. For merrie myndes, sober discourses to preuent excesse. For deuoute, wholesome lessons to confirme their contemplaciō. For all sortes such delightes as neither alow of daliaunce nor discommende honest pleasure." Walleley, 1584 — "The famous Hystory of Herodotvs,* &c. is undoubtedly the production of this writer. — "A pathway to Military practise, &c.† 1587. — In 1593 he appears to have written a tract on the recent death of the unfortunate Green, then a popular subject. ‡ — "A looking glass for Ireland, 1599§ — "Fauktes, Faults, and nothing else but Fauktes. At London, printed for Jeffrey Chorleton, and are to be sold at the great North doore of Paules Church. 1606. 4to. — "Opinions deified, &c. 1613. || — "A new Description of Ireland: wherein is described the disposition of the Irish, &c. 1610 — "A true and a kinde excuse written in defence of that booke intituled a Newe Description of Ireland, 1612. — "The Honestie of this age. Proouing by good circumstance, that the world was neuer honest till now. By Barnabee Rych, Gentleman, seruant to the Kings most excellent Maiestie. *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.* Printed at London for T. A. 1614, 4to. Again, 1615, and at Edinburgh, by Andro Hart. This piece Warton describes as "a curious picture of the times." ** — "My Ladies Looking glasse, wherein may be discerned a wise man from a foole, a good woman from a bad, and the true resemblance of vice masked vnder the vizard of vertue.... London, printed for Thomas Adams, 1616. — "The Irish Hubbub or the English lue and crie breiefely pursuing the base conditions and most notorious offences of this vile, vaine and wicked age. No lesse smarting then tickling. A merriment whereby to make the wise to laugh, and fooles to be angry.

Mounted aloft vpon the world's great stage,
I stand to note the follies of this age.

* Her. 734.

† Ib. 735.

‡ Ib. 1369, 1722.

§ Ib. 1369.

|| Hist. Eng. Po. Vol. IV. p. 71, note k.

** Ib. Vol. III. p. 482, note.

.... London, printed by Aug. Mathewes, for Iohn Mariot, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleet street. 1622.* The above are in prose, but interspersed with many pieces of poetry, though their frequent occurrence was discontinued as he advanced in life.†

The assertion that he was "never able to scale Parnassus hill," appears confirmed by the eight editions of *Dainty Deuises* containing one piece only with his name affixed. It is inserted in the Appendix, (p. 106), and is an *Epitaph upon the death of Sir William Drury*, who died at Waterford, 1579. One line in this poem appears too immediately similar with the signature of "*My lucke is losse*," to be passed unnoticed. It occurs in the tenth stanza.

"*Thy lucke is losse, thy fortune still withstoode.*"

Probability is all that can be hazarded on such a question. He must have been a young author in 1576, when the *Dainty Deuises* was first published, and might wish to remain unknown.‡ Unless the whole can be considered a proverb, it was not likely he would use words so well known to the reader, and appearing repeatedly in the preceding pages, without some personal title to them. Perhaps they were a dry conceit originating in his motto *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.* J. H.

MY LUCKE IS LOSSE.

With this quaint signature are five copies of verses, in the edition of 1576. See the conjecture above regarding B. Rich.

ANONYMOUS.

There are eight pieces without either initials or signature, at pp. 18, 31, 38, 52, 59, 100, 101, 110, 111.

* The dedication is dated at "Dublin the 24 of June, 1618." Warton mentions an edition printed at London 1617, and that the title "calls that book his twenty-sixth." (Vol. III. p. 482.) The above list is therefore still very imperfect.

† Most of the pieces noticed, as written by Lloyd or Rich, are in the library of Richard Heber, Esq.

‡ He had printed with his name the *Dialogue* two years before.

The

The present Collection may be considered as the poetry of the reign of Q. Mary, rather than of Elizabeth. We see in it something of the same turn which busied itself so much in versifying the Psalms of David. Yet we do not see that creative imagination and those sublime energies, which produced *Sackville's* admirable *Induction* to the *Mirror for Magistrates*. By that noble composition is proved how little efforts of high genius are suppressed by the immaturity of cotemporary sentiment, language and taste.

Minds of minor ingenuity sunk, in the gloomy reign of the bigoted Queen, into a moral tone, which is frequently tedious, though it now and then produces an impressive pathos.

The lyrical and pastoral pieces, such as ornament the latter period of Q. Elizabeth's reign, and which are frequently beautiful from their delicate simplicity, were yet seldom attempted. Marlow, Lodge, Greene, and Breton, afterwards shone in those delightful flowers of poetry, which decorated the pages of *England's Helicon*, and other miscellanies of that day. I can find little of a similar genius in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, unless in the productions of Richard Edwards.

The progress of the human mind in the polish of language, as well as in the refinement of opinion, is surely among the most important of philosophical inquiries. What can better exhibit it than a series of those poetical compositions, which were most popular in their day? Here are shewn all those forms of expression, which are most laboured into nicety and elegance. Here are displayed all those feelings, which intellectual cultivation had most drawn forth.

Yet popular as this Collection was, it had also like every thing else, its censurers. as the following extracts, kindly furnished by Mr. PARK and Mr. HASLEWOOD, will prove.

Allusions to the Paradise of Dainty Devises.

“ Onely Poetrie hath founde fewest frends to amende it: those that can, reserving theyr style to themselves; those that cannot, running headlong upon it, thinking to
furnish

furnish it with their *Deuises*, but more corrupting it with fantastick errours."

Pref. to Webbe's Disc. of Poetrie, 1586.

"Are they not ashamed in their prefixed poesies to adorne a picture of *profit* mixt with *pleasure* (see title to *Paradise of Dainty Deuises* p. 90.) when as in their bookes there is scarce to be found one precept pertaining to vertue, but whole quires fraught with amorous discourses, kindling Venus' flame in Vulcan's forge, carrying Cupid in tryumph, alluring even vowed vestals to treade awry, inchaunting chaste mindes and corrupting the continenst. Henceforth let them alter their posies of *profit* with intermingled *pleasure*, inserting that of Ovid in steed—

Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Me legat et lecto carmine doctus amet.

So shall the discreet reader understand the contents by the title, and their purpose by their posie."

Nash's Anatomie of Absurditie, 1589.

Two faire eyes teach mee my lesson;
And what I read in those, I do write in a barck of a beech-tree;
Beech-tree, better booke than a thousand *Dainty deuises*.*

Fraunce's Yvy church, A. ii. Sc. last, 1591.

"Then should not tragicke *Garnier* haue his poore *Cornelia* stand naked vpon euery poste: then should not Times complaint delude with so good a title: then should not the *Paradise of Dainty Deuises* bee a packet of balde rimes."

Polimanteia, 1595.

List of Editions.

1576,	1578,	1585,	1600.†
1577,	1580,	1596,	

An edition, without date, printed by Edward Allde for Edward White. See p. xxvii.

* And yet on a reference to the original, in Tasso's *Aminta*, it may be doubtful whether commendation rather than censure is not here intended by Master Fraunce.

† These dates are all that can be mentioned with confidence. Cibber, in the life of Jasper Heywood, speaks of an edition in 1574, but it is doubtful. Also, Warton, in the *Hist. Eng. Po.* Vol. III. p. 388, mentions an edition in 1573, which Steevens and Herbert conceived an error of the press for 1578.

List

THE
PARADISE
OF

Dainty Devices,

REPRINTED FROM

A TRANSCRIPT OF THE FIRST EDITION, 1576,

In the hand writing of the late

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

With an Appendix:

Containing Additional Pieces from the Editions of

1580 & 1600.

AND INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

By SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. 7.

LONDON:

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AND WILLIAM SANCHO, AT THE MEWS GATE.

1810.

THE

PARADISE

Paradise

Paradise

1880 & 1881

SIR EDWARD DRYDEN

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present new edition of the *Paradise of Dainty Devises* is printed literatim from a copy belonging to the Editor, made by the hand of the late eminent George Steevens, the Commentator on Shakspeare, from the first edition of the original, then possessed by his friend Dr. Farmer. The public, it is hoped, will give credit to the accuracy of such a copy. The defects, if any, are best accounted for by a note in Steevens's hand-writing.

“ It has been attempted to render the following MS.
“ a fac-simile of the first edition of the *Paradise of*
“ *Dainty Devices*, with all its inaccuracy of spelling,
“ punctuation, &c.; but as habits of orthography, &c.
“ are not easily got rid of, perhaps they may have occa-
“ sionally prevailed over the blunders which the tran-
“ scriber has professed to copy.”

The pages of the original are imperfectly numbered; and this peculiarity has been retained in the present impression. It has been also thought proper to retain the ancient orthography; but the punctuation has been somewhat changed, as, in its old state, it appeared to the Editor too frequently to destroy the sense.

Mr. HASLEWOOD, with that indefatigable zeal and industry which cannot be too much applauded, transcribed with his own hand the copy, which has passed the press; and most carefully and faithfully corrected the sheets from the Printer.

The

The additional pieces from the subsequent editions of 1580 and 1600, were kindly communicated by Mr. PARK, from copies made by *George Ellis*, esq. from the originals in the possession of the *late Duke of Roxburgh*.

The present impression does not exceed 250 copies in octavo, attached to the **BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER**, and 120 taken off in quarto.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, Nov. 26, 1809.

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* A few of the signatures are altered in the subsequent editions, though it may be doubtful in some instances on what authority. Of the pieces here considered *Anonymous*, the name of Tho. Churchyard was afterwards affixed to "He persuadeth his friend," &c. at p. 18: of T. Marshall to "Though Fortune have," &c. at p. 31. and of W. Hunnis to "No foe to a flatterer," at p. 59.

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* Inserted in editions of 1600, and without date.

The Paradyse
of daynty deuices.

Conteyning sundry pithy preceptes, learned
Counsels, and excellent inuentions, right pleasant
and profitable for all estates.

Deuised and written for the most part, by M. Edwardes,
sometime, of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest
by sundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor,
and worship, whose names here-
after folowe.

Imprinted at London, by Henry Disle,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the southwest
doore of Saint Paules Church, and are
there to be solde.

1578.

[Above is the title of edition 1578, with the sight of which
I have been favoured by a gentleman, since the preceding
account was printed. Subsequent collation may enable me
hereafter to give a more minute account of its contents; at
present, I can only undertake to say, that it appears to vary
from all the editions here described, and to contain a poem
by George Whetstone, no where else to be met with, to the
best of my knowledge. J. H.]

The
Paradice
of Dainty Devises.

Containing sundry pithie precepts, learned
counsails, and excellent inventions: right
pleasant and profitable for all estates.

Devised and written for the most parte by
M. Edwardes, sometime of her Majesties Chappell: the rest by
sundry learned Gentlemen both of honor, and
worship, whose names her-
after followe.

Whereunto is added sundry new Inuenti-
ons, very pleasant and delightfull.

At London

Printed by Edward Allde for Edward White
dwelling at the little North
dore of Saint Paules Church, at the signe of the Gunne.

[*Colophon*] At London

printed by E. A. for Edward
White dwelling at the little north
doore of Paules Church at the
signe of the Gunne.

[This edition is nearly similar to the one of 1600. The
whole number of pieces it contains is 103, and all to be found
in the present volume. J. H.]

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THE PARADYSE

of daynty deuises,

aptly furnished, with sundry pithie and learned inuentions :

deuised and written for the most part by M. Edwards,

sometimes of her Maiesties Chappel: the rest by

sundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor,

and woorshippe.

viz,

S. Barnarde.

E. O.

L. Vaux.

D. S.

Iasper Heyvwood.

F. K.

M. Beuve.

R. Hill.

M. Yloop, vvith others.

[Device in an oval : an Angel crowned holding in the right hand a flaming heart of Charity ; in the left a crofs ; standing on a figure described by the word “ Diabolus ;” with various inscriptions and emblematical allusions, supposed to represent the victory of Virtue and Eternal light. The Printer’s monogram in one corner. Motto in the oval ; *Ego sum via et veritas.*]

IMPRINTED AT LON-

don, by Henry Disle, dwellyng in

Paules Churchyard, at the South west doore

of Saint Paules Church, and are there

to be solde.

1576.

THE PARADISE

[ARMS OF SIR HENRY COMPTON.]

PRINTED AT LON-

don, by Henry Dine, Stationer in

St. Dunstons Church-yard, in the County of Middlesex

1870

TO THE RIGHT HONO-

rable Syr Henry Compton Knight,

Lorde Compton, of Compton.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

Rand my very good Lord, (*pre-
suming vppon your curtesy*) I
am bolde to present vnto your honor, this
small volume: Entituled, *The Paradise
of deynty deuises*, being penned by diuers
learned Gentlemen, and collected togea-
ther, through the trauell of one, both of
woorship and credite, for his priuate vse:
who not long since departed this lyfe,
which when I had perused ouer, not with-
out the aduise of sundry my freendes, I
determined by theyr good motion, to set
them in print, who therunto greatly per-
swaded me, with these and like woordes:
The wryters of them, were both of honor
and worship: besides that, our owne coun-
trei men, and such as for theyr learnyng
and grauitie, might be accounted of a-

A ij

mong

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your MAY at wyll,
 Reioyce in MAY, as I doo now, and use your MAY with skill.
 Use MAY, whyle that you may, for MAY hath but his time;
 When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
 Your liking, and your lust, is freshe whyles MAY dooth last,
 When MAY is gone, of all the yeere the pleasaunt time is past.
Finis.

3. *Faire woordes make fooles faine.*

In youthfull yeeres when fyrst my young desyres began,
 To pricke mee foorth to serue in Court a sclender tall young man,
 My Fathers blessing then I askt upon my knee,
 Who blessing me with trembling hand, these wordes gan say to me:
 My sonne, God guide thy way, and shielde thee from mischaunce,
 And make thy just desartes in Court, thy poore estate to aduance.
 Yet when thou art become one of the Courtly trayne,
 Thinke on this proverbe old (qd he) that faire woordes make fooles faine.

This counsell grauely geuen, most strange appeares to me,
 Tyll tract of time, with open eyes, had made me plainely see,
 What subtill sleightes are wrought, by painted tales deuise,
 When hollowe hartes with freendly shoes the simple doo entise
 To thinke al golde that shines to feede their fonde desire,
 Whose shiuering cold is warmd with smoke, instead of flaming fire.
 Sith talke of tickle trust dooth breede a hope most vaine,
 This proverbe true by prooffe I finde, that faire woordes make fooles faine.

Faire speache alway doeth well, where deedes insue faire woordes,
 Faire speache againe alway dooth euil, that bushes geues for birdes.
 Who hopes to haue fayre woordes, to trye his luckie lot,
 If I may counsel let him strike it, whyle the iron is hotte.
 But them that feede on cloddes, insteade of pleasaunt grapes,
 And after warning often geuen, for better lucke still gapes,
 Full loth I am, yet must I tell them in woordes plaine,
 This prouerbe old proues true in them, that faire words makes fooles faine.

Wo

Wo woorth the time that woordes, so slowly turne to deedes;
 Wo worth the time, y^t faire sweete floures, are groweⁿ to rotten weedes.
 But thrise wo woorth the time, that trueth away is fled,
 Wherein I see how simple hartes with woordes are vainely fed.
 Trust no faire woordes therefore, where no deedes do ensue;
 Trust words, as skilful Falkeners doo trust Haukes that neuer flew.
 Trust deedes, let woordes be woordes, which neuer wrought me gaine;
 Let my experience make you wyse, and let woordes make fooles faine.

M. Edwardes.

4. *In his extreame sycknesse.*

What greeues my bones, and makes my body faint?
 What prickes my flesh and teares my head in twaayne?
 Why doo I wake, when rest should me attaynt?
 When others laugh, why doo I liue in paine?
 I *tosse*, I *turne*, I *change* from side to side,
 And stretche me oft, in sorowes linkes betyde.

I *tosse*, as one betost in waues of care,
 I *turne*, to flee the woes of lothsome lyfe:
 I *change* to spie, yf death this corps might spare,
 I *stretche* to heauen, to ridde me of this strife:
 Thus doo I *stretche* and *change*, and *tosse* and *turne*,
 Whyle I in hope of heauen by life doo burne.

Then holde thee still, let be thy heauinesse,
 Abolishe care, forgeat thy pining woe:
 For by this meanes soone shalt thou finde redresse;
 When oft betost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
 Then *tosse* and *turne*, and *tumble* franke and free.
 O happy thryse, when thou in heauen shall be.

Finis. L. Vaux.

For

The Paradise

5. For Christmas day.

*Reioyce, reioyce, with hart and voyce,
In Christes birth this day reioyce.*

From Virgins wombe this day dyd spring
The precious seede that onely saued man:
This day let man reioyce and sweetely sing,
Since on this day saluation fyrst began.
This day dyd Chryste mans soule from death remooue,
With glorious saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came loue and unitie;
This day mans greefe began for to surcease,
This day did man receyue a remedie,
For eche offence, and euery deadly sinne,
With guiltie hart, that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke let loue be surely plaste,
From Christes flocke let concorde hate expell:
Of Christes flocke let loue be so embraste,
As we in Christe, and Christe in us may dwell.
Christe is the aucthour of all unitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O syng unto this glittering glorious king,
O prayse his name let euery liuing thing:
Let hart and voyce like Belles of syluer ring
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with sounde of sweete delight,
The ioy of Christes birth this day resight.

Finis. F. K.

6. *Easter day.*

All mortall men this day reioyce
In Christ, that you redeemed hath :
By death, with death : sing we with voyce,
To him that hath appesed Gods wrath
Due unto man for sinfull path,
Wherein before he went astray :
Geve thanks to him with perfect faith,
That for mankind hath made this glorious day.

This day he rose from tombe againe,
Wherin his precious corse was laide :
Whom cruelly the Jewes had slaine,
With blooddy woundes full ill araide.
O man be now no more dismaide,
If thou hence forth from sinne doo stay ;
Of death thou needest not be afraide,
Christ conquered death for this his glorious day.

His death preuayled had no whit,
As Paul the Apostle well doth write,
Except he had uprysen yet,
From death to life, by Godlike might,
With most triumphant glittering light.
This day his glory shined I say,
And made us bright as sunne this glorious day.

O man aryse with Christe therefore,
Since he from sinne hath made thee free :
Beware thou fall in sinne no more,
But ryse as Christe did ryse for thee.
So mayst thou him in glory see,
When he at day of doome shal say :
Come thou my childe and dwell with me,
God Graunt us all to see that glorious day.

Finis : Iasper Heywood.

7. *For Whitsunday.*

Come, holy ghost, eternall God, and ease the wofull greefe,
 That, thorough the heapes of heauy sinne, can no where finde releefe.
 Doo thou O God redresse
 The great distresse
 Of sinfull heauinesse.

Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes of my consumed hart:
 O ryd the pearcing pricking paynes, of my tormenting smart.
 O holy Ghost graunt me
 That I by thee
 From sinne may purged be.

Thou art my God: to thee alone
 I will commend my cause:
 Not glittering golde, nor precious stone,
 Shall make me leaue thy lawes.
 O teache me then the way,
 Whereby I may
 Make thee my only stay.

My lippes, my tongue, my hart and al,
 Shall sprede thy mightie name:
 My voyce shall neuer cease to sound
 The prayses of the same.

Yea euery liuing thing
 Shall sweetely syng
 To thee (O heavenly king.)

Finis. M. Kindlemarsh.

8. *Who mindes to bring his shippe to happy shore,
 Must care to knowe the lawes of wysdomes lore.*

My freend, yf thou wylt credite me in ought,
 To whom the trueth by tryall well appeares;
 Nought woorth is wit, till it be dearely bought,
 There is no wysedome but in hoarie heares.

Yet

Yet yf I may of wysedome oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse;
Then to my woordes, my freende, thy eare encline;
The thinges that make thee wyse, are these, I gesse.

Feare God, and knowe thy selfe in eche degree,
Be freend to all, familier but to fewe;
Too light of credite, see thou neuer be,
For tryal oft in trust dooth treason shewe.
To others faultes cast not so much thy eye,
Accuse no man of guilt, amend thy owne;
Of medling much dooth mischiefe oft aryse,
And oft debate by tickle tongue is sowne.

What thing thou wilt haue hid, to none declare;
In woorde or deede, beware of had I wist:
So spend thy good, that some thou euer spare,
For freendes like Haukes doo soare from emptie fist.
Cut out thy coate, according to thy cloth,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flee:
Beleeve not him who once hath broke his troth,
Nor yet of gift, without desart, be free.

Time quickly slips; beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth repentes a painefull age:
Beginne nothing without an eye to thend,
Nor bowe thyne eare from counsell of the sage;
If thou to farre let out thy fancie slip,
And witlesse wyll from reasons rule outstart;
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whippe,
And sore the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

To doo too much for olde men is but lost,
Of freendship had to women comes like gaine:
Bestowe not thou on children to much cost,
For what thou dooest for these is all in vayne.

The

The Paradise

The olde man, or he can requite, he dyes;
 Unconstant is the womans waueryng minde:
 Full soone the boy thy freendship wyl despise,
 And him for loue thou shalt ungratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barren ground,
 The woman like the Reede that wagges with winde:
 There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,
 And of the three, the boy is most unkinde.
 If thou haue found a faithfull freend in deede,
 Beware thou lose not loue of such a one:
 He shall sometime stand thee in better steede,
 Then treasure great of golde or precious stone,
Finis. Iasper Heywood.

9. Of the vnconstant staye of fortunes giftes.

If *Fortune* be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
 She beares a double face, disguised, false, and fickle.
 This day she seemes to smile, to morrowe wyl she frowne,
 What now she sets aloft. anone she throweth downe,
 Fly *Fortunes* sly deseytes, let *Vertue* be thy guide,
 If that you doo intend in happy state to byde.

Upon the settled Rocke thy building surest standes;
 Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes.
 Dame *Vertue* is the Rocke, that yeeldes assured stay,
 Dame *Fortune* is the Sand, that skowreth soone away,
 Chuse that is certaine, let thinges uncertayne passe,
 Prefer the precious golde, before the brittle glasse,

Sly *Fortune* hath her sleighes, she plaies upon the packe,
 Look whom she fauours most, at length she turnes to wracke.
 But *Vertue* simply deales, she shuns deceitfull trayne,
 Who is by *Fortune* rayased up, shall never fall againe.
 Sticke fast to *Vertue* then, that geues assured trust,
 And fly from *Fortunes* freekes, that euer prooue unjust.

Finis. F. K.

Promise

10. *Promise is debt.*

In my accompt, the promise that is vowed,
Among the good is holden such a debt,
As he is thought, no whit to be alowed,
That setteth light his promise to forget.
And for my part, I wyl not linke in loue
With fickle folke, whose fancies oft remoue.

My happy gaine I doo esteeme for such,
As fewe have found, in these our doutful dayes:
To finde a freend, I thinke it be as much,
As to winne a fort, full fraught of noble praise.
Of all the goodes, that there may be possest,
A faithfull freend I judge to be the best.

O freendly league, although to late begunne,
Yet time shall try our troth is well imployed:
And that we both shall see, that we have wonne
Such fastned faith, as can not be destroyed
By enuious rage, or slaunders bitter blowe,
That seekes the good to ouerthrowe.

Finis. R. Hill.

11. *No woordes, but deedes.*

The wrong is great, the paine aboue my power,
That yeeldes such care in doutfull dennes to drowne:
Such happe is hard, where fortune dooth so lower,
As freendly looke, is turned to froward frowne.
Is this the trust that faithfull freendes can finde?
With those that yet have promise broke?
By deedes in dout, as though no woordes can binde
A vowed freend to hold him to his yoke.

O faithlesse freend, what can assure your minde,
That doutes so soone, before you have cause why:
To what hard happe, doth fortune here me binde,
When woordes nor deedes can no way satisfye?

What

What can I write, that hath not oft been saide?
 What have I saide, that other hath not affirmed?
 What is approued, that ought to be assayed?
 Or what is vowed, that shall not be performed?

Cast of mistrust, in haste no credite give,
 To this or that, that breedeth freendes unrest:
 No doubt at all, but trust me, if I liue,
 My deedes shall prooue, that all is for the best.
 And this beleewe, the Sea shall ceasse to flowe,
 The Sunne to shine within the settled skie;
 All thinges on earth, shall leaue to spring and growe,
 Yea euery foule shall want his winges to flye,

Eare I in thought shall seeme once to retyre,
 If you my freend remaine, as I desyre:
 Now lose no time, but use that whyle you may,
 Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

Finis. R. D.

12. *He desyreth exchange of lyfe.*

The day delayed, of that I most doo wishe,
 Wherewith I feede and starue, in one degree;
 With wishe and want, still serued in one dishe,
 Aliue as dead, by prooffe as you may sowe:
 To whom of olde this proverbe well it serues,
 Whyle grasse dooth grow the seelly Horse he sterves.

Tweene these extreames, thus doo I ronne the race;
 Of my poore life, this certaynely I knowe;
 Tweene would and want, unwarely that dooth passe,
 More swift then shot, out of the archers bowe.
 As Spider drawes her line in vayne all day,
 I watch the net, and others have the pray.

And

And as by prooffe, the greedy dogge doth gnaw
The bared bone, all onely for the taste:
So, to and fro, this lothsome life I drawe,
With fancies forst, and fled with vaine repast.
Narcissus brought unto the water brinke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I doo drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not sicke,
With smart unseene, myselfe myselfe I weare,
With prone desire, and power that is not quicke,
With hope aloft nowe drenched in dispaire,
Trayned in trust, for no reward assignd,
The more I haste, the more I come behinde,

With hurt to heale, in frozen yse to frye,
With losse to laugh, this a woonderous case:
Fast fetred here, is forste away to flye,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chase.
With winges and spurres, for all the haste I make,
As like to lose, as for to drawe the stake.

The dayes be long, that hang upon desert,
The life is irke of ioyes that be delayed:
The time is short, for to requite the smart,
That dooth proceede of promise long unpaid;
That to the last of this my fainting breath,
I wishe exchange of life, for happy death.

Finis. L. Vaux

13. *Of the instabilitie of youth.*

When I looke backe, and in myselfe behold
The wandring wayes, that youth could not descry:
And markt the fearefull course that youth did holde,
And mette in mind eache steppe youth strayed awry;
My knees I bowe, and from my hart I call,
O Lorde, forget these faultes and follies all.

For

For nowe I see, how voyde youth is of skill,
 I see also his prime time and his end:
 I doo confesse my faultes and all my yll,
 And sorrowe sore, for that I did offend.
 And with a mind repentant of all crimes
 Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble hart hath daunted the proud mind;
 Eke wysedome hath geuen ignorance a fall:
 And wit hath taught, that folly could not finde,
 And age hath youth her subiect and her thrall.
 Therefore I pray, O Lorde of life and trueth,
 Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that didst graunt the wyse king his request:
 Thou that in Whale thy prophet didst preserue:
 Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest:
 Thou that didst save the theefe in state to sterve:
 Thou only God, the geuer of all grace:
 Wipe out of mind the path of youthes vaine race.

Thou that, by power, to lyfe didst rayse the dead:
 Thou that of grace restorest the blinde to sight:
 Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bled:
 Thou that of favour madest the lame goe ryght:
 Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,
 Forgeve the gilth, that grewe in youthes vayne wayes.

And nowe since I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,
 Doo fly to thee by prayer, to appease thy yre:
 And since that thee I onely seeke to finde,
 And hope by faith, to attayne my iust desyre;
 Lorde, minde no more youthes error and unskill,
 And able age to doo thy holy will.

Finis. L. Vaux.

14. *Most happy is that state alone,
Where woordes and deedes agree in one.*

By painted woordes the silly simple man
To trustlesse trappe is trayned now and than.
And by conseyte of sweete alluring tale
He bites the baites, that breeds his bitter bale.
To beawties blast cast not thy rolling eye:
In pleasaunt greene doo stinging Serpent lye.
The golden Pill hath but a bitter taste:
In glittering glasse a poyson ranckest plaste.
So pleasant woordes, without perfourming deedes,
May well be deemed, to spring of Darnel seedes.
The freendly deede is it, that quickly tryes;
Where trusty faith, and freendly meaning lyes.
That state therefore most happy is to me,
Where woordes and deedes, most faithfully agree.

My freend, yf thou wylt keepe thy honest name,
Fly from the blotte of barking slaunders blame.
Let not in woord thy promise be more large,
Then thou in deede art wylling to discharge,
Abhorred is that false dissembling broode,
That seemes to beare two faces in one hoode.
To say a thing, and not to meane the same,
Wyll turne at length to lose of thy good name.
Wherefore my freend, let double dealing goe;
Insteade whereof, let perfect plainenesse flowe.
Doo thou no more in idle woordes exceede,
Then thou intendes to doo, in very deede.
So good report, shall spreade thy woorthy prayse,
For being iust in woord and deede alwayes.

You worldly wightes, that worldly dooers are,
Before you let your woord slip foorth to farre,
Consyder wel, what inconuenience springes,
By breache of promise made, in lawfull thinges.

First God mislikes where such deceite dooth swarme:
 Next, it redoundeth to thy neighbours harme:
 And last of all, which is not least of all,
 For such offence thy conscience suffer shall:
 As barren groundes brings forth but rotten weedes;
 From barren woordes so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes.
 As sauerie flowres doo spring in fertill ground;
 So trusty freendes by tryed freendes are found.
 To shunne therefore the woorst, that may ensue,
 Let deedes alway approue thy sayinges true.

Finis. F. K:

15. *Who wyll aspire to dignitie,
 By learnyng must aduanced be.*

The poore that liue in needie rate,
 By learning doo great richesse gayne:
 The rich that liue in wealthy state,
 By learnyng doo their wealth mainteyne.
 Thus ritch and poore are furthered still
 By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceites of frantick youth
 The golden gyft of learning stayes:
 Of doubtfull thinges to searche the trueth,
 Learning sets forth the redde wayes.
 O happy him doo I repute,
 Whose brest is fraught with learninges fruite.

There growes no Corne within the feelde,
 That Oxe and Plough did neuer tyll:
 Right so the mind no fruite can yeelde,
 That is not lead by learninges skill;
 Of ignoraunce comes rotten weedes,
 Of learnyng springes right noble deedes.

Like

Like as the Captayne hath respect
To trayne his souldiers in aray:
So Learning dooth mans mind direct,
By *Vertues* staffe his lyfe to stay.
Though Freendes and Fortune waxeth skant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

You Impes therefore in youth be sure
To fraught your mindes with learned thinges:
For Learning is the fountayne pure
Out from the which all glory springes.
Who so therefore wyll glory winne,
With Learning fyrst must needes beginne.

Finis. F. K.

16. *Mans flitting life fyndes surest stay,
Where sacred Vertue beareth sway.*

The sturdy Rocke, for all his strength,
By raaging Seas is rent in twayne:
The Marble stone is pearst at length,
With little droppes of drislyng rayne.
The Oxe dooth yeelde unto the yoke,
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately Stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalpyng Houndes at bay is set:
The swiftest Bird, that fleis about,
Is caught at length in Fowlers net.
The greatest Fishe in deepest Brooke
Is soone deceiued with subtil hooke.

Ye man himselfe, unto whose wyll
All thinges are bounden to obay,
For all his witte, and woorthy skill,
Dooth fade at length, and fall away.

There

There is nothing, but time dooth wast ;
The Heauens, the Earth, consume at last.

But *Vertue* sittes triumphing still,
Upon the Trone of glorious *Fame*;
Though spitefull Death mans body kill,
Yet hurtes he not his vertuous name.
By life or Death, what so he tides,
The state of *Vertue* neuer slides.

Finis. M. T.

17. *Nothing is comparable vnto a faithfull freend.*

Sith this our time of Freendship is so scant,
Sith Freendship nowe in euery place dooth want,
Sith every man of Freendship is so hollowe,
As no man rightly knowes which way to followe,
Sease not my Muse, cease not in these our dayes,
To ryng loude peales of sacred Freendships prayse.

If men be nowe their own peculier freendes,
And to their neighbours Freendship none pretendes,
If men of Freendship shewe them selues so bare,
And of their brethren take no freendly care,
Forbeare not then my Muse, nor feare not then,
To ryng disprayse on these unfreendly men.

Did man of Freendship knowe the mightie power ;
Howe great effectes it woorketh euery houre.
What store of hidden freendship it retaynes ;
How still it powreth foorth aboundaunt gaynes ;
Man would with thee my Muse, in these our dayes,
Ryng out loud peales of sacred Freendships prayse.

Freendship releeueth mans necessitie,
Freendship comforteth mans aduersitie.
Friendship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Freendship preferres man to felicitie.

Then

Then ryng my muse, ryng out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

Of Freendship, groweth loue and charitie,
By Freendship, men are linked in amitie:
From Freendship, springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of Freendship is fidelitie.
Oh ryng my Muse, ryng out in these our dayes,
Peale upon peale, of sacred Freendships prayse.

That man with man, true Freendship may embrace,
That man to man, may shewe a freendly face:
That euery man, may sowe such freendly seedes,
As Freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
And ioyne with me, my Muse, in these our dayes,
To ryng loude peales of sacred Freendships prayse.

Finis. F: K.

18. Respise finem.

To be as wyse as CATO was,
Or ritch as CRESUS in his life:
To haue the strength of *Hercules*,
Whiche did subdue by force or strife.
What helpeth it when Death doth call,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

The Ritche may well the Poore releue,
The Rulers may redresse eche wrong:
The Learned may good counsell geve,
But marke the ende, of this my song.
Who dooth these thinges, happy they call,
Their happy ende exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes,
That all doo seeke, both small and great:

Is

The Paradise

Is eyther for Fame, or els for Praise,
Or who may sitte in highest seate.
But of these thinges, hap what hap shall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see,
But seldome standyng at one stay:
For fewe do lyke the meane degree,
Then praise at parting some men say.
The thing whereto eache wighte is thrall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

The meane estate, that happy life
Which liueth under governaunce:
Who seekes no hate, nor breedes no strife,
But takes in woorth his happy chaunce.
If contentation him befall,
His happy end, exceedeth all.

The longer lyfe that we desyre
The more offence dooth dayly growe:
The greater paine it dooth require,
Except the Judge some mercie shewe.
Wherefore I thinke, and euer shall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

Finis D: S.

19 *He persuadeth his friend from the
fond effectes of loue.*

Why art thou bound, and maist goe free,
Shall reason yeelde to raging wyll?
Is thraldome like to libertie?
Wylt thou exchange thy good for ill?
Then shalt thou learne a childishe play,
And of eche part to taste and proue,
The lookers on, shall iudge and say,
Loe this is he that liues by loue.

Thy

Thy wittes with thoughtes, shal stand at stay,
 Thy head shall haue but heauie rest:
 Thy eyes shall watche for wanton prayes,
 Thy tongue shall shewe thy hartes request.
 Thy eares shall heare a thousand noyse,
 Thy hand shall put thy pen to paine:
 And in the ende thou shalt dispraise,
 The life so spent, for such small gaine.

If leue and list might neuer cope,
 Nor youth to runne from reasons race:
 Nor yf strong sute might winne sure hope,
 I would lesse blame a louers case.
 For loue is hotte, with great desire,
 And sweete delight makes youth so fond,
 That little sparkes wyl prooue great fyre,
 And bring free hartes to endlesse bond.

Finis.

20. *Wantyng his desyre he complayneth.*

The sayling ships with ioy at lenght, do touche the long desired port,
 The hewing axe y^e oke doth waste, y^e battring canon breakes the fort,
 Hard hagard Haukes stope to y^e lure, wild colts in time y^e bridle tames,
 There is nothing so out of ure, but to his kinde long time it frames.
 Yet this I finde in time, no time can winne my sute,
 Though oft the tree I clime, I can not catche the fruite.

And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yeelding wyse to me doo bowe,
 When I would touch, they spring aloft, sone are they gone, I wot not howe.
 Thus I pursue y^e fleting flood, like *Tantalus* in hel belowe,
 Would god my case she understood, which can ful sone releue my woe:
 Which yf to her were knowen, the fruite were surely mine,
 She would not let me grone, and brouse upon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle turne, with rented sailes must needes retire,
 And streame and wind had plainely sworne, by force to hinder my desire

Lyke

Like one that strikes upon y^e rocks, my weerie wrack I should bewaile
 And learne to knowe false fortunes mocks, who smiles on me to small
 Yet sith she only can, my rented ship restore, (auaile:
 To helpe her wracked man, but once I seeke no more.

Finis. M. Edwardes.

21. *Trye before you trust.*

In freendes are found a heape of doubtles, that double dealing use,
 A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse:
 A face for loue, a hart for hate, these faigned freendes can beare,
 A tongue for troth, a head for wyles, to hurt eche simple care.
 In humble port is poyson pact, that plainenesse can not spie
 Which credites all, and can not see, where stinging serpent lye:
 Through hastie trust, the harmelesse hart, is easely hampred in,
 And made beleewe it is good golde when it is lead and tin.
 The first deceit that bleares mine eyes, is faigned faith profest,
 The second trappe, is grating talke, that gripes eche strangers brest.
 The third deceit, is greeting woordes, with colours painted out,
 Which biddes suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangerous rout.
 The fourth and last, is long repaire, which creepes in freendships lap:
 And dayly hauntes, that under trust, deuiseth many a trap.
 Lo how false freendes, can frame a fetch, to winne the wil with wyles,
 To sauce their sleighes with sugred sops, & shadowe harme in smiles.
 To serue their lustes, are sundry sortes, by practise diuers kindes
 Some carries honny in their mouthes, and venime in their mindes.
 Mee thinkes the stones within the streetes, should crie out in this case,
 And euery one that doth them meete, should shunne their double face.

Finis D. S.

22. *A Lady forsaken, complayneth.*

If pleasures be in painefulnesse, in pleasures doth my body rest,
 If ioyes accorde with carefulnesse, a ioyfull hart is in my brest:
 If prison strong be libertie, in libertie long have I been,
 If ioyes accord with miserie, who can compare a lyfe to myne:

Who

Who can unbind that is sore bound? who can make free y^t is sore thrall;
 Or how can any meanes be found to comfort such a wretch withall?
 None can but he y^t hath my hart, convert my paines to comfort then,
 Yet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I beene:
 Since first in bondage I became, my woord and deede was ever such,
 That neuer once he could be blame, except from louing him too much.
 Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deservd disdayne,
 Except he meane through false pretēce, through forged loue to make a
 Nay, nay, alas; my fained thoughts my frēded & my fained ruth (trayne.
 My pleasures past my present plaints, shew wel I meane but to much
 But since I can not him attaine, against my wil I let him goe, (truth:
 And lest he glorie at my paine, I wyl attempt to cloke my woe.
 Youth, learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
 What greevous greefes do grow by loue, & what it is to love in vaine.

Finis M. D.

23. *Finding worldly ioyes but vanities he wyssheth death.*

Forlorne in filthy froward fate, wherein a thousand cares I finde,
 By whom I doo lament my state, annoide with fond afflicted minde:
 A wretche in woe, and dare not crie,
 I liue, and yet I wishe to die.
 The day in dole, that seemeth long, I pas with sighes & heauy cheere,
 And with these eyes I vewe the wrong, that I sustaine by louing here:
 Where my mishappes as rife doo dwell,
 As plagues within the pitt of hell.
 A wailing wight I walke alone, in desert dennes there to complaine,
 Among the sauage sort to mone, I flee my frends where they remaine:
 And pleasure take to shun the sight,
 Where erst I felt my cheefe delight.
 A captiue clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue,
 My fleshe & bones consumed bare, with crauling greefes ful strange to
 Though hap dooth bidde me hope at least, (proue:
 Whiles grasse dooth growe, yet starues the beast.
 A seeged fort with forraine force, for want of ayde, must yeelde at last,
 So must my weered pined corse, submit itselke to bitter tast:
 Of crauling care that carkes my brest,
 Tyll hop or death shall breede my rest.

Finis. F. M.

He

24. *Having married a woorthy Lady
and taken away by death, he com-
playneth his mishap.*

In youth when I at large did leade, my life in lustie libertie,
When heuy thoughtes no one did sprede, to let my pleasant fantesie,
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might make thrall.
And twentie yeres I skarse had spent, whē to make ful my happy fate,
Both treasures great were on me cast, with landes and titles of estate:
So as more blest then I stood than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he coulde more desyre by iust request,
The health, with wealth and libertie, al which at once I thus possest:
But maskyng in this ioly ioy,
A soden syght, prooud al a toy.
For passyng on these merie dayes, with new deuise of pleasures great,
And now & then to viewe the rayes, of beauties workes with cunning fret:
In heavenly hewes, al which as one,
I oft behelde, but bounde to none.
And one day rowlyng thus my eyes, upon these blessed wights at ease,
Among the rest one dyd I see, who strayght my wandryng looks dyd
And stayed them firme, but such a syght, (sease
Of beautie yet sawe neuer wyght.
What shal I seke to praise it more, where tongs can not praise ye same,
But to be short to louers lore, I strayght my senses al dyd frame:
And were it wyt, or were it chaunce,
I woonne the Garlande in this daunce.
And thus wher I before had thought, no hap my fortune might encrease,
A double blis this chance forth brought, so did my ladies loue me plesse:
Her fayth so firme, and constant suche,
As neuer hart can prayse too mucche.
But now with torments strange I tast ye fickle stay of fortune's whele,
And where she raysde from height to cast, with greater force, of greefe
For from this hap of soden frowne, (to feele:
Of Princes face she threwe me downe.

And

And thus exchange now hath it made my libertie a thing most deare,
In hateful prison for to fade, where sundred from my louing feare:

My wealth and health, standes at like stay,
Obscurely to consume away.

And last when humaine force was none, could part our loue wherin we
My ladyes life alas is gone, most cruel death hath it bereued: (lived.

Whose vertues, her, to God, hath wonne,
And leaft me here, a man undone.

Finis. F. G.

25. *A woorthy dittie, song before the Queenes
Maiestie at Bristowe.*

Mistrust not troth, that truely meanes, for euery ielous freke
Insteade of wrong, condemne not right, no hidde wrath to wreke:
Look on the light of faultlesse life, how bright her vertues shine,
And measure out her steppes eche one, by leuel and by line.

Deeme eche desert by vpright gesse, whereby your prayse shal liue,
If malice would be match with might, let hate no iudgement geue:
Enforce no feare with wresting wittes, in quiet conscience brest,
Lend not your cares to busie tongues, which breedeth much vnrest:

In doubtfull driftes wade not to farre, it weeries but the mind,
Seeke not to search the secret harts, whose thoughtes are hard to find:
Auoide from you those hatefull heads, that helpes to heape mishapp,
Be slowe to heare the flatterers voyce, which creepeth in your lapp:

Embrace their loue that wills you good, and sport not at their praise,
Trust not too much vnto your selfe, for feeble are your staies:
Howe can your seate be settled fast, or stand on stedfast ground;
So propped up with hollowe hartes, whose suertie is unsound.

Geve faith to those that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regard not them that force compels, to please you euery where:
All this is well waide and borne away, shall stablishe long your state,
Continually with perfect peace, in spite of puffing hate.

Finis. D. S.

His

26. *His good name being blemished, he bewayleth.*

Fraud is the front of Fortune past all recoverie,
 I stayles stand, to abide the shocke of shame and infamie.
 My life through lingring long is lodge, in lare of lothsome wayes,
 My death delaide to keepe from life, the harme of haplesse dayes :
 My sprites, my hart, my witte and force in deepe distresse are dround,
 The only losse of my good name, is of these greefes the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my voyce, and tongue are weake,
 To utter, mooue, deuise, conceiue, sound foorth, declare and speake :
 Such pearsing plaintes, as answeare might, or would my wofull case
 Helpe, craue I must, and craue I wyll, with teares upon my face :
 Of al that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
 To wayle with me this losse of mine, as of these greefes the ground.

Helpe gods, helpe saintes, helpe sprites & powers, y^t in the heauen doo
 Helpe ye y^t are to wayle aye woont, ye howling hounds of hel: (dwel,
 Helpe man, helpe beasts, help birds, & wormes y^t on y^e earth doth toile,
 Helpe fishe, helpe foule, that flocks and feedes upon the salt sea soyle:
 Helpe eccho that in ayre dooth flee, shrill voyces to resound,
 To wayle this losse of my good name, as of these greefes the ground.

Finis E. O.

27. *Of Fortunes power.*

Policrates whose passing happed causd him to lose his fate,
 A golden ryng cast in the seas, to change his constant state,
 And in a fishe yet at his bourd, the same he after found;
 Thus Fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bountie dooth abound.

The myzers unto might she mountes, a common case we see,
 And mightie in great miserie, she sets in lowe degree:
 Whom she to day dooth reare on hie, upon her whirling wheel,
 To morowe next she dingeth downe. and casteth at her heele.

No

No measure hath shee in her gifts, shee doth reward eache sort,
The wise that counsell haue no more then fooles that maketh sport;
She vseth neuer partiall hands for to offend, or please,
Geve me good Fortune all men sayes, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthines, that makes men fall or rise,
I rather be borne Fortunate, then to be uery wise;
The blindest man right soone, that by good Fortune guided is,
To whome that pleasant Fortune pipes can neuer daunce amis.

Finis. M. Edwardes.

28. *Though Triumph after bloudy warres, the greatest brags do beare;
Yet triumph of a conquered minde the crowne of Fame shall weare.*

Who so doth marke the carelesse life of these unhappie dayes,
And sees what small and slender hold the state of vertue staves;
He findes that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill,
That man be given too much to yeelde to their untamed will.

In lacke of taming witlesse wil, the poore we often see
Enuies the ritch, because that he his equall cannot bee:
The rich aduaunct to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refraine,
But will oppresseth weaker sort to heape excessiue gaine.

If Fortune were so blinde to geue to one man, what he will,
A world would not suffise the same if he might haue his fill:
We wish, we searche, we striue for all, and haue no more therin
Then hath y^e slaue, when death doth come, though *Cresus* welth we win.

In getting much, we get but care, such brittle wealth to keepe,
The rich within his walles of stone doth neuer soundly sleepe:
When poore in weake and slender house, doe feare no losse of wealth,
And have no further care but this to keepe them selues in health.

Affection may not hide the sword of sway in iudgement seat,
Least partiall law doe execute the lawe in causes great:
But if the minde in constant state affection quite doe leaue,
The higher state shall haue their rights, the poore no wrong receaue.

It

It is accompted greater praise to *Ceasars* loftie state,
 Against his vanquist foes in warres to bridle wrekefull hate:
 Then when to *Rome* he had subdued, the people long unknowne,
 Wherby as farre as land was found the same abroad was blowne.

If honour can selfe will refuse, and iustice be vpright,
 And private state desires but that which good appeares in sight:
 Then vertue shall with soueraigne show, to euery eye reueale
 A heauenly life, a wealefull state, a happie common weale.

Let vertue then the Triumph win and gouerne all your deedes,
 Your yeelding to her sober heastes immortal glory breeds:
 Shee shall upreare your worthy name, shew then unto the skies;
 Her beames shall shine in graue obscure where shrined carkesse lies.

Finis M. Edwardes.

Who so will be accompted wise, and truely claime the same,
 By ioyning vertue to his deedes he must atchieue the same:
 But fewe there be that seeke thereby true wisdom to attaine,
 O God, so rule our hearts therefore such fondnesse to refraine.

The wisdom which we most esteeme, in this thing doth consist,
 With glorious talke to shew in wordes our wisdom when we list:
 Yet not in talke but seemely deedes our wisdom we should place,
 To speake so faire and doe but ill doth wisdom quite disgrace.

To bargaine well and shunne the losse, a wisdom counted is,
 And thereby through the greedie coyne no hope of grace to mis.
 To seke by honoure to aduaunce his name to brittle praise,
 Is wisdom which we daily see increaseth in our dayes.

But heavenly wisdom sower seemes, to hard for them to win,
 But weary of the sute they seeme, when they doe once begin:
 It teacheth us to frame our life, while vitall breth we haue,
 When it dissolueth earthly masse, the soul from death to saue.

By

By feare of God to rule our steppes from sliding into vice,
A wisdom is which we neglect, although of greater price:
A poynt of wisdom also this, we commonly esteeme
That euery man should be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To bridle that desire of gaine which forceth us to ill,
Our hawtie stomackes Lord repress, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisdom that we should aboue each thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant hearts the rules of wisdom true,
That all our deedes in worldly life may like thereof insue:
Thou onely art the liuing spring from whome this wisdom flowes,
O washe therewith our sinfull heartes from vice that therein growes.

Finis M. Edwardes

30. *A frendly admonition.*

Ye stately wightes that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth which God hath giuen to you,
Lament with teares and sighes from dolefull brest,
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now.
Behold how God doth daily profer grace,
Yet we disdain repentance to embrace.

The suddes of sinne doe sucke into the mind,
And cancred vice doth vertue quite expel,
No chaunge to good alasse can resting finde:
Our wicked hearts so stoutly doe rebell.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heaven his daily threatens doe send.

We are so slow to chaunge our blamefull life,
We are so prest to snatche aluring vice:
Such greedie hartes on euery side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsell wise;
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for vnderued grace.

You

You worldly wightes that haue your fancies fixt
 On slipper ioy of terreine pleasure here;
 Let some remorse in all your deedes be mixt,
 Whiles you have time let some redresse appere:
 Of sodaine Death the houre you shall not know,
 And looke for Death although it seemeth slow.

Oh be no iudge in other mens offence,
 But purge thy selfe and seeke to make thee free,
 Let euery one applie his diligence,
 A chaunge to good with in him selfe to see:
 O God direct our feete in such a stay,
 From cancred vice to shame the hatefull way.

Finis. R. Hill.

31. *Sundrie men, sundrie affectes.*

In euery wight some sondrie sort of pleasure I doe finde,
 Which after he doth seeke to ease his toying minde,
Diana, with her training chase, of hunting had delight,
 Against the fearefull Deare, shee could direct her shotte aright:
 The loftie yeares in euery age doth still imbrace the same,
 The sport is good, if vertue doe assist the chearefull game.

Minerva in her chattering armes her courage doth aduance,
 In triall of the bloudie warres, shee giveth luckie chaunce:
 For sauegard men imbrace the same, which doe so needefull seeme,
 That noble heartes their cheefe delights in vse therof esteeme:
 In warlike games to ride or trie the force of armes they vse,
 And base the man we doe accompt that doth the same refuse.

The silver sound of musickes cordes doth please *Apollo's* wit,
 A science which the heauens aduance where it deserues to sit:
 A pleasure apt for euery wight, releefe to carefull minde,
 For woe redresse, for care a salue, for sadnesse helpe we finde,
 The soueraigne praise of Musicke still, doth cause the Poetes faine,
 That whliring Spheres, and eke the heauens do hermonie retaine.

I heard

I heard that these three powers, at variaunce lately fell,
Whiles eache did praise his owne delight, the other to excell.
Then Fame, as one indifferent iudge, to ende the case they call,
The praise pronounced by her to them, indifferently doth fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, *Minerua* force doth tame,
And Musicke geues sweete delight, to further other game.

These three lightes to hawtie mindes the worthiest are esteemed,
If vertue be anexed to them they rightly be so demed.
With ioy they doe releue the witte with sorrow oft opprest,
And neuer suffer solempne greefe too long in minde to rest.
Be wise in mirth, and seeke delight, the same doe not abuse.
In honest mirth, a happie ioy we ought not to refuse.

Finis. R. Hill.

32. *Time giues experience.*

We reade what paines the powers devine,
Through wrath conceiued by some offence,
To mortall creatures they assigne
Their due desartes for recompence.
What endlesse paine they must endure,
Which their offences did procure.

A Gripe doth *Titius* Liver teare
His greedie hungrie gorge to fill,
And *Sisiphus* must euer beare
The rowling stone against the hill.
A number moe in hell be found
Which thus to endlesse paine are bound.

Yet all the woe that they sustaine,
Is nothing to the paine of me,
Which cometh through the proude disdaine
Of one, that doth to loue repine:
Therefore I crie woe worth the houre,
Since first I fell in *Venus* power.

The

The gnawing gripes of irksome thought,
 Consumes my heart with *Titius* griefe:
 I also haue full vainly wrought,
 With *Sisiphus* without reliefe.
 Euen when I hope to ende my paine,
 I must renue my sute againe.

Yet will I not seeme so untrue
 To leave a thing so late begone:
 A better happe may yet insue,
 The strongest towres in time be wonne.
 In time therefore, my trust I place,
 Who must procure desired grace.

Finis. R. H.

33. *Of sufferance cometh ease..*

To seeme for to reuenge eache wrong in hastie wise,
 By prooffe we see of guiltlesse men, it hath not bene the guise.
 In slaunders lothsome brute, where they condemned bee,
 With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong, where truth shall trie the free:
 These are the patient panges, that passe within the brest
 Of those, that feeble their cause by mine, where wrong hath right opprest.
 I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudgd awrie,
 And graunted gilty in the thing, that cleerely I denie:
 My faith may me defend, if I might loued be,
 God iudge me so, as from the guilt I know me to be free.
 I wrote but for my selfe, the griefe was all mine owne,
 As, who would proue extremitie, by prooffe it might be knowne.
 Yet are there suche, that say, they can my meaning deeme,
 Without respect of this olde trothe, things proue not as they seeme:
 Whereby it may befall, in iudgement to be quicke,
 To make them selues suspect therewith that needeth not to kicke.
 Yet in resisting wrong I would not haue it thought
 I do amisse, as though I knew by whome it might be wrought.
 If any suche there be, that heere withall be vext,
 It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

Finis. E. S.

34. Being

34. *Being trapped in Loue he complayneth.*

The hidden woes that swelleth in my hart,
 Brings forth suche sighes, as filles the aire with smoke:
 The golden beames, thorow this his fierie dart,
 Dare not abide the answere of the stroke.
 Which stroke, although it dazed me some dele,
 Yet nature taught my hand to worke his kinde,
 Wherewith I raught to pull away the stele,
 But to my paine, it left my head behinde,
 That fastned hath my heart so neare the pith,
 Except suche salue, as when the scorpion stinges,
 I might receiue to heale my wounde therewith:
 In vaine for ease, my tongue alwayes it ringes.
 And I for paines, shall pearish through her guilt,
 That can reioyce, to see how I am spilt.

Finis. E. S.

35. *Though Fortune haue sette thee on hie,
 Remember yet that thou shalt die.*

To die, Dame nature did man frame,
 Death is a thing most perfect sure:
 We ought not natures workes to blame,
 Shee made nothing, still to endure.
 That lawe shee made, when we were borne,
 That hence we should retourne againe:
 To render right, we must not scorne,
 Death is due debt, it is no paine:

The ciuill lawe, doth bidde restore,
 That thou hast taken up of trust:
 Thy life is lent, thou must therefore
 Repay, except thou be uniust.
 This life is like a poynted race,
 To the ende wherof when man hath trode,
 He must returne to former place,
 He may not still remaine abrode.

Death

Death hath in the earth aright,
 His power is great it stretcheth farre:
 No Lord, no Prince, can scape his might,
 No creature can his duetie barre.
 The wise, the iust, the strong, the hie,
 The chaste, the meeke, the free of hart,
 The rich, the poore, who can denie,
 Haue yeelded all unto his dart.

Could *Hercules* that tamde eache wight?
 Or else *Vlisses* with his witte?
 Or *Ianus* who had all foresight?
 Or chaste *Hypolit* scape the pitte?
 Could *Cresus* with his bagges of golde?
 Or *Irus* with his hungrie paine?
 Or *Signus* through his hardinesse bolde?
 Driue backe the dayes of Death againe.

Seeing no man then can Death escape,
 Nor hire him hence for any gaine;
 We ought not feare his carraine shape,
 He onely brings evell men to paine.
 If thou haue ledde thy life aright,
 Death is the ende of miserie:
 If thou in God hast thy delight,
 Thou diest to live eternallie.

Eache wight therefore while he liues heere,
 Let him thinke on his dying day:
 In midst of wealth, in midst of cheere,
 Let him accompt he must away.
 This thought, makes man to God a frend,
 This thought doth banish pride and sinne:
 This thought doth bring a man in thend,
 Where he of Death the field shall win.

Although the purple morning bragges in brightnes of the sunne,
As though he had of chased night a glorious conquest wonne:
The Time by day gives place againe to forse of drowsie night,
And euery creature is constrained to chaunge his lustie plight.

Of pleasures all, that heere we taste,

Wee feele the contrary at last.

In spring, though pleasant *Zephrus*, hath frutefull earth inspired,
And nature hath each bushe, each branch, with blossomes braue attired:
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes, full quickly witherd be,
When stormie winter comes to kill the somers iolitie:

By Time are gotte, by Time are lost

All things, wherein we pleasure most.

Although the seas so calmely glide, as daungers none appeare,
And dout of stormes in skie is none, king *Phebus* shines so cleare:
Yet when the boistrous windes breake out, and raging waues do swel,
The seely barke now heaues to heauen, now sinkes againe to hel.

Thus chaunge in euery thing we see,

And nothing constant seemes to bee.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth, of wealth is most unsure,
And he that cheefely tastes of ioy, doth sometime woe indure:
Who vaunteth most of numbred frends, forgoe them all he must,
The fairest flesh and liuelest bloud, is turnd at length, to dust.

Experience geues a certaine grounde,

That certen heere is nothing founde.

Then trust that which aye remaines, the blisse of heavens aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Storme, is able to remoue:
Trust to that sure celestiaall rocke, that restes in glorious throne,
That hath bene, is, and must be still, our anker holde alone.

The world is but a vanitie,

In heaven seeke we our suretie.

Finis. F. K.

37. *A vertuous Gentle woman in the praise of hir Loue.*

I am a Virgine faire and free, and freely doe reioyce,
I sweetely warble sugred notes, from silver voyce:
For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I curtely loue,
By whose allmightie power, such sweete delites I proue.

The paradise

I walke the pleasant fieldes, adornd with liuely greene,
And view the fragrant flowres, most louely to be seene:
The purple Columbine, the Cousloppe and the Lillie,
The violet sweete, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The Woodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
And eche fine flowres else, that rendreth sweete delite:
Among the which I choose all those of seemeliest grace,
In thought resembling them to my deare louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flouring giftes,
His euer liuing Fame, to loftie skie upliftes:
Who louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue all, onely care I take.

Of all which freshe faire flowers, that flowre, that doth appeare
In my conceit most like to him I holde so deare:
I gather it, I kisse it, and eake deuise with it,
Suche kinde of liuely speeche, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowres, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wyer heares together I doe twine:
And sette it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowres, myne eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my louers gyftes, most pleasant to my minde:
Upon which vertuous gyftes, I make more sweete repast,
Than they that, for loue sportes, the sweetest ioyes doo tast.

Finis. M. K.

38. *Oppressed with sorowe, he wysbeth death.*

If Fortune may enforce the carefull hart to cry,
And griping greefe constrainne, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne hath greater cause then I,
Agaynst whose hard mishap, both Heauen and Earth are bent.

For

For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no hope is left:
From whom all happy happes is fled, and pleasure quite bereft:
Whose lyfe nought can prolong, whose health nought can assure,
Whose death, oh pleasant port of peace, no creature can procure:
Whose passed prooffe of pleasant ioy,
Mischaunce hath chaunged to greefes anoy:
And loe, whose hope of better day,
Is ouerwhelmd with long delay:

Oh hard mishap.

Eache thing I plainely see, whose vertues may auaille,
To ease the pinching payne, which gripes the groning wyght:
By Phisickes sacred skill, whose rule dooth seldome fayle,
Through labours long inspect is playnely brought to lyght.
I knowe, there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rynde,
No hearbe, no plant, no iuyce, no gumme, no mettall deeply min'd:
No Pearle, no Precious stone, ne Jeme of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned *Gallens* bookes, at lardge doo not detect.
Yet all theyr force can not appease
The furious fyttes of my disease,
Nor any drugge of Phisickes art,
Can ease the greefe that gripes my hart:

Oh straunge disease.

I heare the wyse affyrme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousande secrete salues, which wysdome hath out found,
To coole the scorching heate of euery smarting sore:
And healeth deepest scarre, though greeuous be the wound.
The auncient prouerbe sayes, that none so festred greefe
Dooth grow, for which the gods them selues haue not ordeynd
But I by prooffe doo knowe, such prouerbes to be vayne, (releefe.
And thinke that Nature neuer knewe, the plague which I sustayne.
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath leaft my greefe remedillesse.
For why, the heavens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care:

Oh lastyng payne.

By chaunge of ayre I see, by haute of healthfull soyle,
By dyet duely kept, grose humours are expeld:

I knowe

I knowe that greefes of minde and inwarde heartes turmoile,
 By faithfull frendes aduise, in time may be repeld.
 Yet all this nought anailes, to kill that me anoyes :
 I meane to stoppe these floudes of care, that ouerflow my ioyes :
 No none exchange of place, can chaunge my lucklesse lot,
 Like one I liue, and must so die, whome Fortune hath forgot.
 No counsell can preuaile with me,
 Nor sage aduise with greefe agree :
 For he that feeles the paines of hell,
 Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell :

Oh deepe despaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine ?
 The wearyed Horse and Oxe, in stall and stable rest :
 The ante with sommers toyle, beares out the winters paine,
 The Fowle that flies all day, at night retournes to rest.
 The Ploughmans weary worke, amid the winters mire,
 Rewarded is with somers gaine, which yeeleds him double hire.
 The sillye laboring soule, which drudges from day to day,
 At night, his wages truely paide, contented goth his way,
 And comming home his drowsie hed
 He cowcheth close in homely bed :
 Wherein no sooner downe he lies,
 But sleepe hath straight possest his eyes :

Oh happie man.

The souldier biding long the brunt of mortall warres,
 Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadly foyle,
 At last comes ioyfull home, though mangled all with scarres,
 Where frankly, voyde of feare, he spendes the gotten spoyle.
 The Pirate lying long amidde the fooming floodes,
 With euery flawe in hazard is, to loose both life and goodes ;
 At length findes view of land, where wished Porte he spies,
 Which once obtained, among his mates, he partes the gotten prise.
 Thus euery man, for trauaile past,
 Doth reape a iust reward at last :
 But I alone, whose troubled minde
 In seeking rest, vnrest doth finde :

Oh lucklesse lotte.

Oh curssed

Oh curssed caitife wretche, whose heauie harde mishappe,
 Doth wish tenne thousande times, that thou hadst not bene borne,
 Since fate hathe thee condemned, to liue in sorrowes lappe,
 Where waylinges waste thy life, of all redresse forlorne.
 What shall thy grieve appease? who shall thy torment stay?
 Wilt thou thy selfe, with murthering handes, enforce thy owne
 No, farre be thou from me, myselfe to stoppe my breath, (decay?
 The gods forbid, whom I beseeche, to worke my ioyes by death:
 For lingering length of lothed life,
 Doth stirre in me such mortall strife,
 That whiles for life and death I crie,
 In Death I liue and liuing die:

Oh froward fate.

Loe heere my hard mishappe, loe heere my straunge disease,
 Loe heere my deepe despaire, loe heere my lasting paine:
 Loe heere my froward fate, which nothing can appease.
 Loe heere how others toyle rewarded is with gaine.
 While lucklesse, loe, I liue in losse of laboures due,
 Compeld by prooffe of torment strong, my endlesse greefe to rue:
 In which, since needes I must, consume both youth and age,
 If olde I liue, and that my care no comfort can assuage:
 Henceforth I banishe from my brest,
 All frustrate hope of future rest,
 And truthlesse trust to times reward,
 With all respectes of ioyes regard,

Here I forswear.

39. *Where reason makes request, there wisdome ought supplie,
 With friendly answer prest, to graunt or else denie.*

I sigh! why so? for sorrowe of her smart:
 I morne! wherfore? for greefe that shee complaines;
 I pitie! what? her ouer pressed hart:
 I dread! what harme? the daunger shee sustaines;
 I greeue! where at? at her oppressing paines:
 I feele! what forse? the fittes of her disease,
 Whose harme doth me and her alike displease.

I hope, what happe? her happy healthes retyre.
 I wishe, what wealth? no wealth, nor worldly store:
 But craue, what craft? by cunnyng to aspyre
 Some skyll, whereto? to salue her sickly store.
 What then? why then would I her health restore,
 Whose harme me hurtes, howe so? so woorkes my wyll
 To wyshe my selfe and her, lyke good and yll.

What moues the mind, whereto? to such desyre,
 Ne force, ne favour, what then? free fancies choyse:
 Art thou to choose? my charter to require,
 Eache Ladyes loue is fred by customes voyce,
 Yet are there grauntes, the euidence of theyr choyse:
 What then? our freedome is at lardge in choosyng,
 As womens willes are froward in refusing.

Wotes she thy wyll? she knowes what I protest:
 Daynde she thy sute? she daungerd not my talke:
 Gaue she consent? she graunted my request:
 What dydst thou craue? the roote, the fruite, or stalke?
 I asked them all: what gaue she, Cheese, or Chalke?
 That taste must trye, what taste? I meane the prooffe
 Of freendes, whose wyls withhold her bowe aloofe.

Meanst thou good fayth? what els: hopest thou to speede?
 Why not? O foole, untaught in carpet trade,
 Knowest not what proofes from such delayes proceede;
 Wylt thou like headles Cocke be caught in glade?
 Art thou like Asse, too apt for burden made?
 Fy, fy, wyl thou for saint adore the shrine,
 And woo her freend, eare she be wholly thine?

Who drawes this drift? moued she, or thou this match?
 Twas I; oh foole, unaware of womens wyles,
 Long mayst thou wayte, like hungry houndes at hatche,
 The crafty Foxe, the seely Goose beguiles:

Thy

Thy sute is shaped so fyt for long delay,
That shee at wyll may chek, from yea to nay.

But in good soothe, tell me her frendes intent:
Best learne it first, their purpose I not knowe:
Why then thy will to woorse and worse is bent:
Dost thou delight, the unkindled cole to blowe?
Or childelike louest, in anckred bote to rowe?
What meane these termes, who sith thy loue is such,
Know of, or on, or thou afect to much.

No haste but good, why no, the meane is best,
Admit shee loue, mislike in lingring growes:
Suppose shee is caught, then Woodcocke on thy crest,
Till end approues, what skornefull sedes shee sowes:
In loytring loue, such dangers ebbes and flowes;
What helpe herein? why wake in dangerous watch,
That too, nor fro, may make thee marre the match.

Is that the way to ende my wery woorke?
By quick dispatch, to lesson long turmoyle:
Well, well, though losse in lingering wontes to lurke,
And I a foole, most fitte to take the foyle:
Yet prooffe from promise never shall recoyle:
My woordes with deedes, and deedes with woordes shal wend,
Tyll shee, or hers, gaynesay that I entend.

Art thou so fond? not fond, but firmly fast:
Why foole, her freendes wote how thy wyl is bent,
Yet thou lyke doulte, whose witte and sense is past,
Sest not what frumpes doo folowe thy entent:
Ne knowe, how loue in lewe of skorne is lent:
Adewe, for sightes such folly should preuent:
Well, well, their skoffes with scornes might be repaid,
If my requestes were fully yead or nayd.

Well

The Paradise

Well, well, let these with wisdomes paise be waide,
And in your chest of cheefest secretes laide.

What is, or may be mine,
That is, and shall be thine:
Till death the twist untwine,
That doth our loues combine:
But if thy heart repine,
Thy body should be mine,
Shew me thereof some sine,
That I may slacke the line,
That knitts thy will to mine.

Finis. My lucke is losse.

40. *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos:*
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

Even as the Rauen, the Crowe, and greedie Kite
Doe swarming flocke, where carren corpes doth fall:
And tiring teare, with beake and talentes might,
Both skin and fleshe to gorge their guttes withall,
And neuer cease but gather moe to moe,
Doe all to pull the carkase too and froe,
Till bared bones at last they leaue behinde,
And seeke elsewhere some fatter foode to finde.

Euen so I see, where wealth doth waxe at will,
And Golde doth growe to heapes of great encrease:
There frendes resort, and profering frendship still,
Full thicke they throng, with neuer ceasing prease:
And slilie make a shew of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inwarde hate is ment:
For when mischaunce shall chaunge such wealth to want,
They packe them thence, to place of ritcher haunt.

Finis. My lucke is losse.

41. *What ioye to a contented mynde.*

The faithe that failes, must nedes be thought untrue,
 The frende that faines who holdeth not uniuert?
 Who likes that loue that chaungeth still for newe?
 Who hopes for truthe, where trothe is voide of trust?
 No faithe, no frende, no loue, no trothe so sure,
 But rather failes then stedfastly endure.

What head so staid that altereth not intent?
 What thought so sure that stedfast doeth remaine?
 What witte so wise that neuer nedes repent?
 What tonge so true but sometyme woules to faine?
 What foole so firme that neuer treads awrie?
 What soner dimde then sight of clerest eye?

What harte so fixt but sone enclines to change?
 What moode so milde that neuer moued debate?
 What faithe so strong but lightly likes to range?
 What loue so true that neuer learnde to hate?
 What life so pure that lasts without offence?
 What worldly mynde but moues with ill pretence?

What knot so fast that maie not be vntide?
 What seale so sure but fraude or forse shall breke?
 What prop of staye but one tyme shrinks aside?
 What ship so stauche that neuer had a leke?
 What graunt so large that no exception maks?
 What hoped helpe but frende at nede forsaks?

What seate so high but lowe to grounde maie fall?
 What hap so good that neuer founde mislike?
 What state so sure but subiect is to thrall?
 What force preuailes where Fortune liste so strike?
 What wealthe so muche but tyme maie turne to want?
 What store so greate but wasting maketh skant?

What

What profite hope in depth of dangers thrall?
 What ruste in tyme but waxeth worse and worse?
 What helpes good hart if Fortune froune withall?
 What blessing thriues gainst heavenly helples curse?
 What winnes desire to get and can not gaine?
 What botes to wishe and neuer to obtaine.

Finis. My lucke is losse.

42. *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.*

In goyng to my naked bedde, as one that would haue slept,
 I heard a wife syng to her child, that long before had wept:
 She sighed sore and sang full sore, to bryng the babe to rest,
 That would not rest but cried still in suckyng at her brest:
 She was full wearie of her watche, and greved with her child,
 She rocked it and rated it, vntill on her it smilde:
 Then did she saie nowe haue I founde the prouerbe true to proue,
 The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke, this prouerbe for to write,
 In regester for to remaine of suche a worthie wight:
 As she proceded thus, in song vnto her little bratte,
 Muche matter uttered she of waight, in place whereas she satte:
 And proued plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearyng life,
 Could well be knowne to liue in loue without discorde and strife:
 Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
 The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renuyng of loue.

She saied that neither kyng ne prince, ne lorde could liue aright,
 Untill their puissance thei did proue, their manhode & their might.
 When manhode shalbe matched so, that feare can take no place,
 Then wearie works makes warriours, eche other to embrace;
 And leaue their forse that failed the~, whiche did consume the rout,
 That might before have liued their tyme and nature out;
 Then did she syng as one that thought no man could her reprove,
 The fallyng out of faithfull frendes is the renuyng of loue.

She saied she sawe no fish ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That mett a straunger in their kinde, but could geue it a taunt:
Since fleshe might not indure, but reste must wrath succede,
And forse the fight to fall to plaie, in pasture where thei feede.
So noble nature can well ende, the works she hath begone,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedy in some:
Thus in her songe she oft reherst, as did her well behoue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

I mervaille much, pardy, quoth she, for to beholde the route,
To see man, woman, boy & beast, to tosse the worlde about:
Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some check, & some cā smothly
And some embrace others in armes, and there thinke many a wile: (smile
Some stand aloufe at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are thei neuer frends indeede, until thei once fall out:
Thus ended she her song, and saied before she did remoue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

M. Edwardes.

43. *Thinke to dye. (Misc.)*

The life is long, which lothsomely doeth laste,
The dolfull daies drawe slowly to their date:
The present panges, and painefull plags forepast,
Yelds greffe aye grene, to stablishe this estate.
So that I feele in this greate storme and strife,
That death is sweete, that shorteneth suche a life.

And by the stroke of this straunge ouerthrowe,
All which conflict in thraldome I was thrust,
The Lorde be praised, I am well taught to knowe,
From whens man came, and eke whereto he must:
And by the waie, upon how feble force,
His terme doeth stande, till death doeth ende his course.

The pleasant yeres that semes so swetely ronne,
The mery daies to ende, so fast that flete:
The ioyfull wights, of which daies dawes so sone,

The

The happie howrs, whiche mo doe misse then mete,
Doe all consume as snowe against the sonne,
And death maks ende of all that life begonne.

Since Death shall dure till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
As man might make that life should alwaie last:
Without regard the Lord hath ledde before
The daunce of death, which all must runne on rowe,
The hower wherein onely hym self doeth knowe.

If man would mynde what burdeins life doeth bryng:
What greuous crimes to God he doeth commit:
What plagues, what panges, what perill thereby spryng,
With no sure hower in all his daies to sit:
He would sure thinke, and with greate cause I doo,
The daie of death is happier of the twoo.

Death is the doore whereby we drawe to ioye,
Life is a lake that drowneth all in paine:
Death is so dole it seaseth all awaie,
Life is so leude that all it yelds is vaine:
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by death is freedome likewise wrought.

Wherefore with Paule, let all men wishe and praie,
To be disolued of this foule fleshly masse:
Or at the least be armed against the daie,
That thei be founde good souldiers, prest to passe
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And suche a life as euer shall remaine.

Finis. D. S.

44. *Beyng asked the occasion of his white
head, he aunswereth thus.*

Where sethyng sighes, and sower sobbs,
Hath slaine the slipps that nature sett:

And

And skaldyng showers with stonie throbbs,
 The kindly sappe from them hath fett:
 What wonder then though you doe see
 Upon my head white heeres to bee.

Where thought hath thrild and throne his speares,
 To hurt the hart that harmth hym not,
 And gronyng grief hath grounde forthe teares,
 Myne eyne to stayne my face to spot:
 What wonder then though you doe see,
 Upon my head white heeres to bee.

Where pinchyng paine hym selfe hath plaste,
 There peace with pleasures were possest,
 And walles of wealth are fallen to waste,
 And pouertie in them is prest.
 What wonder then, though you doe see
 Upon my head white heeres to bee.

Where wretched woe doeth weaue her webbe,
 There care the clewe can catche and caste:
 And floudds of ioye are fallen to ebbe
 So loe, that life maie not long laste.
 What wonder then, though you doe see,
 Upon my head white heeres to be.

These heeres of age are messengers,
 Whiche bidd me fast, repent and praie:
 Thei be of death the harbingers,
 That doeth prepare and dresse the waie.
 Wherefore I ioye that you mai see,
 Upon my head such heeres to bee.

Thei be the line that lead the length,
 How farre my race was for to ronne:
 Thei saie my yongth is fledde with strength,
 And how old age is well begonne.

The

The whiche I feele, and you maie see,
Upon my head such lines to bee.

Thei be the stryngs of sober sounde,
Whose Musicke is hermonicall:
Their tunes declare, a tyme from grounde
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I ioye that you maie see
Upon my heed suche stryngs to bee.

God graunt to those that white heeres have,
No worse them take, then I haue ment:
That after thei be laied in graue,
Their soules maie ioye their liues well spent,
God graunt likewise that you maie see
Upon my head suche heires to bee.

Finis. L. V.

I would to God I were *Acteon* that *Diana* did disguise,
To walke the Forest vp and doune, whereas my ladie lies:
An Harte of heere and hewe, I wishe that I were so,
So that my Ladie knew me onely, and no mo.
The shalyng Nutts and Maste, that falleth from the tree,
Should well suffice for my repast, might I my ladie see:
It should not greue me there in frost, to lye vpon the ground:
Delite should easly quite the coste, what euill so that I founde.
Sometyme that I might saie, when I saw her alone,
Beholde, see yonder slaue aldaie, that walketh the woodds alone.

Finis. M. B.

Why should I lenger long to liue,
In this desease of fantasie,
Sins fortune doeth not cease to giue,
Things to my mynde most contrarie.
And at my ioyes doeth lowre and froune,
Till she hath tourned them upsidoune.

A ffrende

A ffrende I had to me most dere,
And of long tyme faithfull and iuste:
There was no one my harte so nere,
Nor one in whom I had more truste.
Whom now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made myemie.

The grasse me thinkes should growe in skie:
The starres, unto the yearth cleaue faste:
The water streame should passe awrie,
The winds should leue their strenght of blast.
The Sonne and Moone by one assent,
Should bothe forsake the firmament.

The fishe in ayer should flie with finne,
The foules in floud should bryng forth fry,
All thyngs me thinks should erst beginne
To take their course unnaturally:
Afore my frende should alter so,
Without a cause to bee my foe.

But suche is Fortunes hate I saie,
Suche is her will on me to wreake:
Suche spite she hath at me alwaie,
And ceaseth not my harte to breake.
With suche despite of crueltie,
Wherefore then longer liue should I.

Finis. E. S.

47. *Prudens. The historie of Damacles, & Dionise.*

Whoso is set in princely trone, and craueth rule to beare,
Is still beset on euery side, with perill and with feare:
High trees by stormie winds are shakt & rent vp fro the ground
And flashy flaks of lightnings flames on turrets do roboud
When little shrubs in sauetie lurke in couert all alowe,

And

And freshly florise in their kynde, what ever winde doe blowe
 The cruell king of *Scisily*, who fearing Barbaras hands,
 Was wont to singe his beard hym self, with cole and fire brands:
 Hath taught us this, the prooffe whereof, full plainly we maye see,
 Was never thyng more liuely touched, to shewe it so to bee.
 This kyng did seme to *Damacles*, to be the happiest wight,
 Because he thought none like to hym in power or in might.
 Who did alone so farre excell the rest in his degree,
 As doeth the Sunne in brightnes cleare, the darkest starre we see.
 Wilt thou (then said this cruell kyng) proue this my present state,
 Possess thou shalt this seate of myne, and so be fortunate.
 Full gladly then this *Damacles* this proferd honour tooke,
 And shootyng at a princely life, his quiet rest forsooke.
 In honours seate then was he plast, accordyng to his wyll,
 Forthwith a banquet was preparte, that he might feast his fill.
 Nothyng did want wherein twas thought, that he would take delite,
 To feede his eye, to fill his mouthe, or please the appetite.
 Such store of plate, I think in Grece, there scarsly was so much,
 His servitours did Angels seme, their passyng shape was such:
 No daintie dishe but there it was, and thereof was suche store,
 That throughout Grece so princly chere was neuer seen before.
 Thus while in pōpe and pleasures seate, this *Damacles* was plast,
 And did beginne with gladsome harte, eche daintie dishe to taste,
 At length by chaunce cast up his eyes, and gan the house to vewe,
 And sawe a sight that hym enforst, his princly state to rewe:
 A sword forsoth with downward point, that had no stronger thred
 Then one horse heere that peised it, direct upon his head:
 Wherewith he was so sore amasde, and shooke in euery parte,
 As though the sworde that hong aboue, had stroke hym to the hart.
 Then all their pleasures toke their leaue, & sorowe came in place,
 His heauie harte the teares declared, that trickled doune his face.
 And then forthwith with sobbing voice, besought y^e king of grace,
 That he would licens hym with speede, to depart out of that place.
 And saied that he full enough, had tried now with feare,
 What tis to be a happie man, and princly rule to beare.
 This deede of thyne, oh *Dionise*, deserues immortal fame,
 This deede shall alwaies liue with praise, though thou didst liue w^t shame.
 Whereby

Whereby bothe kynges be put in minde, their dangers to be great,
And subiects be forbid to clime high stepps of honours sat.

Finis.

48. *Fortitude. A yong man of Ægipt, and Valerian.*

Eche one deserues great praise to haue, but yet not like I think,
Bothe he that can sustain the yoke of paines & doeth not shrink,
And he whom *Cupids* couert crafte can nothing moue at all,
Into the harde and tangled knotts of *Venus* snares to fall.
Besturre you then, who so delights, in vertues race to ronne,
The fliying boye, with bowe ibent, by strength to ouercome.
As one did once when he was yong, and in his tender daies,
Whose stout and noble deede of his, hath got immortall praise:
The wicked Romaines did pursue the sely Christians than,
What tyme *Valerian* Emperour was, a wicked cruell man.
Who spared not with bloody draughts to quēche his owne desire,
Dispatchyng all that stucke to Christ, with hotte consumyng fire.
At length a man of tender yeres was brought before his sight,
Suche one as Nature semed to make a witnesse of her might.
For euery parte so well was set that nothyng was depraued,
So that the cruell kyng hymself would gladly haue hym saued,
So loth he was to see a woorke, so rare of Naturs power,
So finely built, so sodainly destroyed within an hower.
Then meanes he sought to ouercome, or wyne hym at the lest,
To slip from Christe, whom he before had earnestly profest.
A bedde preparte so finely deckt, such diuers pleasaunt smels,
That well it might appeare a place, where pleasure onely dwells.
By him he laied a naked wenche, a *Venus* darlyng sure,
With sugred speache, & louely toyes, that might his minde allure.
Such wanton lewres as these he thought, might easly him entise,
Which things he knewe w^t lustie youth had alwaies been in prise.
Suche waies I thinke the Gods themselues could have inuented none,
For flatteryng *Venus* ouercoms the senses euerych one,
And he hymself was euen at point, to *Venus* to consent,
Had not his stout and manly mynde resisted his entent.
When he perceiued his fleshe to yelde, to pleasures wanton toyes,

And

And was by sleight almoste prouoked to tast of *Venus* ioyes,
 More cruell to hymself then those, that glad would hym undoo,
 With bloudie tooth his tēder tong bote quite and cleane in twoo.
 Thus was the paine so passyng greate, of this his bloudie bitte,
 That all the fire and carnall lust was quenched euery whitte.
 Doe ill and all thy pleasures then full sone will passe awaie,
 But yet the shame of those thy deedes will neuer more decaie.
 Do well & though thy paines be great, yet sone eche one wil cease,
 But yet, the praise of those thy deedes will euermore increase.

Finis.

49. *Iustice. Zaleuch and his sonne.*

Let rulers make most perfect lawes, to rule both great smal,
 If thei them selues obeye them not, it boteth not at all.
 As lawes be nought but rulers dome, cōteining egall might,
 So rulers should be speakyng lawes to rule by line of right.
Zaleuch the Prince of *Locrine* once, appointed by decree,
 Eche lecherer should be punished with losse of either eye.
 His sonne by chaunce offended first, which when his father sawe,
 Lorde God how earnest then was he, to execute the lawe.
 Then ran the people all by flocks to hym with wepyng eyes,
 Not one emong the rout there was, but pardon, pardon cries.
 By whose outcries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stande,
 That he thereby should then obtaine some pardon at his hande.
 But all in vaine, for he is founde, to be the man he was,
 And maketh hast so muche the more, to haue the lawe to passe.
 The people yet renued their sute, in hope of some relief,
 Whose faces, all besprent with teares, did testifie their grief.
 And cried all for pities sake, yelde now to our request,
 If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the paine at lest.
 Then somewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples voice,
 And euery man did give a shoote, to shewe thei did reioyce.
 Well then quoth he it shal be thus, the lawe shal be fulfild,
 And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, accordyng as you wilde.
 One eye of his shal be pulde out, thus hath his leudnesse got,
 And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.

This

This worde no soner was pronoũcde, but strait y^e dede was doen,
Twoo eyes, no mo, were left, betwene the father and the sonne.
Saie now who can, and on my faithe *Apollo* he shal be,
Was he more gentle father now? or iuster Iudge, trowe ye?
This man would not his lawes be like the webbs y^t spiders weue,
Wherein thei lurke when thei entende the simple to deceiue.
Wherewith small flies full sone be caught, & tangled ere thei wist,
When greate ones flie and scape awaie, & breake them as thei list.

Finis.

50. *Temperaunce. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.*

If nature beare thee so great loue, as she in thee have beautie plast,
Full harde it is as we doe proue, to kepe the body cleane & chast:

Twixt comelinesse and chastitie,

A deadly strife is thought to be.

For beautie whiche some men suppose to be, as twere a golden ill,
Prouoketh strief and many foes, that seke on her to worke her wil:

Assaults to tounes if many make,

No toun so strong but maie be take.

And this *Spurina* witnesse can, who did for beautie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comly made, no dame in Rome but loued wel:

Not one could cole her hot desire,

So burnyng was the flame of fire.

Like as when baite caste in y^e. floud forthwith doth cause the fishes come,
That pleasantly before did plaie, now presently to death to runne:

For when thei see the baité to fall,

Straight waie thei swallowe hooke and all.

So when *Spurina* thei did see, to hym thei flocked out of hande,
The happiest dame was thought to be, that in his fauour moste did stande:

Not knowyng under sweete deceits,

How *Venus* hids her poysoned baits.

But whē he sawe them thus to rage, whom loue had linked in his chain,
This means he sought for to aswage these ladies of their greuous pain:

His shape intendyng to disgrace,

With many wounds he scotch his face.

By

By whiche his deede it came to passe y^t. he, y^t. semed an angel bright,
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, y^t. he became a lothsom wight:

And rather had be foule and chast,
Then faire and filthie ioyes to tast.

What pen caⁿ write, or toⁿg expresse y^e. worthy praises of this deede,
My think that God can do no lesse, then graunt him heaven for his meede,

Who for to saue hymself vpright,
Hymself hath first destroyed quite.

Finis. q. F. M.

51. *A bunche of herbes and flowers.*

If y^t. eche flower the godds haue framed are shapt by sacred skill,
Were as I would (no wrong to wishe) & myne to weare at will:
Or els eche tree with lustie top, would lend me leaue to loue,
With spriggs displaid to spread my sute a wailing hart to proue:
Upon my helme sone should you see, my hedde aduaunced hie,
Some slipp for solace there to sett and weare the same would I.
Yet would I not for greate delight, the Daisies strange desire,
The Lillie would not like my lust, nor Rose would I require:
The Marigould might growe for me, Rosemary well might reste,
The Fenell to that is more fit, for some unfrendly gest:
Nor Cowsloppe would I craue at all, sometymes thei seme to coy:
Some ioly youth the Gelliflower estemeth for his ioye:
The Lavender sometymes aloft alures the lookers eyes,
The Paunsie shall not haue the praise, where I may geue the prise:
And thus no flower my fansie feeds, as liketh so my luste,
As that I maie subiect my self, to toyes of tickle truste:
For flowers though thei be faire and fresh, of sent excelling swete,
Yet grow thei on the ground belowe, we tred them with our fete:
And shall I then goe stoupe to suche, or els go seke to those?
Shall flowers enforce me once to faune for feare of freⁿds or foes?
Yet rather yelde I to the right, as reason hath assignde,
Myne authour saied there was no salve in flowers for me to finde:
And yet perhapps some tree there is to shroud me fro^m the shower,
That with her armes maie salue y^e. soule, y^t. yeldeth to her power.

Eche

Where I maie finde some pleasant shade, to salue me fro^m the sonne:
Eche thyng we see that reason hath unto the trees doe ruane,
Bothe men & beasts, suche foules as fly, the treasures are the trees,
And for my part when braunches fall, I wishe no other fees.
But wheⁿ that stormes beset me round, suche succor God me sende,
That I maie finde a frendly tree, that will me well defende.
No tree there is whiche yelds no good, to some that doe it seeke,
And as thei are of diuers kynds their uses are unlike:
The Eue tree serues the Bowiers turne, the Ash the Coupers art,
The puisant Oke doeth make the post, the Pine some other part:
The Elme doeth helpe to hide the birds in wearie winters night,
The Briers I gesse are nothyng worth, thei serue but for despight:
The Willowe wisht I farre fro^m hens, good will deserue no wrong,
The Sallowe well maie serue their states that syng so sad a song.
The Boxe and Beche eche for hymself aboue the reste doeth boste,
The Eglantine for pleasure oft is pricked upon the poste.
The Hawthorne so is had in prise, the Baies doe beare the bell,
And that these Baies did bryng no blisse, I like it not so well,
As erst I doe that semely tree by whiche those Baies I founde,
And where withall unwittyngly I tooke so greate a wounde.
As if the tree by whiche I lent doeth lende me no relief,
There is no helpe but doune I fall, so greate is growne my grief:
And therefore at the last I craue this fauour for to finde,
When euery tree that here is told beginns to growe unkinde.
The B. for beautie whom I boste and shall aboue the rest,
That B. maie take me to her trust, for B. doeth please me best:
It liks me well to walke the waie, where B. doeth kepe her bower,
And when it raines, to B. I ronne to saue me from the shower.
This brauⁿche of B. whiche here I meane to kepe, I chiefly craue:
At becke vnto this B. I bowe to sarve that beautie braue.
What shall I saie, the tyme doeth passe, the tale to tedious is,
Though loth to leaue yet leaue I must and saie no more but this:
I wishe this B I might embrace when as the same I see,
A league for life then I require betwene this B and me,
And though unworthy yet good will doeth worke the waie herein,
And B hath brought the same about which beautie did begin.

Finis.

Now

52. *Now mortall man beholde and see, This
worlde is but a vanitie.*

Who shall profoundly way or scan the assured state of man,
Shall well perceiue by reason than,
That where is no stabilitie, remaineth nought but vanitie.

For what estate is there think ye throughly content w^t. his degre,
Whereby we maie right clerely see,
That in this vale of miserie, remaineth nought but vanitie.

The great men wishe ye. meane estate, meane men again their state doe
Old men thinke children fortunate: (hate,
A boye a man would fainest be, thus wandreth man in vanitie.

The couⁿtrey man doth daily swell w^t. great desire in court to dwel,
The Courtier thinks hym nothyng well,
Till he from court in countrey be, he wandreth so in vanitie.

The sea doeth tosse ye. marchaⁿts brains to wish a farm & leue those
The Farmer gapeth at marchantes gaines: (pains,
Thus no man can contented be, he wandreth so in vanitie.

If thou haue lands or goods great store, coⁿsider thou thy charge ye. more,
Since thou must make account therefore:
Thei are not thine but lent to thee, and yet thei are but vanitie.

If thou be stroⁿg or faire of face, sicknes or age doth both disgrace,
Then be not proude in any case:
For how can there more folly be, then for to bost of vanitie?

Now finally be not infect with worldly cares, but haue respect
How God rewardeth his true electe,
With glorious felicitie, free from all worldly vanitie.

Finis. M. Thorn.

Where

53. *In commendation of Musick.*

Where griping grief the hart would wound & dolfull domps the oppresse,
There Musick with her siluer soũd is wont with spede to giue redresse:
Of troubled minde for euery sore swete Musick hath a salue therfore.

In ioye it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy sprights,
The carefull head release hath found, by Musicks pleasant swete delights
Our sences, what should I saie more, are subiect vnto Musicks lore.

The Godds by Musick hath their praie, the foule therein doeth ioye,
For as the Romaine Poets saie, in seas, whom pirats would destroye,
A Dolphin saued from death most sharpe Arion plaiying on his harpe.

A heauenly gift that turnes the minde, like as the sterne doth rule the ship,
Musick, whom the Gods assignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both mā & beast doest move, what wise man then wil thee re-

Finis. M. Edwards.

(prove?

When sage *Vlisses* sailed by
The perillous seas, where *Cirens* syng,
Hymself vnto the mast did tye,
Lest their alluryng tunes might bryng
His mynde on maze, and make hym staie,
And he with his become their praie.

Vlisses, O thou valiant wight,
It semed dame *Circes* loued thee well,
What tyme she told to thee aright
The seas wherein the *Sirens* dwell:
By meane where, against thy saile,
Their subtill songes could not preuaile.

Were thou amongs us here againe,
And heard our *Sirens* melodie,
Not *Circes* skill nor yet thy braine,
Could kepe thee from their trecherie:
Such *Sirens* haue we now adaies,
That tempt us by a thousande waies.

Thei

Thei syng, thei daunce, thei sport, thei plaie,
 Thei humbly fall upon their knees:
 Thei sigh, thei sobb, thei prate, thei praie,
 With such dissemblyng shifts as these:
 Thei calculate, thei chaunt, thei charme,
 To conquere us that meane no harme.

Good ladies all letts ioyne in one,
 And banishe cleane this *Sirèn* kinde:
 What nede we yelde to heare their mone,
 Since their deceit we daiely finde.
 Let not your harts to them apply,
 Defie them all, for so will I.

And if where *Circes* now doeth dwell,
 You wisht you witt aduise to learne:
 Loe I am she that best can tell
 Their *Sirens* songes and them discerne:
 For why experience yeldeth skill,
 To me that scapt that *Sirens* ill.

Finis. M. Bew.

55. *Findyng no ioye, he desireth death.*

The Cony in his caue the Feret doeth anoye,
 And fleyng thence his life to saue himself he doeth destroye
 His Berrie rounde about besett with hunters snares,
 So that when he to scape starts out, is caught therein unwares:
 Like choise poore man haue I to bide and rest in loue,
 Or els from thence to start and still as bad a death to proue.

I see in loue to rest vnkindnesse doeth pursue,
 To rente the harte out of his breast whiche is a louer true:
 And if from loue I starte, as one that loue forsaks,
 Then pensiue thoughts my hart doeth perse, & so my life it taks:
 Thus then to fly or bide, harde is the choise to chuse,
 Since death hath cāpde, & trea~hed eche side, & saith life now refuse.

Content,

Content I am therefore my life therein to spende,
And death I take a salue for sore my wearie daies to ende:
And thus I you request, that faithfull loue professe,
When carcas cased is in chest, and bodie laied on hears,
Your brinishe teares to saue, suche as my corse shall moue,
And therewith write upon my grave, behold the force of loue.

W. H.

Hope well and haue well.

In hope the Shipman hoiseth saile, in hope of passage good.
In hope of health the sickly man doeth suffer losse of bloud:
In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines hopes libertie to finde.
Thus hope breeds helth, & helth breeds ease to euery troubled mynd.

In hope desire getts victorie, in hope greate comfort spryngs,
In hope the louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull styngs:
In hope we liue, and maie abide suche stormes as are assignde,
Thus hope breeds helth, & helth breeds ease to euery troubled mind.

In hope we easely suffer harme, in hope of future tyme,
In hope of fruite the pain semes swete, that to the tree doeth clime:
In hope of loue suche glory growes, as now by profe I finde,
That hope breeds helth, & helth breeds ease to euery troubled minde.

W. H.

He repenteth his folly.

Whẽ first mine eyes did vew & marke thy beutie faire for to behold,
And whẽ myne eares gan first to harke the pleasant words y^t thou me
I would as the I had been free frõ eares to heare & eyes to se. (told:

And when my hands did handle oft, that might thee kepe in memorie,
And when my feete had gone so softe to finde and haue thy companie,
I would eche hande a foote had been, and eke eche foote a hand so seen:

And

H i

And when in minde I did consent to followe thus my fansies will,
 And when my harte did first relent to tast suche baite myself to spill,
 I would my harte had been as thine, or els thy harte as soft as myne.

The should not I suche cause haue fou'd to wish this mōstrous sight to se,
 Ne thou, alas! that madest the wounde, should not deny me remedy:
 Then should one will in bothe remain, to graũt one hart whiche now is
W. H.
(twaine.

*He requesteth some frendly comfort
 affirmyng his constancie.*

The mountaines hie whose loftie topps doeth mete the hautie sky,
 The craggie rocke, that to the sea free passage doeth deny:
 The aged Oke that doeth resist the force of blustryng blast,
 The pleasaunt herbe that, euery where, a fragrant smell doeth cast:
 The Lyons forse whose courage stout declares a princlike might,
 The Eagle that for worthinesse is borne of kyngs in fight:
 The Serpent eke whose poisoned waies doeth belche out venim vile,
 The lothsome Tode that shunneth light, and liueth in exile:
 These, these, I saie and thousands more by trackt of tyme decaie,
 And like to tyme doe quite consume and vade from forme to claie:
 But my true harte and seruice vowed, shall laste tyme out of minde,
 And still remaine as thine by dome, as *Cupid* hath assignde:
 My faithe loe here I vowe to thee, my trothe thou knowest right well,
 My goods my friends, my life is thine, what nede I more to tell?
 I am not myne but thine I vowe, thy hests I will obeye,
 And serue thee as a seruaunt ought in pleasyng, if I maie:
 And sith I haue no flyng wings to see thee as I wishe,
 Ne finnes to cut the siluer streames as doeth the glidyng fishe,
 Wherefore leaue now forgetfulnesse and sende againe to me,
 And straine thy azured vaines to write, that I maie greetying see:
 And thus farewell more deare to me then chifest frende I haue,
 Whose loue in harte I minde to shrine till death his fee doe craue.

M. Edwards.

Shall

He complaineth his mishapp.

Shall rigor raigne where youth hath ron, shall fansie now forsake,
Shall fortune lose that fauour wonne, shall not your anger slake:
Shall hatefull harte be had in you that frendly did pretende,
Shall slipper thoughts and faithe untrue that harte of yours defende?

Shall nature shewe your beautie faire, that gentle semes to be,
Shall frowardnesse, your fancies ayer, be of more force then she:
Shall now disdaine the dragg of death, direct and leade the waie,
Shall all the imps upon the yearth reioyce at my decaie?

Shall this the seruice of my youth haue suche reward at last,
Shall I receiue rigor for ruth, and be from fauour cast;
Shall I therefore berent my harte, with wights that wishe to dye,
Or shall I bathe myself with teares to feede your fickle eye?

No, no, I shall in paine lye still with Turtle doue moste true,
And vowe myself to witt and will, their counsels to ensue:
Good Ladies all that louers be, your helpe hereto purtende,
Giue place to witt, let reason seme your enemy to defende.

Lest that you thinke as I haue thought, yourself to striue in vaine,
And so to be in thraldome brought, with me to suffer paine.

Finis. M. H.

No foe to a flatterer.

I would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not so,
I am not blinde although I winke, I feelee what winds doe blowe:
I knowe where craft, with smilyng cheare, creps into bloudy brest,
I heare how fained speache speaks faire where hatred is possest:
I se the Serpent lye and lurck, vnder the grene alowe,
I see him watche a tyme to worke, his poyson to bestowe.

In frendly looks such fraude is founde as faithe for feare is fleade,
And frendship hath receiued such wounde as he is almost deade,
And hatefull harte with malice greate so boyles in cankerd minde,

That

That flatteries flearyng in my face had almoste made me blinde:
 But now I see all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
 Nor yet such frends as thei professe as now by profe I finde.

Though secret spight by craft hath made a coate of Panter's skin,
 And thinks to finde me in the shade by sleight to wrapp me in,
 Yet God be praised my eye is cleare, and can beholde the Sonne!
 When falshood dares not once appeare to ende that he begonne!
 Thus tyme shall trie the thyng amisse which God sone shortly sende,
 And turne the harte that fained is to be a faithfull frende.

Finis.

The spider with greate skill doeth trauell daie by daie,
 His limmes no tyme lye still, to set his house in staie:
 And when he hath it wrought thinkyng therein to raigne,
 A blast of winde unthought doeth driue it downe againe.

The profe whereof is true to make his worke indure,
 He paines hymself a newe, in hope to dwell more sure:
 Or in some secret place, a corner of the wall,
 He trauaileth a space to builde and rest with all.

His pleasure swete to staie when he to rest is bent,
 An ugly shamle Flie approcheth to his tent,
 And there intends by forse his labours greate to win,
 Or els to yelde his corse, by fatall death therein.

Thus is the Spider's nest from tyme to tyme throwne downe,
 And he to labour prest, with endles pains unknowne:
 So suche as louers be like trauell doe attaine,
 Those endles works ye see aer alwaies full of paine.

W. Hunis.

The subtill slily sleights, that worldly men doe worke,
 The frẽdly shoves vnder whose shade most craft doth oftẽ lurke,
 Enforceth

Enforceth me, alas, with yernfull voice to saie,
Wo worthe the wily heads that seeks the simple mans decaie,

The birde that dreds no guile is sonest caught in snare,
Eche gentle harte deuouide of craft is sonest brought to care :
Good nature sonest trapt, which gives me cause to saie,
Wo worthe the wily heads that seeks the simple mans decaie.

I see the serpent vile, that lurks under the grene,
How subtelly he shrouds hymself, that he maie not be sene :
And yet his fosters bane his leryng looks bewraie,
Wo worthe the wily heads that seeks the simple mans decaie.

Wo worthe the fainyng looks one fauour that doe waite,
Wo worthe the fained frendly harte that harbours depe deceit :
Wo worthe the vipers broode: oh, thrise wo worthe I saie,
All worldly wily heads that seeks the simple mans decaie.

Finis. M. Edwards.

With painted speache I list not proue my cunnyng for to trie,
Nor yet will vse to fill my penne with gilefull flatterie:
With pen in hand, and harte in breast, shall faithfull promise make,
To loue you best and serue you moste for your great vertues sake.

And since dame Nature hath you deckt with gifts aboue the rest,
Let not disdaine a harbour finde within your noble brest:
For loue hath ledd his lawe alike, to men of eche degree,
So that the begger with the prince shall loue as well as he.

I am no prince I must confesse, nor yet of princes line,
Nor yet a brutishe begger borne that feeds among the swine:
The fruite shall trie the tree at last, the blossomes good or no,
Then doe not iudge of me the worse till you haue tried me so.

As I deserue so then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be false in worde or deede let lightnyng thunder fall:

And

And furies fell with franticke fitts bereue and stopp my breathe,
For an example to the rest if I shall breake my faith.

Finis. M. B.

Trie and then trust.

The saint I serve, and have besought full oft,
Upon my knees to stand my Goddes good:
With hope did holde my head sometyne aloft,
And fed my faunyng frende with daintie foode.
But now I see, that words are nought but winde,
The sweter meate the sower sauce I finde.

Thus while I helde the Ele by the taile
I had some hope yet neuer wanted feare:
Of double dread that man can neuer faile,
That will presume to take the Wolfe by the eare.
I snatche forsothe much like to Esops dogg,
I sought for fishe and alwaies caught a frogg.

Thus did I long bite on the fomyng bitt,
Whiche found me plaie enough vnto my paine:
Thus while I loued I neuer wanted fitt,
But liued by losse and sought no other gaine.
But why should I mislike with Fortunes fetters,
Since that the like have hapt unto my betters.

Richard Hill.

Complainyng to his frende, he replieth wittely.

- A. The fire shall freese, the frost shall frie, the frozen mountains hie,
B. What strãge thinges shall dame nature force to turne her course awrie.
A. My Ladie hath me left and taken a newe man.
B. This is not straunge, it happes oft tymes the truthe to scan.
A. The more is my paine. B. her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flitt? B. eche one that hath witt.
A. Is not this straunge? B. light loue will chaunge.

By

- A. By skilfull meanes I her reclaime to stope unto my luer.
 B. Suche hagarde haukes will sore awaie of them who can be suer?
 A. With siluer bells and hoope my ioye was her to decke.
 B. She was full gorged, she woulde the soner giue the checke.
 A. The more is my paine. B. her loue then refraine.
 A. Who thought she would flitt? B. eche one that hath witt.
 A. Is not this straunge? B. light loue will chaunge.
- A. Her chirping lippes would chirp to me swete wordes of her desire.
 B. Suche chirping birdes who euer sawe to preach still on one briere?
 A. She saied she loued me beste and would doe till she die;
 B. She saied in wordes, she thought it not as tyme doth trie.
 A. The more is my paine. B. her loue then refraine.
 A. Who thought she would flitt? B. eche one that hath witt.
 A. Is not this straunge? B. light loue will chaunge.
- A. Can no man winne a woman so to make her loue endure?
 B. To make the Fox his wiles to leaue what man will put in ure?
 A. Why then there is no choice, but all women will chaunge.
 B. As men doe use so women do loue to raunge.
 A. The more is my paine. B. her loue then refraine.
 A. Who thought she would flitt? B. eche one that hath witt.
 A. Is not this straunge? B. light loue will chaunge.
- A. Sithe slipper gaine falles to my lot, farwell that glidyng praie.
 B. Sithe that the dice doeth runne awrie, betimes leaue of thy plaie.
 A. I will no more lament the thyng I maie not haue.
 B. Then by exchange the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
 A. Loue will I refraine. B. thereby thou shalt gaine.
 A. With losse I will leaue. B. she will thee deceiue.
 A. That is not straunge. B. then let her raunge.

M. Edwards.

No paines comparable to his attempt.

What watche, what wo, what want, what wracke,
 Is due to those that toyle the seas?

Life

Life ledd with losse of paines no lacke,
 In stormes to winne muche restlesse ease :
 A bedlesse borde, in seas unrest,
 Maie happ to hym that chaunseth best.

How sundrie sounds with lead and line,
 Unto the depe the shipman throwes:
 No foote to spare, he cries oft tymes,
 No nere, when how the master blowes:
 If Neptune frown all be undoen,
 Strait waie the shipp the wrack hath won.

These daungers greate doe oft befall,
 On those that shere vpon the sande:
 Judge of their liues the best who shall,
 How vile it is, fewe understande:
 Alacke! who then maie iudge their game:
 Not thei whiche have not felt the same.

But thei that fall in stormes and winde,
 And daies and yeres haue spent therein,
 Suche well may iudge since profe thei find,
 In rage no rest till calme begin:
 No more then those, that loue doe faine,
 Giue iudgment of true louers paine.

Finis. W. H.

No pleasure without some paine.

How can the tree but wast and wither awaie,
 That hath not some tyme comfort of the sonne:
 How can that flower but fade and sone decaie,
 That alwaies is with darke clouds ouer ronne?
 Is this a life, naie death you maie it call,
 That feeles eche paine and knoweth no ioye at all.

What foodles beast can liue long in good plight,
 Or is it life where sences there be none:

But

Or what auaieth eyes without their light?
Or els a tonge to hym, that is alone:
Is this a life? naie death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knowes no ioye at all.

Whereto serue eares, if that there be no sounde,
Or suche a head, where no deuise doeth growe:
But all of plaints, since sorrowe is the grounde,
Whereby the harte doeth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life? naie death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knows no ioye at all.

Finis. L. Vaux.

The fruites of fained frendes.

In choise of frends what happy had I, to chuse one of *Cirenes* kinde,
Whose harpe, whose pipe, whose melodie, could feede my eares & make
(me blinde:
Whose pleasant noise made me forget, that in sure trust was great deceit:

In truste I see is treason founde, and man to man deceitfull is:
And whereas tresure doeth abounde, of flatterers there doe not misse,
Whose painted speache, and outward showe, doe seme as frends and be
(not so:

Would I have thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crokadill,
Which if a man a slepe maie see, with bloudy thirst desires to kill: (slepe
And then with teares a while gan wepe, the death of hym thus slaine a

O flatterer false, thou traitor borne, what mischief more might thou deuise,
Then thy deare frende to haue in scorne, and hym to wounde in sondrie
Which still a frende pretends to be, and art no so by profe I se. (wise?
Fie fie, upon suche trechery.

Finis. W. H.

Being importunate, at the length, he obtaineth.

- A. Shall I no waie winne you, to graunt my desire?
- B. What woman will graunt you the thyng you require?
- A. You onely to loue me, is all that craue,

I i

You

B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would have.
 A. My deare alas now saie not so.
 B. To loue you best, I must saie no.
 A. Yet will I not flitt. B. then plaie on the bitt.
 A. I. will. B. doe still. A. yet kill not. B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man. B. beshrewe me than.

A. The swifter I followe, then you fly awaie.
 B. Swift haukes in their flying, oft times misse their praie.
 A. Yet some killeth dedly, that flie to the marke.
 B. You shall touche no feather, thereof take no carke.
 A. Yet hope shall further my desire.
 B. You blowe the coales, and raise no fire.
 A. Yet will I not flitt. B. then plaie on the bitt.
 A. I will. B. doe still. A. yet kill not. B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man. B. beshrewe me than.

A. To loue is no daunger, where true loue is ment.
 B. I will loue no ranger, lest that I repent.
 A. My loue is no ranger, I make God auow,
 B. To trust your smoth sayings, I sure knowe not how.
 A. Most truthe I meane, as tyme shall well trie.
 B. No truthe in men I oft espie.
 A. Yet will I not flitt. B. then plaie on the bitt.
 A. I will. B. doe still. A. yet kill not. B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man. B. beshrewe me than.

A. Some women maie saie naie, and meane loue moste true.
 B. Some women can make fools, of as wise men as you.
 A. In tyme I shall catche you, I knowe when and where:
 B. I will sone dispatche you, you shall not come there.
 A. Some speds at length, that oft haue mist.
 B. I am well armed, come when you list.
 A. Yet will I not flitt. B. then plaie on the bitt.
 A. I will. B. doe still. A. yet kill not. B. I will not.
 B. Make me your man. B. beshrewe me than.

Yet

A. Yet worke your kinde kindly, graunt me loue for loue.
 B. I will use you frendly, as I shall you proue.
 A. Most close you shall finde me, I this doe protest.
 B. Then sure you shall binde me to graunt your request.
 A. O happie threde now haue I sponne.
 B. You syng before the conquest wonne.
 A. Why then will you swarue? B. euen as you deserue?
 A. Loue still. B. I will. A. yet kill not. B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man. B. come to me than.

Finis. M. B.

*Requiryng the fauour of his loue,
 She aunswereth thus.*

M. What death maie be, compared to loue?
 H. What grief therein, now doest thou proue?
 M. My paines alas who can expresse?
 H. I see no cause of heauinesse.
 M. My Ladies looks, my wo hath wrought.
 H. Then blame thyne eyes that first haue sought.
 M. I burne alas, and blowe the fire.
 H. A foole consumes by his desire.
 M. What shall I do than? H. come out and thou can.
 H. Alas I die. M. what remedie?

M. My sugred sweete, is mixed with gall.
 H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all.
 M. The more I seeke, the lesse I finde.
 H. Then striue not with the streame and winde.
 M. Her I must loue, although I smarte,
 H. With thy owne sworde, thou slaiest thy harte.
 M. Suche plesaunt baites who can refraine?
 H. Suche beats will sure brede the greate paine.
 M. What shal I do than? H. Come out and thou can.
 H. Alas I die. M. What remedie?

Her

M. Her golden beames myne eyes doe daze.
 H. Upon the Sonne thou maiest not gaze.
 M. She might reward my cruell smarte.
 H. She thou bearest a fained harte.
 M. She laughes to heare my wofull cries.
 H. Forsake her then, in tyme be wise.
 M. No no alas, that maie not bee.
 H. No wise man then will pitie thee.
 M. What shall I do than? H. come out and thou can.
 M. Alas I die. H. What remedie?

M. A liuyng death, loe thus I proue.
 H. Suche are the fruts of froward loue.
 M. O that I might her loue once againe!
 H. Thy gaine would not halfe quite the paine.
 M. Her will I loue though she be coye.
 H. A foole hym self will still anoye.
 M. Who will not die for suche a one?
 H. Be wise at length, let her alone.
 M. I can not doe so. H. then be thy owne foe.
 M. Alas I die. H. What remedye?

Finis. E. S.

A louers ioye.

I haue no ioye, but dreame of ioye, and ioye to think on ioye,
 A ioye I withstoode, for to enioye, to finish myne anoye:
 I hate not without cause alas, yet loue I knowe not why,
 I thought to hate, I can not hate, although that I should die.
 A foe most swete, a frende most sower, I ioye for to embrace,
 I hate the wrong, and not the wight that workt my wofull case:
 What thyng it is I knowe not I, but yet a thyng there is,
 That in my fancie still perswads, there is no other blisse.
 The ioyes of life, the pangs of death, it make me feeble eche daie,
 But life nor death, this humour can deuise to weare awaie.
 Faine would I dye, but yet in death no hope I see remaines,

And shall I liue? since life I see, a sourse of sorie paines :
What is it then that I doe seke, what ioye would I aspire?
A thyng that is deuine belike, to high for mans desire.

Finis. F. K.

The iudgement of desire.

The liuely Larke did stretche her wyng,
The messenger of mornynge bright :
And with her cherefull voyce dyd syng
The daies approche, dischargynge night.
When that Aurora blushynge redd,
Discride the gilt of Thetis bedd :
Laradon tan tan, Tedriton teight.

I went abroad to take the aire,
And in the meadds I mett a Knight :
Clad in carnation colour faire,
I did salute the youthfull wight.
Of hym I did his name enquire,
He sight and saied, I am Desire.
Laradon, tan, tan, Tedriton teight.

Desire I did desire to staie,
Awhile with him I craued talke :
The courteous wight saied me no naie,
But hande in hande with me did walke.
Then in desire I askte againe,
What thing did please, and what did pain.
Laradon, tan, tan.

He smild and thus he answered me,
Desire can haue no greater paine,
Then for to see an other man,
The thyng desired to obtaine.
No ioye no greater to then this,

Then

Then to inioye what others misse,
Laridon, tan, tan.

Finis. E. O.

*The complaint of a louer, wearyng
Blacke and Tawnie.*

A Croune of Bayes shall that man weare,
That triumphs ouer me:
For blacke and Tawnie will I weare,
Whiche mournyng colours be.

The more I folowed on, the more she fled awaie,
As *Daphne* did full long ago, *Apollos* wishfull praie.
The more my plaints resounde, the lesse she pities me,
The more I saught the lesse I founde, that myne she ment to be.

Melpomeney, alas with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *bis* wo worthe on me forsaken man:
Then *Daphnes* baies shal that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke and Tawnie will I weare, which mournyng colours be.

Droune me you tricklyng teares, you wailefull wights of woe,
Come help these hañds to rē't my heares, my rufull happs to showe:
On whom the scorchyng flames of loue, doeth feede you se,
Ah a lalalantida, my deare dame hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *Bis* wo worthe on me forsaken man:
Then *Daphnes* Baies shal that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

An Ancres life to leade, with nailes to scratche my graue,
Where earthly wormes on me shall fede, is all the ioyes I craue,
And hid my self from shame, sith that myne eyes doe see,
Ah a alantida, my deare dame hath thus tormented me.

And

And all that present be, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *Bis* woe worthe on me, forsaken man.

Finis. E. O.

He complaineth thus.

Lo heare the man that must of loue complaine,
Lo heare that seas that feeles no kinde of blisse:
Lo here I seke for ioye, and finde but paine,
Lo what despite can greater be then this?
To freze to death, and stande yet by the fire,
And she that shonneth me moste, I doe desire.

L. But shall I speake alas, or shall I die?

A. By death no helpe, in speache some helpe doeth lie.

L. Then from that breast, remoue a Marble minde,

A. As I see cause, so are ye like to finde.

L. I yelde my self, what would you more of me?

A. You yelde, but for to winne and conquer me.

L. Saie and kill not, madame.

A. Forsake your sute for shame.

No no no no, not so.

O happie man, now vaunt thy self,
That hath this conquest gainde,
And now doeth liue in greate delight,
That was so lately painde.
Triumph, triumph, triumph, who louers be,
Thrise happie is that woyng,
That is not long a doying,
Triumph, triumph, triumph, that hath like victorie.

Finis.

The Paradise

Findyng no relief, he complaineth thus:

In quest of my relief I finde distresse,
In recompence of loue, moste depe disdaine:
My langour is suche, wordes maie not expresse,
A shower of teares, my watrishe eye doeth raine.
I dreame of this, and doe deuine of wo,
I wander in the thoughts of my swete so.

I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in froste:
I lye alowe, yet mounts my minde on hie:
Thus doubtfull stormes my troubled thoughts have taste,
And for my paine, this pleasure doe I proue,
I hate my self, and pine in others loue.

The worlde I graspe, yet hold I nought at all,
At libertie, I seme in prison pent:
I taste the sweete, more sower then bitter gall,
My shipp semes sounde, and yet her ribbs be rent.
And out alas, on Fortune false I crie,
Looke what I craue, that still she doeth denie.

Bothe life and death be equall unto me,
I doe desire to die, yet craue I life,
And witts with sondrie thoughts doe disagree,
My self am with my self at mortall strife:
As warmth of Sonne doeth melte the siluer Snowe
The heate of loue, beholde, consumes me so.

Finis. R. H.

Beyng in loue he complaineth.

What dome is this, I faine would knowe,
That demeth by all contraries,
What God, or whether height or lowe,
Now would I learne some warrantise.
Some saie the blinded God aboue,

Is he that worketh all by loue:
But he that stirreth strife, the truthe to tell,
I alwaies feelee, but knowe not well.

Some saie *Alecto* with her mates,
Are thei which breedeth all anoye:
Who sitts like Haggs in hellishe gates,
And seeks still whom thei maie destroye.
Some saie againe, tis destinie,
But how it comes, or what it is,
I let it passe, before I misse.

Despite doeth alwaies worke my wo,
And happ as yet holds hardly still:
For feare I set my frendshipp so,
And thinke againe to reape good will,
I doe but striue against the winde,
For more I seeke, the lesse I finde:
And where I seeke most for to please,
There finde I alwaies my desease.

And thus I loue, and doe reape still,
Nothyng but hate for my good will,
Finis. L. V.

A louer disdained, complaineth.

If euer man had loue to dearly bought,
Lo I am he that plaies within her maze:
And finds no waie, to get the same I sought,
But as the Dere are driuen vnto the gaze.
And to augment the grief of my desire,
My self to burne, I blowe the fire:
But shall I come ny you,
Of forse I must flie you.

What

What death, alas, maie be compared to this?
 I plaie within the maze of my swete foe:
 And when I would of her but craue a kis,
 Disdaine enforceth her awaie to goe.
 Myself I check: yet doe I twiste the twine:
 The pleasure hers, the paine is myne:
 But shall I come ny you,
 Of forse I must flie you.

You courtly wights, that wants your pleasant choise,
 Lende me a flood of teares to waile my chaunce:
 Happie are thei in loue, that can reioyse,
 To their greate paines, where fortune doeth aduaunce.
 But sith my sute, alas, can not preuaile!
 Full freight with care in grief still will I waile:
 Sith you will needs flie me,
 I maie not come ny you.

Finis. L. V.

Beyng in loue he complaineth.

If care or skill, could conquere vaine desire,
 Or reasons raines my strong affection staie;
 Then should my sights to quiet breast retire,
 And shunne such signes as secret thoughts bewraie.
 Uncomely loue, whiche now lurks in my breast,
 Should cease, my grief through wisdo's power opprest.

But who can leaue to looke on *Venus* face,
 Or yeldeth not to *Junos* high estate?
 What witt so wise as giues not *Pallas* place?
 These virtues rare eche Godds did yelde amate,
 Saue her alone who yet on yearth doeth reigne,
 Whose beauties stryng no Gods can well destraine.

What worldly wight can hope for heauenly hire,
 When onely sights must make his secret mone?

A silent

A silent sute doeth seld to Grace aspire,
My haples happe doeth role to restles stone:
Yet *Phoebe* faire disdainde the heauens aboue,
To ioye on yearth her poore *Endimions* loue.

Rare is reward where none can iustly craue,
For chaunce is choise where reason maks no claime:
Yet lucke sometymes dispairyng souls doeth saue,
A happie starre made *Giges* ioye attaine,
A slauishe Smith, of rude and rascall race,
Founde means in tyme to gaine a Goddes grace.

Then loftie Love, thy sacred sailes aduaunce,
My sithyng seas, shall flowe with streames of teares:
Amidds disdaine driue forthe my dolefull chaunce,
A valiaunt minde no deadly daunger feares.
Who loues alofte, and setts his harte on hie,
Deserues no paine, though he doe pine and die.

Finis. M. B.

A louer reiected complaineth.

The tricklyng teares that fales along my cheeks,
The secret sighs, that showes my inward grief,
The present paines perforce, that loue aye seeks,
Bids me renew my cares without relief.
In wofull song, in dole displaie,
My pensiue harte for to bewraie.

Bewraie thy grief thou wofull harte with speede,
Resigne thy voyce, to her that causde thy woe:
With irksome cries bewaile thy late doen deede,
For she thou louest, is sure thy mortall foe:
And helpe for thee there is none sure,
But still in paine thou must endure.

The

The stricken Deare hath helpe to heale his wounde,
 The haggerd hauke with toile is made full tame:
 The strongest tower the Canon laies on grounde,
 The wisest witt, that ever had the fame,
 Was thrall to Loue, by *Cupids* sleights,
 Then waie my case with equall waights.

She is my ioye, she is my care and wo,
 She is my paine, she is my ease therefore;
 She is my death, she is my life also,
 She is my salue, she is my wounded sore.
 In fine she hath the hande and knife,
 That maie both saue and ende my life.

And shal I liue on yearth to be her thral?
 And shall I sue, and serue her all in vaine,
 And kisse the stepps that she letts fall?
 And shall I praie the gods to kepe the pain
 From her, that is so cruell still?
 No, no, on her woorke all your will.

And let her feele the power of all your might,
 And let her haue her moste desire with speede:
 And let her pine awaie, bothe daie and night,
 And let her mone and none lament her neede:
 And let all those that shal her se,
 Despise her state, and pitie me.

Finis. E. O.

Not attainyng to his desire, he complaineth.

I am not as seme to bee,
 Nor when I smile, I am not glad:
 A thrall although you count me free,
 I moste in mirth moste pensiue sadd.
 I smile to shade my bitter spight,
 As Hanibal, that sawe in sight

His

His countrey soile with Carthage toune,
By Romaine force defaced downe.

And *Cæsar* that presented was,
With noble *Pompeyes* princely hedd,
As twere some iudge to rule the case,
A floud of teares he semde to shedd.
Although in deede it spronge of ioye,
Yet others thought it was annoye:
Thus contraries be vused I finde,
Of wise to cloke the couent minde.

I *Haniball* that smiles for grief,
And let you *Cæsars* teares suffice:
The one that laughs at his mischief,
The other all for ioye that cries:
I smile to see me scorned so,
You wepe for ioye to see me wo:
And I a harte by loue slaine dead
Presents in place of *Pompeyes* head.

O cruell happ, and harde estate,
That forceth me to loue my foe:
Accursed be so foule a fate,
My choise for to profixe it so.
So long to fight with secret sore,
And finde no secret salue therefore:
Some purge their paine by plaint I finde,
But I in vaine doe breathe my winde.

Finis. E. O.

His mynde not quietly settled, he writeth thus.

Even as the waxe doeth melt, or dewe consume awaie
Before the Sonne, so I behold through careful thoughts decaie:
For my best lucke leads me to suche sinister state,

That

That I doe wast with others loue that hath myself in hate,
And he that beats the bushe the wished birde not getts,
But suche I see as sitteth still and holds the foulyng netts.

The Drone more honie sucks that laboureth not at all,
Than doeth the Bee to whose most pain least pleasure doth befall:
The Gardner sowes the seeds whereof the flowers doe growe,
And others yet doe gather them that tooke lesse paine I knowe:
So I the pleasaunt grape have pulled from the Vine,
And yet I languish in greate thirst while others drinke the wine.

Thus like a wofull wight I woue my webb of woe,
The more I would wede out my cares the more thei seme to grow:
The whiche betokeneth hope forsaken is of me,
That with the carefull culuer climes the worne & withered tree:
To entertaine my thoughts and there my happe to mone,
That neuer am lesse idle, loe, then when I am alone.

Finis. E. O.

Of the mightie power of Loue.

My meanyng is to worke what wondes loue hath wrought,
Wherwith I muse why me of wit have love so derely bought:
For loue is worse then hate and eke more harme hath doen,
Record I take of those that rede of Paris Priams sonne.

It semed the God of slepe had mazed so muche his witts,
When he refused witt for loue, which cometh but by fitts:
But why accuse I hym whom yearth hath couered long?
There be of his posteritie alieue, I doe hym wrong.

Whom I might well comdempne, to be a cruell iudge
Unto myself, who hath the crime in others that I grudge.

Finis. E. O.

Beyng

Beyng disdained he complaineth.

If frendlesse faithe, if giltlesse thought may shield,
If simple truthe that neuer ment to swerue:
If dere desire accepted frute doe yield,
If greedie lust in loyall life doe serue,
Then my plaint bewaile my heauie harme,
That sekyng calme haue stombled on the storme.

My wonted cheare ecclipsed by the cloude
Of deepe disdaine, through error of reporte,
If wearie woe enwrapped in thy shroude,
Lies slaine by tonge of the unfrendly sorte,
Yet heaven and yearth and all that nature wrought,
I call to vowe of my unspotted thought.

No shade I seke in parte to shilde my taint:
But simple truthe I hunt no other sute,
On that I gape the issue of my plaint,
If that I quaile let iustice me confute:
If that my place amongs the giltles sort
Repaie by dome my name and good report.

Goe heauie verse persue desired grace,
Where pittie shrind in cell of secret brest,
Awaits my hast the rightfull lott to place,
And lothes to see the giltles man opprest:
Whose vertues great have crouned her more with fame,
Then kyngly state though largely shine the same.

Finis. L. Vaux.

Of the meane estate.

The higher that the Ceder tree under the heauens doe growe,
The more in danger is the top when sturdie winds gan blowe:
Who iudges then in princely throne to be deuoide of hate,
Doeth not yet knowe what heapes of ill lies hid in suche estate.

Suche

Suche dangers greate, such gripes of minde, such toile doe thei sustaine,
That oftentimes of God thei wishe to be unkyngde againe.

For as the huge & mightie rocks withstande the ragyng seas,
So kyngdoms in subiectiō be whereas dame Fortune please:
Of brittle ioye, of smilyng cheare, of honie mixt with gall,
Allotted is to euery Prince in fredome to be thrall:
What watches longe what stepps unsure what grefes and cares of minde,
What bitter broiles, what endles toiles, to kyngdoms be assingde.

The subiect then maie well compare w^t. prince for plesant daies,
Whose silent might bryngs quiet rest whose might no storme bewraies:
How much be we then bounde to God who suche prouision maks
To laye our cares upon the prince, thus doeth he for our saks:
To hym therefore let us lift up our harts and praie a maine,
That euery Prince that he hath plast, maie long in quiet raigne.

Finis. L. V.

Of a contented mynde.

When all is doen and saied, in the ende thus shall you finde,
The most of all doeth bathe in blisse that hath a quiet minde:
And clere from worldly cares to deame can be content,
The swetest tyme in all his life in thinkyng to be spent.

The bodie subiect is to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishapps is casuall euery hower:
And death in tyme doeth chaunge it to a clodde of claye,
When as the mynde which is deuine runnes neuer to decaie.

Companion none is like vnto the mynde alone,
For many haue been harmde by speache, through thinking fewe or none:
Fewe oftentimes restraineth words but maks not thoughts to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to holde his peace.

Our wealth leaues at death our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the mynde vnto the heauens with us we haue:

Wherefore

Wherefore for vertues sake I can be well content,
The swetest tyme of all my life to deme in thinkyng spent.

Finis. L. V.

Trie before you trust.

To counsell my estate abandonde to the spoile,
Of forged frendes whose grosest fraude it set with finest foile:
To verifie true dealyng wights whose trust no treason dreads,
And all to deare thacquaintance be of suche moste harmfull heads,
I am aduised thus, who so doeth frende, frende so,
As though to morrowe next he feared for to become a fo.

To haue a fained frende no perill like I finde,
Oft fleryng face maie mantell best a mischief in the mynde:
A paire of angels eares oft tymes doeth hide a serpents harte,
Under whose gripes who so doeth come to late cōplaines ye. smart:
Wherefore I doe aduise, who so doeth frende, frende soe,
As though to morrowe next he should become a mortall foe.

Refuse respectyng frends that courtly knowe to faine,
For gold that winnes, for gold shall lose the self same frend againe:
The Quaile needs neuer feare in foulers netts to fall,
If he would neuer bende his eare to listen to his call:
Therefore trust not to sone, but when you frende, frende soe,
As though to morrowe next ye feared for to become a foe.

Finis. L. Vaux.

He renounceth all the affectes of loue.

Like as the Harte that lifteth up his eares,
To heare the hounds, that hath hym in the chase,
Doeth cast the winde in daungers and in feares,
With flyng foote to passe awaie apace:
So must I fly of loue the vaine pursute,
Whereof the gaine is lesser then the friute.

And

And I also must lothe those learyng looks,
 Where loue doeth lurke still with a subtill slaight,
 With painted mocks and inward hidden hooks,
 To trapp by trust, that lieth not in waite:
 The ende whereof, assaie it who so shall,
 Is sugred smart and inward bitter gall.

And I also must flie such Sirian songs,
 Where with that Circes, Ulisses did enchaunt:
 These wilie Watts I meane with filed tongs,
 That harts of steele haue power to daunt:
 Who so, as hauke that stoppeth to their call,
 For moste desart receiueth least of all.

But woe to me that first behelde those eyes,
 The trapp wherein I saie that I was tane:
 An outward salue whiche inward me destroies,
 Whereto I runne as Ratt unto her bane:
 As to the fishe sometyme it doeth befall,
 That with the baite doeth swallowe hooke and all.

Within my breast wherewith I daiely fedd,
 The vaine repast of amorous hot desire,
 With loytryng lust so long that hath me fedd,
 Till he hath brought me to the flamying fire:
 In tyme at Phenix ends her care and carks,
 I make the fire and burne myself with sparks.

Finis. L. Vaux.

Beyng in sorrowe he complaineth.

Mistrust misdemes amisse whereby displeasure growes,
 And time delaied finds frēds afraied their faith for to disclose:
 Suspect that breede the thought and thoughte to sighes conuarte,
 And sighs haue sought a floud of teares wher sobbs do seke ye hart.

Thus

Thus harte that meanes no harme must feede on sorrowes all,
Untill suche tyme as pleaseth the iudge the truth in question call:
Though cause of greate mistrust before that iudge appeare,
My truthe and mercie of my iudge I trust shall set me cleare.

Report these rimes at large my truthe for to detecte,
Yet truthe in tyme shall trie it self and driue awaie suspecte:
Beleve not euery speache, nor speake not all you heare,
For truthe and mercie of the iudge I trust shall set me cleare.

Finis. L. V.

Beyng in loue he complaineth.

Enforst by loue and feare to please and not offende,
Within the words you would me write a message must I sende:
A wofull errande sure a wretched man must write,
A wretched tale a wofull head besemeth to endite.

For what can he but waile that hath but all he would,
And yet that all is nought at all, but lacke of all he should:
But lacke of all his minde what can be greater greif,
That haue & lacke that likes him best must neds be most mischief.

Now foole what maks thee waile, yet some might saie full well,
That hast no harme but of thyself as thou thyself canst tell:
To whom I aunswere thus, since all my harmes doe growe
Upon myself, so of myself some happ maie come I trowe.

And since I see bothe happ and harm betids to me,
For present woe my after blisse will make me not forget thee:
Who hath a field of golde and maie not come therein,
Must liue in hope till he have forse his treasure well to winne.

Whose ioyes by hope of dreade to conquere or to lose,
So greate a wealth doeth rise and for example doeth disclose:
To winne the golden flese stode Iason not in drede,
Till that Medecas hope of helpe did giue hym hope to spede.

Yet

Yet sure his minde was muche and yet his feare the more,
 That hath no happ but by your helpe maie happ for to restore:
 The ragyng Bulls he dread yet by his Ladies charme,
 He knewe it might be brought to passe thei could doe little harme.

Unto whose grace yelde he as I doe offer me,
 Into your handes to haue his happ not like hym for to be:
 But as kyng Priamus did binde hym to the will,
 Of Cressed false whiche hym forsooke with Diomedes to spill.

So I to you commende my faithe and eke my ioye,
 I hope you will not be so false as Cressed was to Troye:
 For if I be untrue her Lazares death I wishe,
 And eke to thee if I be false her clapper and her dishe.

Finis. R. L.

Beyng in trouble, he writeth thus.

In terrours trapp with thraldome thrust,
 Their thornie thoughts to cast and trie:
 In conscience cleare from case uniuert,
 With carpyng cares did call and crie,
 And saied, O God, yet thou art he
 That can and will deliuer me! *Bis.*

Thus trembling there with teares I trodd,
 To totter tide in truthe's defence:
 With sighes and sobbs, I saied, O God!
 Let right not have this recompence:
 Lest that my foes might laugh to see,
 That thou wouldest not deliuer me. *Bis.*

My soule then to repentaunce ranne,
 My ragged clothes be rent and torne,
 And did bewaile the losse it wanne,
 With lothsome life so long forlorne:
 And saied, O God! yet thou art he
 That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Then

Then comfort came with clothes of ioye,
Whose semes were faithfull stedfastnesse:
And did bedecke that naked boye,
Which erst was full of wretchednesse:
And saied, be glad, for God is he
That shortly will deliuer thee.

Bis.

Finis. T. M.

*Beyng troubled in mynde, he
writeth as followeth.*

The bitter sweate that straines my yelded harte,
The carelesse count that doeth the same embrace,
The doubtfull hope to reape my due desarte,
The pensiuue path that guides my restlesse race,
Are at suche warre within my wounded brest,
As doeth bereue my ioye and eke my rest.

My greedie will, that seks the golden gaine,
My luckles lot doeth alwaie take in worthe:
My mated mynde, that dredes my sutes in vaine,
My piteous plaint doeth helpe for to set forthe:
So that betwene twoo waues of ragyng seas,
I driue my daies in troubles and disease.

My wofull eyes doe take their chief delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasaunt maze:
My hidden harmes that growe in me by sight,
With pinyng paines doe driue me from the gaze:
And to my hope I reape no other hire,
But burne myself and I to blowe the fire.

Finis. I. H.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in suertie safe wilt sitt,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spende no more words then shall seme fitt,

Let

Let tonge in silence talke expell:
 In all thyngs that thou seest men bent,
 Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

In worldly works degrees are three,
 Makers, doers, and lookers on:
 The lookers on have libertie,
 Bothe the others to iudge upon:
 Wherefore in all as men are bent,
 Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The makers oft are in fault founde,
 The doers doubt of praise or shame:
 The lookers on finde surest grounde,
 Thei haue the fruite yet free from blame:
 This doeth persuaide in all here ment,
 Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The prouerbe is not South and West,
 Whiche hath be saied long tyme agoe,
 Of little medlyng cometh rest,
 The busie man neuer wanted woe:
 The best waie is in all worlds sent,
 Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

Finis. Jasper Heywood.

He bewaileth his mishappe.

In wretched state, alas, I rewe my life,
 Whose sorrowes rage torments with deadly paine:
 In drowned eyes beholde my teares be rife,
 In doubtfull state a wretche I must remaine:
 You wofull wights enured to like distresse,
 Bewaile with me my wofull heauinesse.

What stonie harte suche hardnes can retaine,
 That sharpe remorse no rest can finde therein:

What

What ruthlesse eyes so carelesse can remaine,
That daiely teares maie pitie winne:
For right I seeke and yet renewe my sore,
Vouchsalfe at length my saftie to restore.

My loue is lost, woe worthe in woe I dye,
Disdainfull harte doeth worke such hatefull spite:
In losse of loue a wretche must ioye to dye,
For life is death now hope is banisht quite:
O death approche bereue my life from me,
Why should I liue opprest with woe to be.

Finis. R. H.

The complaint of a Synner.

O Heauenly God! O Father dere! cast doune thy tender eye
Upon a wretche, that prostrate here before thy trone doeth lye:
O powre thy precious oyle of grace into my wounded harte,
O let the dropps of mercie swage the rigour of my smarte.

My fainting soule suppressed sore, with carefull clogge of sinne,
In humble sort submitts it self thy mercie for to winne:
Graunt mercie then, O saviour swete! to me moste wofull thrall,
Whose mornfull crie to thee, O Lorde! doeth still for mercie call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised vpon a stubborne minde,
And to the swaie of worldly thyngs myself I haue enclinde:
Forgetting heauen & heauely powers, where God and saints do dwel,
My life had likt to tread the path, y^t. leads the waie to hell.

But nowe my lorde, my lode starre bright, I will no more doe so,
To thinke vpon my former life my harte doeth melt for woe:
Alas! I sigh, alas! I sobbe, alas! I doe repent
That euer my licencious will so wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore with yernfull plain I doe thy mercie craue,
O Lorde for thy greate mercies sake let me thy mercie haue:
Restore to life the wretched soule that els is like to dye,
So shall my voyce vnto thy name syng praise eternally.

Now

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
 And blessed be the holie Ghoste, by whom all thyngs are doen:
 Blesse me, o blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
 That after death my soule maie haue in heauen a dwellyng place.

Finis. F. K.

*The fruite that sprynges from wilful wites, is ruthe, and ruins rage:
 And sure what heedelesse youth committes repentaunce rues in age.*

I rage in restlesse ruthe and ruins rule my daies,
 I rue, to late, my rechlesse youthe by rules of reasons waies:
 I ran so long a race in searche of surest waie,
 That leasure learnde me tread the trace that led to leud decaie.
 I gaue so large a raine to unrestrained bitt,
 That now with prooffe of after paine I waile my want of witt.
 I trifeled forth the tyme with trust to self conceiptes,
 Whilst ple^{ti}es vse prickt forth my prime to search for sugred baites:
 Wherein once learnde to finde I founde so sweete a taste,
 That dewe foresight of after speede self will esteemed waste:
 Whiche will, through wilfulnesse, hath wrought my witlesse fall,
 And heedlesse youthes unskilfulnesse hath lapt my life in thrall:
 Whereby by prooffe I knowe that pleasure breedeth paine,
 And he that euill seede doeth sowe euill frute must reape againe.
 Let suche therefore whose youth and purses are in Prime,
 Foresee & shun the helplesse ruthe which sews misspence of time.
 For want is next to waste and shame doeth synne ensue,
 Euil speding prooffe hath hedeles hast, myself hath proued it true.
 When neighbours next house burnes tis tyme thereof take hede,
 For fortunes whele hath choise of turnes which change of chases breds.
 My saile hath been aloft though now I beare but lowe,
 Who climes to high selde falleth soft, dedst ebbe hath highest flowe.

Finis. Q. Yloop.

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwellyng at the
 Southwest doore of S. Paules Church.

1576.

[*Copy of the title of edition 1580.*]

The Paradyse
of daintie Deuices.

Contayning sundrie pithie preceptes, learned
Counsels, and excellent Inuentions: right pleasaunt
and profitable for all estates.

Deuised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometimes
of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest by sundrye lear-
ned Gentlemen, both of Honour, and Wor-
ship, whose names hereafter
followe.

[*Device of Angel and heart.*]

Imprinted at London, by Henry Dizle,
dwelling in Paternoster Rowe, and are to be solde at
his Shoppe, in Cannons lane, neare the great
North Dore of S. Paules
Church.
1580.

[Back of the title arms of Sir Henry Compton Knight; and under them
the enumeration of authors, viz.]

The names of those who wrote these Deuises.	{ Saint Barnard. E. O. Lord Vaux, the elder. W. Hunis.	{ Jasper Heywood. F. Kindlemarsh. D. Sand. M. Yloop.
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[Additions from the edition of 1580.]

Amid the vale the slender shrubbe is hid from all mishap,
 When taller tree, that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clappe,
 The turrets tops which touch the clouds, are beat with every blast,
 Soon shivered are their stones with storme and quickly overcast:
 Best bodyed tree in all the world for timber beame is found,
 And to the axe the sturdiest oxe doth yeelde and fall to ground:
 The highest hill doth soonest feele the flash of lightnings flame,
 And soone decayes the pompe and pryde of high renowned name.
 Of all the heard the huntsman seekes by proof as doth appeare,
 With double forked arrowhead to wound the greatest deare.
 The haughtiest head of all the drove enjoyest the shortest life,
 And stains the slaughter house with blood, at prick of butchers knife.
 Thus what thing highest place attaines is soonest overthrowne,
 Whatever fortune sets aloft she threats to throw it downe:
 And though no force resist thy power, and seeke thee to confound,
 Yet doth the praise of weighty thinges declyne it selfe to ground.
 For restlesse tipe of rowling wheele example hath it tride,
 To heavy burthen yeelde it must full soone and slippe asyde.
 What vailes the rich his bed of downe, that sighes for sleeples thought,
 What time on couch of flock the poore sleepes sound and feareth nought:
 At homely boord his quiet foode, his drinks in treene be tane,
 When oft the proude in cuppes of gold, with wine receive their bane.
 The bed, the boord, the dread in doubt, with trayne to be opprest,
 When fortune frownes their power must yeelde as wyre unto the wrest,
 Whoso thou be that sits alow and tread the valleyes path,
 Thou needes not feare the thunder bolts of mighty Jove his wrath:
 If *Icarus* had not presumed to high to take his flight,
 He had not yet bene drowned in seas that now *Icarion* hight:
 If *Phaeton* had not enterprised to guide his fathers seate,
 His fires had not inflamed the world nor bene destroyed with heate:
 But whoso climes above the meane, there is no hope of stay,
 The higher up the sooner downe, and nearer his decay.
 Then you that here in pompe are plaste, to guide the golden mace,
 Let crowne & Scepter both obey the meane of virtues race.

For

For neither shall renowned virtue see the pitte of hell,
 Nor yet in tombe of marble stone she shall abide to dwell:
 And in that tombe full bravely dect, when that she shall depart,
 God send her rest and all thinges well according to desart.
 But from sepulcher flies she hence beyond the skies above,
 And glistering in the blissfull starres she raignes with mighty Jove.

Finis. Jasper Heywood.

A replie to M. Edwards May. [Ante fol. 1.]

I read a maying rime of late delighted much my eare,
 It may delight as many moe, as it shall reade or heare.
 To see how there is shewed how May is much of price,
 And eke to May when that you may even so is his advice.
 It seemes he meant to may himselfe, and so to use his skill,
 For that the time did serve so well, in May to have his will.
 His only May was ease of mind so farre as I can gesse,
 And that his May his mind did please a man can judge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruites of that his pleasant May,
 He wils his freende the same to use in time when as he may.
 He is not for himselfe it seemes but wisheth well to all,
 For that he would they should take May in time when it doth fall.
 So use your May, you may, it cannot hurtfull be,
 And May well used in time & place may make you mery gle:
 Modest maying meetest is, of this you may be sure,
 A modest maying quietnes to Mayers doth procure.

Who may & will not take, may wish he had so done,
 Who may & it doth take, may thinke he tooke too sone:
 So joyne your May with wisdomes lore and then you may be sure,
 Who makes his May in other sort his unrest may procure.
 Some may before May come, some may when May is past,
 Some make their May to late and some doe May post hast:
 Let wisdom rule I say your May, and thus I make an ende,
 And May that when you list to May, a good May God you sende.

Finis. M. S.

*An epitaph upon the death of Sir Edward Saunders, Knight, Lord
Chiefe Baron of the Exchequer.*

You muses weare your mourning weeds, strike on the fatal drome,
Sound *Triton* out the trumpe of Fame, in spite of *Parcas* dome:
Distill *Parnassus* pleasant drops, possesse *Pierides* place,
Apollo helpe with dolefull tune to waile this wofull case:
Wring hard your hands, waile on your losse, lament the fate that fell,
With sobs and sighes to *Saunders* say, oh *Saunders* now farewell!
Whom *Phœbus* fed with *Pallas* pappe, as one of *Sibils* seede,
Loe here where death did rest his corps, the vermine foule to feede:
Whom *Impes* of *Jove* with *Nectar* sweete, long in *Libethres* nourisht,
Behold how dreadfull death him brought, to the whence he came first;
Lycurgus he, for learned lawes, *Rhadamanthus* race that ranne,
Another *Nestor* for advice *Zalucus* fame that wanne:
A *Damon* deare unto his freend, in faith like *Phocion* found,
A *Cato* that could counsell give, to prince a subject sound:
Not *Athens* for their *Solon* sage, not *Rome* for *Numa* waile,
As we for *Saunders* death have cause, in fods of teares to saile.
Nor *Sparta* card for *Chilos* death, ne proud *Prienna* prest,
To wepe for *Bias* as we wayle for *Saunders* late possest.
His learned pathes, his talentes rare, so now by death appeares,
As he that *Salomon* sought to serve, in prime & youthfull yeeres:
His counsel sad, his rules, his lawes, in country soyle so wrought,
As though in *Cuma* he had ben of sage *Sibilla* taught:
His vertuous life was such I say, as Vertue did embrace,
By Vertue taught, in Vertues schoole to grow in Vertues race,
Might tender babes, might orphants weak, might widows rere the cry,
The sound thereof should pearce the cloudes, to skale the empire sky:
To bid the Gods to battel bend and to dissend in sight,
Though farre unfit, and mates unmeete, with mortal men to fight.
Too late (alas) we wish his life, to soone deceived us Death:
Too little wit we have to seeke the dead agayne to breath.
What helpelesse is must carelesse be, as Natures course doth shewe,
For Death shall reape what life hath sowed, by nature this we know.
Where is that fierce *Achilles* fled, where is King *Turnus* shroude,
What is become of *Piramus* state, where is *Periander* proud?

Hector

Hector, Hanno, Hannibal dead, *Pompeii, Pirrhus* spild,
Scipio, Cyrus, Cæsar slaine, and *Alexander* kild:
 So long there Fortune fast die flee and charged Fame to sound,
 Till frowning Fortune foyld by face which fawning Fortune found;
 Shun Fortunes feates, shake Fortune of, to none is Fortune sound,
 Sith none may say of Fortune so I fortune faithfull found:
 Beholde where Fortune flowed so fast, and favoured Saunders lure,
 Till fickle Fortune false again did Saunders death procure.
 Lo clothed could in cloddes of clay, in drossy dust remaine,
 By fate returned from whence he came to his mothers wombe againe.
 Who welnigh thirtie yeeres was judge, before a judge dyd fall,
 And judged by that mighty judge, which judge shall judge us all.
 The heavens may of right rejoyce, and earth may it bewayle,
 Sith heaven wan and earth hath lost the guide and arke of vaile:
 There gaine is muche, our losse is great, their mirth our mone is such,
 That they may laugh as cause doo yeeld, & we may weepe as much.
 O happy he, unhappy we, his hap doth aye increase,
 Happy he, & haplesse we, his hap shall never cease.
 We live to die, he dyed to live, we want & he possest,
 We bide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the Gods above him blest.
 Being borne to live, he lived to dye, and dyed to God so plaine,
 That birth, that life, that death doo shew that he shall live againe.
 His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied,
 His fame to time, his time to God, thus Saunders lived & dyed.
 O happy life, O happier death, O tenne times happy he,
 Whose hap it was, such hap to have, a judge this age to be.
 Oh joyfull time, Oh blessed soyle, where *Pallas* rules with witte,
 O noble state, O sacred seate, where *Saba* sage dooth sitte!
 Like *Susan* sound, like *Sara* sad, with *Hesters* mace in hand,
 With *Judiths* sword, *Bellona* like, to rule this noble land.
 I had my will, you had your wish, I laugh, rejoyce you may,
 I wan now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy day:
 Wherein I dyed, wherein you live, Oh treble happy cost!
 Wherein I joyed in glory great, wherein you triumph most.
 Knele on your knees, knock hard your brests, sound forth the joyfull drome,
 Clap loude your handes, sound Echo say, the golden world is come.

Rejoyce

Rejoyce you judges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
 As never earst you judges had in England mirth so much.
 Here *Cuma* is, here *Sibill* raignes, on *Delphos* seate to sitte,
 Here she like *Phœbus* rules, that can *Gordius* knot unknitte.
 I lived to nature long enough, I lived to honour much,
 I lived at wish, I died at will, to see my country such,
 As neither needes it *Numas* lawes nor yet *Apollos* sweward,
 For mauger Mars, yet Mars shall be of this our Queene afeard.
 O peerlesse pearle! O diamond deer! O queene of queenes, farwell,
 Your royall majestie God preserve in England long to dwell.
 Farwell the *Phoenix* of the world, farwell my soveraigne queene,
 Farwell most noble vertuous prince, *Minervas* mate I weene.
 No juel, gemme, no golde to give, no pearles from *Pactolos* lo,
 No Persian Gaze, no Indian stones, no *Tagus* sandes to show.
 But faith & will to native soyle alive & dead I finde,
 My hart, my mind, my love I leaue unto my prince behinde.
 Farwel you nobles of this land, farwel you judges grave,
 Farwel my felowes, frendes & mates, your Queene I say God save.
 What rise in time in time doth fall, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
 What lives in time, in time shall dye and yeelde to *Parcas* webbe.
 The sunne to darknes shal be turnd, the starres from skies shall fall,
 The moone to blood, the world with fire shalbe consumed all.
 As smoke or vapour vanish streight, as bubbles rise & fall,
 As cloudes do passe, or shadow shiftes we live, we dye so all.
 Our pomp, our pride, our triumph most, our glory great herein,
 Like shattering shadow passe away, as though none such had bin.
 Earth, water, ayre, & fire, as they were earst before,
 A lump confused and *Chaos* calld, so shall they once be more.
 And all to earth, that came from earth, and to the grave descend,
 For earth on earth, to earth shall goe, and earth shall be the end.
 As Christ ascended up in clowdes, so Christ in clowdes shall come,
 To judge both good & bad on earth, at dreadful day of dome.
 From whence our flesh shall rise againe, even from the drossy dust,
 And so shall passe I hope unto the mansion of the just.

Finis. Lodowick Lloyd.

Of a Freend & a Flatterer.

A trustie freend is rare to finde, a fawning foe may sone be got:
 A faithful frend bere stil in mind, but fawning foe regard thou not.
 A faithfull freend no cloke doth crave to colour knavery withal;
 But *Sicophant* a Gun must have to beare a part what ere befall.

A nose to smel out every feast, a brasen face to set it out,
 A shamles child or homely gest, whose life doth like to range about,
 A fauning foe while wealth doth last, a thefe to rob & spoile his freend,
 As strong as oke while wealth doth last, but rotten sticke doth prove in
 (the end.

Looke first, then leape, beware the mire;
 Burnt child is warnd to dread the fire.
 Take heede my freend, remember this,
 Short horse (they say) soone curried is.

Finis. M. Edwards.

*If thou desire to live in quiet rest,
 Geve eare and see but say the best.*

*If thou delight in quietness of life,
 Desire to shunne from broles, debate & strife.
 To live in love with God with freend & foe,
 In rest shalt sleepe when others cannot so.*

*Give eare to all, yet doo not all beleewe,
 And see the end, and then do sentence geeve:
 But say for truth of happy lives assinde,
 The best hath he that quiet is in minde.*

Finis. M. Hunnis.

A dialogue between the Auctour and his eye.

Auctour.

My eye why didst thou light on that which was not thine?
 Why hast thou with thy sight thus slaine an hart of mine?
 O thou unhappie eye, woulde God thou hadst been blinde,
 When first thou didst her spie for whom this grief I finde.

Eye.

Eye.

Why sir it is not I that do deserve such blame,
Your fancie not your eye is causer of the same:
For I am ready prest, as page that serves your ease,
To searche what thing is best, that might your fancie please.

Auctour.

I sent thee forth to see, but not so long to bide,
Though Fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancie's guide:
Thy message being done, thou mightst return againe,
So Cupid Venus sonne no whit my hart should paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth swaye, there Cupid will be holde,
And reason flies away from Cupid's shafte of golde:
If you finde cause thereby, some deale of painefull smarte,
Alas blame not your eye, but blame consent of harte.

Auctour.

My hart must I excuse and lay the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when hart from thought was free:
Thy sight thus brought consent, consent hath bred my grief,
And grief bids be content, with sorrow for relief.

Finis. M. Hunnis.

No paines comparable to his attempt.

Like as the dolefull dove delightes alone to bee,
And doth refuse the bloumed branche, chusing the leafelesse tree.
Whereon wailing his chaunce, with bitter teares besprent,
Doth with his bill his tender breast oft pearse and all to rent.
Whose greevous gronyngs tho' whose gripes of pynning paine,
Whose gastly lookes, whose bloudy streames out flowing from each vaine,
Whose falling from the tree, whose panting on the grounde,
Examples bee of myne estate, tho there appeare no wounde.

Finis. W. Hunnis.

He repenteth his folly.

Alacke when I looke backe, upon my youth that's paste,
And deeply ponder youthe's offence and youthe's reward at laste,
With sighes & teares I say, O God I not denie,
My youth with follie hath deserved, with follie for to die.
But yet if ever sinfull man might mercie move to ruthe,
Good Lord with mercie doe forgive the follies of my youthe.

In

In youth I rangde the feeldes, where vices all did growe,
 In youth alas I wanted grace, such vice to overthrowe.
 In youth what I thought sweete, most bitter now do finde,
 Thus hath the follies of my youth with folly kept me blind.
 Yet as the egle castes her bill, whereby her age renueth,
 So Lord with mercy doe forgive the follies of my youth.

Finis. M. Hunnis.

*Written upon the death of his especiall good friend Maister John Barnabie,
 who departed this life at Bensted, in the countie of Southampton,
 25 January, 1579, Ætatis 78.*

Mine owne good father thou art gone, thine eares are stopt with clay,
 Thy gost is fled, thy body dead, thou hearste not what I say.
 Thy dearest friends may sigh & sobb, thy children cry and call,
 Thy wife may waile & not prevaile, nor doe thee good at all.
 Though reason would we should reioyce, and trickling teares restraine,
 Yet kindlynes, and friendlynes, enforce us to complaine.
 Thy life was good, our losse the more, thy presence cher'd our hart,
 Thy lacke and absence turn'd therefore our solace into smart.
 I found thee both a kindly friend, and friendly father too:
 Barnabie lacks breath, O cruell death, & couldst thou part us two?
 But death derides my wofull words, and to my saying saith,
 Though foolish wight, I did but right, I force nor friend nor faith.
 The Lord of life & Lord of death my threatening hand did let,
 Else when that he in cradle lay, I might have claim'd my debt.
 His corps is clad in cloddes of earth, his soule doth soore on hie,
 Before the throne of God above, whose servaunt he did die.
 And thou his frend & she his spouse, and they his children shall
 Behold the father frend & mate, whose absence greeves you all.
 But he nor can, nor will returne to thee, to her, or them,
 For heaven is his, he lives in blisse, ye dwell with mortall men.
 Ye dwell in darke & dreadfull denne, in prison pent are yee,
 He lives in light, & all delight, from thraldome franke & free.
 Wishe not that he should come to you, for then you doe him wrong,
 But wishe that ye may goe to him, the blessed saintes among.

Finis. H. D.

Cælum non solum,

No joy comparable to a quiet minde.

In lothsome race pursued by slippery life,
Whose sugred guile doth glistering joy present :
The carefull ghost oppressed sore with strife,
Yeeldes ghostly grones from painefull passions sent.
The sinfull flesh, that beares him here in vewe,
In steede of life doth dreadfull death pursue.

The way he seeth by touche of merites grace,
Wherein to runne alas he gladly would :
But filthy fleshe, his wretched dwelling place,
Doth so rebell at that which doe he should,
That silly soule, who feeles his heauie neede,
Can only will but naught performe in deede.

The will through grace doth oft desire the good,
But all in vaine for that the fleshly foe
Yeeldes forth such fruites as sinnes hath bred in bud,
And blindly suckes the sapp of deadly woo,
Esteeming showes of fickell fancies knowen
And scorning fruite by grace eternall sowen.

'Though eye doth see that death doth swallow all,
Both life and lust and every sound delight :
Yet wretched fleshe through sinne is made so thrall,
That nought it markes apparent thinges in sight,
That might him traine to care of better grace,
Both doth his bale with greedy lust imbrace.

Then sins desert and all things weare away,
That nought remaine but fruite of grace or sinne :
God build in us such conscience as can say,
This fruit's not mine but sinne that dwelt me in.
For why to sinne I dayly do in sight,
That unto Christ I may revive my spright.

Finis. q. Candish.

The Paradise

A complaint.

If *Cressed* in her gadding moode,
 Had not gone to the Greekish host,
 Where she by *Diomed* was woode,
 And wonne from him that lovde her most,
 She had not fallen to such mischeefe,
 Nor turned *Troylus* to such greefe.

Nor *Diomed* had not upbrayed,
 To worthy *Troylus* *Cressed* spoyle:
 Nor these two worthies had not frayed,
 So oft ech others fame to toyle:
 If catterwaling *Cressed* coy
 Had taried with her love in *Troy*.

No *Troians* foe, nor cruell Greike,
 Had triumphte over her good name,
 If she had not gone forth to seeke
 The campe where women winne no fame:
 She had been calde no common Gill,
 If she in *Troy* had tarried still.

She had not knowne the Lazars call,
 With cuppe & clap her almes to winne:
 Nor how infective scabbe and scall,
 Do cloth the Lepre Ladies skinne:
 She had no such distresse in *Troy*,
 But honour, favour, wealth, and ioy.

Howbeit she could not tarry there,
 But needes forsooth a gadding go,
 To feele the tast of straungers chere:
 Nise novelty lo prickt her so,
 She could not hold where she was well,
 But strayed and into ruin fell.

I pleasure not to blaze her blame
 Nor chiding cannot mend her mis:
 But all good women by her shame
 May learn what catterwaling is.

For wandring women, most men say,
Cannot be good and goe astray.

It is not women's exercise,
To straye or gadde in field or towne,
Men count them neyther good nor wyse,
They blot and blemish their renowne.
They hurt their fame, they please their foe,
And greeves their friend to see them so.

Finis. Troylus.

A Replye.

No gadding moode, but forced strife,
Compelled me retire from Troy:
If Troylus would have vowde his wife,
We might have dwelt in former ioy.
No *Diomede*, nor Greekish wight,
Had sought my blame or his despight.

If ought the feeble force of mine
Could have withstood the kingly heast,
If flowing fluds of stilled rine,
Had pittie found in *Troians* brest,
I had not bene Antenor's prise,
Nor thus bene thrall to noted vise.

The blome of blame had not bine spread,
The seede of shame had not bine sowne,
If knightly prowes his mind had lead,
By rightfull force to keepe his owne.
I had not thralld bine to ill,
If he in Troy had kept me still.

My heauie hart & dolefull case,
Which craves your pitie not your spight,
Full well you know hath had no place,
If he had garded well his right.
I see your curtesie small, your store,
That blaze my plague to make it more.

You

You say in Troy I would not bee,
 With gadding mind you charge me still:
 When well you know that hie decree
 Did send me forth against my will.
 Sith thus you triumph at my fall,
 Ye ought to tell the cause withall.

If nought you joy to blaze my blame,
 You woulde not hunt for termes of spight,
 Nor faine me cause of all the same,
 Small honour wonne in such a fight.
 For they that noble minded bee,
 Will rue the case & pittie mee.

I well allowe your finall clause,
 To gadde & runne doth blot the name,
 But lay the fault unto the cause,
 And graunt him gilthy of the same,
 Who bred the bud that pleased my foe,
 That greeved my friendes & hurt me soe.

Finis. Cressida.

That Love is requited by disdaine.

In searche of things that secret are, my mated muse began,
 What it might be, molested most the head & minde of man.
 The bending brow of Prince's face, to wrath that doth attend,
 Or want of parentes, wyfe or chylde, or losse of faithfull friend.
 The roring of the cannon shot, that makes the peece to shake,
 Or terrour, such as mighty Jove from heaven above can make.
 All these in fine may not compare, experience so doth prove,
 Unto the tormentes sharpe & straunge, of such as be in love.

Love lookes alofte, and laughs to scorne all such as greefe anoy,
 The more extreame their passions be, the greater is his joy.

Thus

Thus Love as Victor of the field, triumphes above the rest,
And joyes to see his subjectes lye with living death in brest.
But dire disdayne lets drive a shafte, and gaules this bragging foole,
He pluckes his plumes, unbendes his bowe, and sets him new to scoole:
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conquerour over all,
Now yeeldes himselfe unto disdayne, his Vassall, & his thrall.

Finis. W. Hunnis.

Of a contented state.

In welth we see some welthy men, abound in welth most welthily,
In welth we see those men agayn, in welth do live most wretchedly.
And yet of wealth having more store,
Than earst of wealth they had before. (have,
These wealthy men do seme to want, they seem to want the most they
The more posses, the more they crave, the more they crave the greater
That most they have, they think but skant, (store,
Yet not content, wo be therefore.
The simple men that lesse welth have, with lesser welth we se content,
Content are they twixt welth & scath, a life to leade indifferent.
And thus of wealth these men have more,
Than those of which we spoke before.
Finis. W. Hunnis.

Bethincking himselfe of his end, writeth thus.

When I behold the baier, my last and posting horse,
That bare shall to the grave my vile and carren corse,
Then say I seely wretche, why doest thou put thy trust,
In things eiche made of clay, that soone will turn to dust?

Doest thou not see the yong, the hardy and the fayre,
That now are past & gone as though they never were,
Doest thou not see thyselfe draw howerly to thy last,
As shaftes which that is shotte at byrdes that flieth fast?

Doest thou not see how death through smyteth with his launce,
Some by warre, some by plague, and some by worldly chaunce?
What thing is there on earth, for pleasure that was made,
But goeth more swift away than doth the Sommer shade?

Loe

Loe here the Sommer flower, that sprong this other day,
 But Wynter weareth as fast, and bloweth cleane away :
 Even so shalt thou consume, from youth to lothsome age,
 For death he doth not spare the Prince more than the Page.

Thy house shall be of clay, a clotte under thy head,
 Untill the latter day the grave shall be thy bed.
 Untill the blowing tromp doth say to all & some,
 Rise up out of your grave, for now the judge is come.

Finis. L. Vaux.

A description of the world.

What is this world, a net to snare the soule,
 A mas of sinne, a desert of deceite,
 A momentes joy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a lothsome bayte,
 Unto the mind a canker worm of care,
 Unsure, unjust in rendring man his share.

A place where Pride orerunnes the honest minde,
 Where rich men joynes to robbe the shiftlesse wretch,
 Where bribing mistes doe blinde the judges eyes,
 Where Parasites the fattest crums do catch,
 Where good desartes, which challenge like reward,
 Are overblowne with blastes of light regard.

And what is manne? dust, slime, a puffe of wynde,
 Conceavde in sinne, plaste in the world with greefe,
 Brought up with care, till care hath caught his minde,
 And then till death vouchsafe him some releefe.
 Day, yea nor night, his care doth take an ende,
 To gather goods for other men to spende.

Oh foolish man that art in office plaste,
 Thinke whence thou camste, and whither thou shalt go :
 The hautchie okes, small windes have overcast,
 When slender weedes in roughest weather groe.
 Even so pale death oft spares the wretched wight,
 And woundeth you who wallow in delight.

You

You lusty youthes that nourish hie desire,
 Abase your plumes, which makes you looke so bigge,
 The collyers cut the courtiers steede will tyre,
 Even so the clarke the Parsons grave doth digge,
 Whoso happe is yet here long life to winne,
 Doth heape, God wot, but sorrow upon sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
 The thunderboltes the lofty towers tare,
 The lightning flashe consumes the house of reede,
 Yea more in time all earthly thinges will weare,
 Save only man, who as his earthly time is,
 Shall live in woe, or else in endlesse blisse.

Finis. G. G.

Being in love he complaineth.

My haute desyre, to hye that seeketh rest,
 My feare to find, where hope my help should give,
 My sighes and plaintes sent from unquiet brest,
 The hardned hart that will not truth beleeve,
 Bids me dispayre, and Reason saith to me,
 Forsake for shame, the sute that shameth thee.

But when mine eyes behold the alluring cayes,
 Which only me to Cupids spoyle have trainde,
 Desyre anew doth worke his wonted wayes,
 Thus shall I freeze, and yet I frye in payne,
 O quenchlesse fyre to quayle and quick agayn.

Such is the flame, where burning love doth last,
 As hye ne low can beare with Reasons bitte,
 And such is love, wherein is settled fast,
 That naught but death can ease his fervent fitte,
 Then cannot I, nor love will me forsake,
 Sweete is the death, that faithfull love doth make.

Finis. M. Edwardes.

An

An Epitaph upon the death of Syr William Drury Knight, Lord Justice and Governour of Yreland, deceased at Waterford the thyrd of October, An. Do. 1579.

In place where wantes Apollo with his lute,
There peevish Pan may prease to pipe a daunce,
Where men of skill & learned Clarkes are mute,
There fooles may prate, & hit the truth perchaunce.
Why spare I then to speake, when all are mumme,
And Vertue left forgot in time to come.

Give pardon then to him that takes in hande,
Though never taught with Poets pen to write,
Will yet presume, to let you understand,
No straunge event, although a sieldome sight,
Which late I saw; a dolefull tale to tell,
And followeth thus, then marke how it befell.

I saw *Report* in mourning weede arayde,
Whose blubbered eyes bewrayed some secret greefe,
Besprent with teares, with sighes & sobbes he sayd,
You martiall wights abandone all releefe,
Come wayle with me, whose losse is not alone,
When you your selves have greatest cause to mone.

For *Drurie* he the choyce of all your trayne,
Your greatest guyde, and lampe of clearest light,
The only man *Bellona* did retayne,
Her champion chefe, and made *Syr Mars* his Knight,
Even he is now bereaved of his breath,
Tis you, tis you, may most lament his death.

Then might I see a warlike crew appeare,
Came marching on with weapons traylde on ground,
Their outward show bewrayde their inward cheare,
Their droms & tromps did yeeld a dolefull sound,
They marched thus in sad & solemne sort,
As men amasde to hear this late report.

And

And in the midst of this their heavy muse,
I might perceiue in sight a worthy dame,
Who by her speech and tenure of her newes,
I knew her well, and saw twas Lady Fame,
With tromp in hand, and thus me thought she sed,
You worthy wights, your Drurie is not dead.

He liveth he amongst the blessed route,
Whose noble actes hath purchaste endlesse fame;
Whylste world doth last, no time shall wear him out,
Nor death for all his spight abridge his name,
But Drurie still for euer shall remayne,
His fame shall live, in Flaunders, Fraunce and Spayne.

The Germanes eke, Italyans, and the rest,
Can well discourse of Druries deedes at large,
With whom he served a champyon ready prest,
At all assaultes, the formost to give charge
In many a fraye, himself he did aduance,
Tweene Charles of Rome, and Henrie King of Fraunce.

In vayne to vaunt, the credite he attayn'de,
In native soyle, where he was knowne so well,
And *Brute* hath blowne, what glory he hath gaynde,
To Scottish land, where they themselves can tell,
In Edenbrough he wan there mayden tower,
By first assault perforce the Scotishe power.

But Ireland thou, thou thrice accursed soyle,
Thy lucke is losse, thy fortune still withstoode.
What mischief more, to worke thy greater spoyle,
Then loss of him that ment thee greatest good:
Yet canst thou say, Syr *Druries* noble name
In Ireland still shall bide in lasting fame.

Wherefore

Wherefore you worthy wightes, leave of to wayle,
 Your Drurie lives, his fame for aye shall last,
 His vertues byde, though wretched lyfe do fayle,
 And taking then her tromp she blewe a blast,
 Which sounded more his praise then I can write,
 Or with my tongue expresse in order right.

Then might I heare the Souldyers give a shoute,
 The sounde whereof redounded in the skie,
 Great joy was made amongst the armed route
 With streined throtes, then all at once they cry,
 He lives, he lives, our Drurie is not deed,
 His vertues rare by Fame shall still be spread.

In order then themselves they did retire,
 Their weapons vaunst, with ensignes brave displayde:
 What would you more? Report is made a lyer,
 Syr Drurie lives, sufficeth what is sayde.
 What though his corpes entombed be in clay,
 His vertues shyne, that never shall decay.

Vivit post funera virtus.
 by Barnabe Ritche, Gent.

[*Additions from the edition of 1600.*]

N^o 23. *Golden Precepts.*

Perhaps you thinke me bold that dare presume to teach,
As one that runnes beyond his race, & rowes beyond his reach :
Sometime the blinde doe goe where perfect sights doo fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct the wisest heads of all.

If needfull notes I give that unto vertue tende,
Methinks you should of rights vouchsafe your listening eares to lend :
A whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it well we see,
And I though blunt may whet your wit, if you attentive be.

First these among the rest I wish you warely heede,
That God be served, your prince obey'd, & friends releev'd at need :
Then looke to honest thrift both what and how to have,
At night examine so the day, that bed be thought a grave.

Seeke not for others goods, be just in word & deed,
For got with shifts are spent with shame, believe this as thy creede :
Boast not of nature's gifts, nor yet of Parent's name,
For vertue is the onelie meane to win a worthy fame.

Ere thou dost promise make, consider well the end,
But promise past be sure thou keep, both with thy foe & friend :
Threat not revenge too much, it shewes a Craven's kinde,
But to prevaile, & then forgive, declares a noble minde.

Forget no friendship's debt, wish to requite at least,
For God & man, yea all the world, condemnes the ungrateful beast.
Weare not a friendly face with hart of Judas kisse,
It shewes a base & vile conceite, & not where valure is.

Fly from a fauning flurt, & from a cogging mate, (hate.
Their love breeds losse, their praise reproch, their friendshippe breedes but
Seeke not to loose by wiles that law & duetie bindes,
They be but helpes of Banckrouts heads, & not of honest mindes.

The motions of the flesh, and choler's heate restraine,
For heapes of harmes doo daily hap, where lust or rage doth raigne :
In diet, deede & woordes, a modest meane is best,
Enough suffiseth for a feast, but riot findes no rest.

And

And so, to make an end, let this be borne away,
That vertue alwayes be thy guide, so shalt thou never stray.

Finis. A. Boucher.

24. *In prayse of the snayle.*

The deepe turmoiled wight, that lives devoid of ease,
Whose wayward wits are often found more wavering than the seas,
Seeks sweete repose abroad, and takes delight to roam,
Where reason leaves the snales for rule, to keep a quiet home.

Leap not before you looke, least harme thy hope assaile
Haste haverk makes in hurtfull wise, wherefore be slow as snaile.
Refraine from rash attempt, let take heede by thy skill
Let Wisdom bridle brainsicke wit, and leysure worke thy will.

Dame Reason bids, I say, in things of doubt be slacke,
Lest rashness purchase thee the wrong that wisdom wils as lacke
By rashness divers have been deadly ouercome,
By kindly creeping on like Snaile, Duke FABE his fame hath wonne.

Though some as swifte as hawkes can stoope to every stale,
Yet I refuse such sudden flight, and will seem slow as snaile:
Wherfore my pretty Snaile be still, and lay thee warme,
Save envious frets, mauger their fumes, there's few shall doo thee harme.

Because in some respects thou holds me to be wise,
I place thee for a President, and sign before mine eyes:
Was never any yet that harme in thee could find,
Or dare avow that ever snaile wrought hurt to human kind.

I know Dame Phisick doth thy friendly helpe implore,
And craves the salve from thee ensues to cure the crased sore:
Sith Phisick then allows the vertues in degree,
In spight of spight I wear thee still that well contenteth me.

Finis.

A young gentleman willing to travaile into forraine parts being entreated to stay in England: who wrote as followeth.

Who seeks the way to win renowne,
Or fleeth with wings of high desire,
Who seeks the way to win renowne,
Or hath the mind that would aspire,
Let him his native soil eschewe
Let him goe range and seeke anew.

Each haughty heart is well content
With every chance that shall betide,
No hap can hinder his intent,
He stedfast stands though Fortune slide:
The Sunne, sayeth he, doth shine as well
Abroad, as erst where I did dwell.

In change of streames each fish can live,
Each fowl content with every ayre,
The noble minds each where can thrive,
And not be drowned in deepe despaire:
Wherefore I judge all lands alike
To haughty hearts that Fortune seeke.

To tosse on seas some think a toyle,
Some think it strange abroad to rome,
Some think it greef to leewe their soyle,
Their Parents, kindsfolks, & their home:
Think who so list, I like it not
I must abroad to try my lot.

Who list at home at cart to drudge,
And carke & care for worldly trash,
With buckled shoe let him goe trudge,
Instead of launce a whip to swash:
A mind that's base himself will show
A carrion sweet to feed the crow.

If Jason of that mind had been,
 Or wandring Prince that came from Greece,
 The golden fleece had been to winne,
 And Priam's Troy had been in blisse:
 Though dead in deed & clad in clay
 Their worthy fame will ne'er decay.

The worthies nine that were of might
 By travaile wonne immortal praise
 If they had lived like carpet-knights,
 Consuming idly all their dayes,
 Their praises had been with them dead
 Where now abroad their fame is spread.

Finis.

A wittie & pleasant conceit.

What fonde delight, what fancies strange,
 What deepe dispight, what suddaine change,
 What stilling greefe, what deepe debates
 Do runne so rife in doltish pates!

Who viewes & sees & takes no heede,
 Who seekes degrees & cannot speede,
 Instead of joyes shall reape such woes,
 As breed annoyes twixt freends & foes.

Who wiving wants, & lives alone,
 When thriving, scants is overthrown;
 Who seeks to thrive & finds no way,
 May chance to strive & mar the play.

Who spends his wealth & winnes the wine,
 Doth hurt himself & help the swine,
 Who haunts the house where ale is sold,
 May gaine a crust, & lose his gold.

Who spinnes by spight, & reels by woe,
 Who takes delight in roling so,
 Doth dubb himself a drowsy head
 And brings a drowsie foole to bed.

Who

Who rides aloft and cannot rule
Who sits not soft and keeps his stoole,
Doth both content themselves with wrong,
But wise men will not use it long.

Finis. J. H.

Maister Edwards his "I may not."

In May by kinde Dame Nature wills all earthly wights to sing,
In May the new and coupled fowls may joy the lively spring,
In May the Nightingale her notes doth warble on the spray,
In May the birds their mossie nests do timber as they may,
In May the swift and turning Hart her bagged belly slakes,
In May the little sucking Wattes do play with tender flaxe,
All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remove,
I sorrow in May since I may not in May obtain my love.

The stately Hart in May doth mue his old and palmed beames,
His state renewes in May, he leaps to view Apollo's streames,
In May the Buck his horned tops doth hang vpon the pale,
In May he seekes the pastures greene in ranging over the dale,
In May the oglie speckled snake doth cast her loathsome skinne,
In May the better that he may increase the scalie kinne.
All things in May I see they may reioice like Turtle Dove,
I sorrow in May since I may not in May obtain my love.

Now may I mourn in fruitful May who may or can redresse,
My May is sorrow since she that may withholds my May afresh,
Thus must I play in pleasant May till I may May at will
With her in May, whose May my life now may both save and spill.
Contented hearts that have your hope, in May you may at large
Unfold your joys, expell your cares, and maske in pleasure's Barge,
Save I alone in May that may lament for my behove,
I mourne in May till that I may in May obtain my love.

Finis.

The complaint of a sorrowful soul.

O soveraigne salve of sin who doost my soul behold,
 That seekes her self from tangling faults by striving to unfold,
 What plea shall I put in when thou dost summons send
 To judge the people of the earth and give the world an end
 When every deed and word, yea, every secret thought,
 In open view of all the world shall unto light be brought.

So many judges shall against me sentence give,
 As by example of good works hath taught how I should live;
 So many pleaders shall confound my careful case,
 As have in one by sound advice sought to engraft by grace:
 So many shall that time against me witnesse beare,
 As have beheld my fruitlesse faith and saw my sinnes appeare.

Whereon whiles I do muse on my amazed mind,
 Froward thoughts familiar foes most fierce assaults I finde,
 My conscience to my face doth flatly me accuse,
 My secret thoughts within my eares did whisper still these newes.
 Mine avarice and bribery my pride doth brag me down,
 Mine Envy frets me like a file at other folks' renown.

Concupiscence inflames, and lusts my limbs infect,
 My meat doth burthen, and my drinke my weakness dooth detect,
 My slaunders rend my fame, ambition dooth supplant,
 My greedinesse is not content but makes me waite for want,
 My mirth but flattery is, my sorrowes are unkinde,
 Sith pleasures ronne me out of breathe, and greefes suppresses my minde.

Behold my God whose might may me a freeman make,
 These were my friends whose counsels curst I was content to take,
 These were the lawless lords whom I did serve alway,
 These were the Maisters whose mad hests I did too much obey.
 Behold my faults most foul which folly first did frame,
 In loving them I should have loathed, whence breedeth all my bane.
 Now doo I look aloft with bashful blushing face
 On glory thine, that so I may discern my owne disgrace:
 My many spots and great must needs encrease my guilt.
 Unless thou wash them in thy blood that for my sake was spilt.

Forgive

Forgive the faults O Lord which I from hart repent,
And grant my days to come may be in thy sweet service spent.

Finis. J. Haywood.

Alluding his state to the prodigal child.

The wandering youth whose race so rashly runne
Hath left behind to his eternal shame
The thriftless title of the prodigal sonne,
To quench remembrance of his other name
May now divide the burthen of his blame
With me, whom wretchlesse thoughts enticed still
To tread the tract of his unruly will.

He tooke his child's part at his father's hands,
Of God's free grace his gifts I did receive,
He travailed farre in many forraine lands,
My restless minde would never ranging leave,
False queanes did him of all his coine bereave,
Fond fancies stuff'd my braine with such abuse,
That no good hap could seeke to any use.

They drave him out when all his pence was spent,
My lusts left me when strength with age was worne,
He was full faine a farmer's hogs to tend,
My life misled did reape deserved scorne,
Through hunger huge wherewith his trips were torne,
He wisht for swads, even so wisht I most vaine
In fruitlesse pleasure fondly to remaine.

Now to come home with him and pardon pray,
My God I say against the heavens and thee
I am not worthy that my lips should say,
Behold thy handy worke and pity me :
Of mercy yet my soule from faults set free,
To serve thee here, till thou appoint the time
Through Christ unto thy blessed joyes to clime.

Finis. J. Haywood.

[*Copy of the title of edition 1600*]

The
Paradice
of Daintie Deuices.

Contayning many pithy precepts, learned Coun-
sayles and excellent inuentions: right pleasant and
profitable for all estates.

Deuised and written for the most parte by
M. Edwards—sometime of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest by
sundry Gentlemen both of Honour, and Wor-
ship whose names hereafter
followe.

Whereunto is added sundry new inuentions,
very pleasant and delightfull.

At London
Printed for Edward White, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the little North doore
of Paules Church, at the signe of
the Gunne.

[*Back of the Title*]

The names of those who wrote
these Deuises

{ Saint Barnard. E. O. Lord Vaux, the elder. W. Hunnis. }	{ Iasper Haywood. F. Kindlemarsh. D. Sand. M. Yloope. }
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[*Colophon*]

At London
Printed for Edward White, dwelling at the
little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe
of the Gunne
1600.

THE TRANSLATION

of the blessed Saint Barnards
verses, conteynnyng the vnstable felicitie
of this wayfaring worlde.

*Cur mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est transitoria:
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia, quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.*

Why dooth eache state apply it selfe to worldly prayse?
And vndertake such toyle, to heape vp honours gayne:
Whose seate, though seeming sure, on fickle fortune stayes,
Whose giftes were neuer proued, perpetuall to remayne?
But euen as earthen pot, with euery fillip fayles,
So fortunes fauour flittes, and fame with honour quayles.

*Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacie, quam mundi fragilis, vanæ fallaciæ.
Fallax in premijs, virtutis specie, quæ numquam habuit, tempus fiducia.*

Thinke rather firme to finde a figure grauen in Ise,
Whose substance subiect is to heate of shynyng sunne:
Then hope for stedfast stay, in wanton worldes deuise,
Whose fained fond delightes, from falsheds forge doo come.
And vnder Vertues veyle, are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing those, who thinke their date wyll neuer out.

*Magis credendū est viris fallacibus, quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus.
Falsis insanijs & voluptatibus, falsis quoquæ studiis & vanitatibus.*

The trifeling truethles tongue of rumours lying lippes,
Deserues more trust, then dooth the highest happy hap:
That world to worldlinges geues, for see how honour slippes,
To foolishe fond conceytes, to pleasures poysoned sap.
To studyes false in prooffe, to artes applyed to gayne,
To fickle fancies toyes, which wysedome deemeth vayne.

Dic vbi

S. Barnards verses.

*Dic vbi Salomon, olim tam nobilis? vel vbi Samson est, dux inuincibilis?
Veldulcis Ionathas, multũ amabilis? vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis?*

Where is the sacred king, that Salomon the wyse,
Whose wysdome, former time, of ductione did commend?
Where is that Samson strong, that monstrous man in syze,
Whose forced arme, dyd cause the mighty pillers bend?
Where is the peareles Prince, the freendly Ionathas?
Or Absolon, whose shape and fauour did surpasse?

*Quo Cæsar abiit; celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic vbi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio.*

Where is that Cæsar nowe, whose hygh renowned fame,
Of sundry conquestes wonne throughout the world did sound?
Or *Diues* riche in store, and rich in richely name,
Whose chest with gold and dishe, with daynties did abound?
Where is the passing grace of *Tullies* pleding skill?
Or *Aristotles* vayne, whose penne had witte and wyll?

*O esca vermium, o' massa pulueris, o' ros, o' vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus vtrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris.*

O foode of filthy woorme, oh lumpe of lothsome clay,
O life full like the deawe, which mornyng sunne dooth waste,
O shadowe vayne, whose shape with sunne dooth shrinke away,
Why gloryest thou so much, in honour to be plaste?
Sith that no certayne houre of life thou dost enioy,
Most fyt it were, thy tyme in goodnesse to employ.

*Quam breue festũ est, hæc mũdi gloria, vt umbra hominũ sic eius gaudia,
Quæ semper subtrahit æterna præmia & ducunt hominũ, ad dura deuia.*

How short a banquet seemes the pompe of high renowme?
How like the senseles shape, of shiuering shadowe thinne,
Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh downe
Our harts from hope, & hands from works which heauen should win;

And

S. Barnards verses.

And takes vs from the trod, which guides to endles gayne,
And sets vs in the way, that leades to lastyng payne.

*Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, sacris in litteris, flos fæni dicitur
Vt leue folium, quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominem, hac vita tollitur.*

The pompe of worldly prayse, which worldlinges hold so deere,
In holy sacred booke, is likened to a flowre:
Whose date dooth not conteyne, a weeke, a moonth, or yeere,
But springing nowe, dooth fade againe within an houre.
And as the lightest leafe, with winde about is throwne,
So lyght is lyfe of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

Finis. My Lucke is losse.

Beware of had I wylt.

Beware of had I wylt, whose fine bringes care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deemd thou art:
So shall thy perfect freend enioy his hoped hyre,
And faythlesse fawning foe shall misse theeffect of his desyre.
Good wylt shall haue his gayne, and hate shal heape despite,
A faithlesse freend shall finde distrust, and loue shall reape delight.
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy freend shall ioy thy fate.
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall ioy thy state,
But this my fond aduise may seeme perchaunce but vayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then howe a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teache to finde a freend,
But safely how to loue and leaue, is all that I entend.
And yf you prooue in part, and finde my counsell true,
Then wyshe me well for my good wylt, tis all I craue, adewe.

Finis. My lucke is losse.

The perfect tryall of a faythfull freend.

Not stayed state, but feeble stay,
Not costly robes, but bare aray:
Not passed wealth, but present want
Not heaped store, but slender skant:
Not plenties purse, but poore estate,
Not happy happe, but froward fate:
Not wyshe at wyll, but want of ioy,
Not harts good health, but hartes annoy:
Not freedoms vse, but prisons thrall,
Not costly seate, but lowest fall:
Not weale I meane, but wretched woe,
Dooth truely trye, the freend from foe:
And nought, but froward fortune proues,
Who fawning faines, or simply loues.

Finis. Yloop.

No pleasure without some payne.

Sweete were the ioyes, that both might like and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse,
Happy the lyfe, that no mishap should tast,
Blessed the chaunce, might neuer change successe.
Were such a lyfe to leade, or state to proue,
Who would not wyshe, that such a lyfe were loue?

But O the sowry sauce of sweete vnsure,
When pleasures flye, and flee with wast of winde,
The trustlesse traynes that hoping hartes allure,
When sweete delightes doo but allure the minde
When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight,
Whyle fancy feedes, and drawes of her delight.

What lyfe were loue, yf loue were free from payne?
But O that payne, with pleasure matcht should meete!
Why dyd the course of nature so ordayne,
That sugred sowre must sause the bitter sweete?
Which sowre from sweete, might any meanes remoue,
What happe, what heauen, what lyfe, were lyke to loue.

Finis. E. S.

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F I N I S.

CORRECTIONS.

Fo. 7.	l. 9.	for	so	read	to
	l. 19.	—	who	—	that
10.	l. 25.	—	gonne	—	rome—sic.
14.	l. 2.	—	to	—	vnto
15.	l. 24.	—	fleis	—	flees
16.	l. 6.	—	he	—	be
	l. 22.	—	on	—	of
19.	l. 32.	—	streme	—	ftreame
20.	l. 18.	—	rout	—	dout
21.	l. 6.	—	be	—	me
23.	l. 32.	dele is			
24.	l. 8.	read	my wit,	my head	my voice.
25.	l. 18.	for	aduanct	read	aduauncd.
26.	Entitle "who so will, &c."—29. <i>Of perfect wisdom.</i>				
32.	l. 1.	read	Death hath in	all the earth	aright.
37.	(Ej)	Entitle "Although the purple morning, &c."—39. <i>All things ar Vaine.</i>			
	l. 35.	for	curtely	read	curtesie
36.	(Eij)	l. 6.	read	"and so mus die."	
	l. 17.	for	yeeleds	read	yeeldes.
32.	(Eiii)	l. 4.	—	store	— sore
	l. 32.	—	The crafty	Foxe	— She crafty Foxe.
33.	(Eiiii)	l. 8.	—	loue	— sute
30.	(Eiiii)	l. 14.	—	amissas	— amissus (which is an evident press error of the original.)
41.	l. 12.	—	foole	—	foote
	l. 29.	—	so	—	to
42.	l. 8.	—	redintigratio	—	redintigratia (another press error of the original.)
46.	l. 8.	—	heed	—	head
	l. 14.	—	heires	—	heeres
48.	l. 1.	—	florise	—	florishe
	l. 3.	read	"And said that he full long enough."		
49.	l. 2.	for sat,	read	seate	
50.	l. 12.	read	"to rule both great & small"		
51.	l. 11.	for as	read	y ^t	
	l. 28.	—	The	—	She
58.	l. 30.	—	chifest	—	chiefest.
63.	l. 16.	read	"As men doe use so some women doe."		
65.	l. 17.	for tresure	read	Treasure	
	l. 24.	—	no	—	not
68.	l. 4.	read	"She thinks thou."		
72.	l. 29.	—	"That demeth all by contraries."		
77.	l. 28.	for thus	read	this	
79.	l. 6.	read	"Then maie my plaint"		
	l. 18.	for amongs	read	emongs	
80.	l. 29.	read	"Our wealth leaues us at death."		
84.	l. 16.	for cast	read	rast	
85.	l. 19.	—	wanted	—	wanteth

[The allusion by Mr. Steevens (see advertisement) to the variation that the common "habits of orthography" might produce, was not without reason. Upon collating the preceding pages with a printed copy of 1576, (which I have lately been favoured with a loan of) it appears the adopting j for i, omitting the superfluous e, and reversing v and u; has "occasionally" been adopted by the transcriber. As those variations do not alter the sense, the minutely pointing them out has been omitted. Errors are too common in every transcript, and the indulgence of the reader is trespassed upon with the above list, which also includes a few that escaped observation while passing through the press.

J. H. Dec. 10, 1809.]

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ENGLAND'S HELICON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

COLLECTION OF

Pastoral and Lyric Poems,

FIRST PUBLISHED

AT THE CLOSE OF THE REIGN OF

Q. ELIZABETH.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET-STREET,
FOR ROBERT TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1812.

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The Editors are indebted to their esteemed friend, Mr. PARK, for the transcript used for the Printer, By Mr. MALONE, they have been obliged with an inspection of the first edition ; and they have also to acknowledge a long continued loan of the second, by the favour of Mr. HEBER, whose valuable assistance on such occasions claims universal acknowledgment.

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J. HASLEWOOD.

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S. E. BRIDGES
J. HASTLER GOD.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

AT LONDON

Printed by I. R. for John Flasket, and are
to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the
signe of the Bear.

ENGLAND'S HELICON.

CHRISTIAN'S

HELICON.

Casta placent superis,

pura cum veste venite,

Et manibus puris

sumite fontis aquam.

AT LONDON

Printed by I. R. for Iohn Flasket, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Beare. 1600.

To his loving kinde friend,

Maister Iohn Bodenham.

Wits Commonwealth, * the first fruites of thy paines,
Drew on *Wits Theater*, † thy second sonne :
By both of which I cannot count the gaines
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.
Next, in the *Muses Garden* ‡ gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a nosegay as was neuer sweeter :
Whose sent will saour to Time's latest howres;
And for the greatest Prince no poesie meeter.
Now comes thy *Helicon*, § to make compleate
And furnish vp thy last impos'd designe:
My paines heerein, I cannot term it great,
But what-so-ere, my loue (and all) is thine.
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me:
And where thou art, my hart still liues with thee.

A. B.

* [A collection of sententious extracts from the ancient moral philosophers, &c. printed in 1597.]

† [A similar collection printed in 1598.]

‡ [“Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses;” a selection of sentences in verse, printed in 1600 and 1610.]

§ [Printed in 1600, 4to. and 1614, 8vo.]

*To his very louing Friends, M. Nicholas Wanton,
and M. George Faucet.*

Though many miles (but more occasions doo sunder
(kinde Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting dooth in
iustice claime performance, and assurance of gentle ac-
ceptance would mightilie condemne me if I should ne-
glect it. *Helicon*, though not as I could wish, yet in such
good sort as time would permit, hauing past the pikes of
the presse, comes now to *Yorke* to salute her rightfull
Patrone first, and next (as his deere friends & kinds-
men) to offer you her kinde seruice. If shee speede well
there, it is all shee requires; if they frowne at her heere, she
greatly not cares: for the wise (shee knowes) will neuer
be other then them selues: as for such then as would seeme
so, but neither are, nor euer will be, she holds this as a
maine principle; that their malice neede as little be feared,
as their fauour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping
you will not forget vs there, as we continuallie shall be
mindefull of you heere. I leaue you to the delight of
England's Helicon.

Yours in all he may,

A. B.

To the Reader, if indifferent.

Many honoured names haue heretofore (in their particular interest) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, & not inferiour (in the best opinions) to anie before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished; digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another man's title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any man's name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall copy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any inuention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation euery way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious, or be intreated

for his fame. Nowe, if any stationer shall finde faulte that his coppies are robd by any thing in this Collection, let me aske him this question—Why more in this, then in any diuine or humaine authour? From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could vrdge, though perhaps the neerest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble my selfe to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoeuer, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world shal be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoeuer so excepting, that, that mans wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred name) haue beene placed with the names of the greatest princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest iudgements, without disparagement to their soueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a poet. Thus gentle reader I wish thee all happines.

L. N.

[Then follow the Poems, without any Table of Contents.]

I then follow the Poets without any Table of Contents
year which: first year were years of the
L. N.
which, aimed at of painting words and then
of a poet. Thus the reader I with the all happiness
be placed by the means that is but placed with the title
these, in ignorance know not, I hold him worthy to
sounding which: which if any man taking exception
worthiest indignity, without disparagement to their
greatest prince of the world, by the most antique and
exact name, have been placed with the names of the
of poets (all these and have ascribed to her great and
by, his name that man by him. In which degree, the names
plainly whatsoever so excepting, that, that name will be set
the eye of the world shall be placed by him: I tell him
fortune shall take in score, that a far nearer man is
if any man whatsoever, in prize of his own father
would be left to himself to settle to satisfaction. Further
vices, though perhaps the nearest his capacities, but that I
assume this is the simplest of many reasons that I could
or example, his name put to it, who is the author of the
of that argument) shall be in any way, as much as
claim of divine and poet: I have written a many writing
ask this question — Why none in this, then in any
his copies are told by any thing in this Collection, let the
for his name. Now, if any person shall have faith that

ENGLAND'S
HELICON,

O R

THE MVSES

HARMONY.

*The Courts of Kings heare no such straines,
As daily lull the Rusticke Swaines.*

LONDON:

Printed for RICHARD MORE; and are to
be sould at his Shop in S. Dunstanes
Church yard. 1614.

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HELICON,
OR
THE MUSES
HARMONY.

The Courts of Kings bear no more thine name,
As do thyself the Rites of Deities.

LONDON:

Printed for RICHARD MORE; and are to

be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstons

Church-yard. 1614.

To the trvly

vertvovs and

Honourable Lady, the Lady

ELIZABETH CARIE.

Deigne worthy Lady, (England's happy Muse,
Learning's delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from enuies pawe and times abuse,
The tunefull noates of these our shepheards reeds.

Sweet is the concord, and the musicke such,
That as it riuers haue been seene to daunce,
When these musitians did their sweet pipes tuch
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.

The Satyre stopt his race to heare them sing,
And bright Apollo to these layes hath giuen
So great a gift, that any fauouring
The shepheards quill, shall with the lights of heauen

Haue equall fate: then cherrish these (faire stem)
So shall they liue by thee, and thou by them.

Your honours

euer to command,

RICHARD MORE.

*The Table of all the Songs and Pastorals, with the
Authors' names, contained in this Booke.*

Songs.	Authors.
The Shepheard to his chosen Nimph	Sir Phil. Sidney.
A Shepheards Edillion	E. B.
Astrophels Loue is dead	Sir Phil. Sidney.
A Palinode	E. B.
Astrophel the Shepheard in complaint to his flocke	Sir Phil. Sydney.
Hobbinol's dittie in praise of Eliza Queene of the Shepheards	Edm. Spen.
The Shepheards Daffadill	Michael Drayton.
A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie	Edmund Bolton.
Milicertus Madrigal	Ro. Greene.
Old Damons Pastorall	Thom. Lodge.
Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay	Edmund Spence.
Phillida and Coridon	N. Breton.
To Colin Cloute	Shepheard Tonie.
Rowlands Song in praise of the fairest Beta	Mich. Draiton.
The barginet of Antimachus	Thom. Lodge.
Menaphon's Roundelay	Ro. Greene.
A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon	N. Breton.
Coridon and Melampus Song	Geor. Peele.
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Menaphon to Pesana	Ro. Greene.
A Sweet Pastorall ..	N. Breton.

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Songs.	Authors.
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The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this dittie. ...	Tho. Watson.
Colin Cloute's mournfull dittie for the death of Astrophell.	Edm. Spen.
Damætas ligge in praise of his Loue.	Iohn Wootton.
Montanus praise of his faire Phæbe	Thom. Lodge.
The Complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Shepheard.....	L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.
To Phillis the faire Shepheardesse	S. E. D.
The Shepheard Doron's Iigge.....	Ro. Greene.
Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon	N. Breton.
The passionate Shepheard's Song	W. Shakespeare.
The unknowne Shepheard's Complaint	Ignoto.
Another of the same Shepheard's.....	Ignoto.
The Shepheard's Allusion of his owne amorous Infelicitie, to the Offence of Actæon	T. Watson.
Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.....	Thom. Lodge.
Phæbe's Sonnet a reply to Montanus passion.....	Thom. Lodge.
Coridon's Supplication to Phillis	N. Breton.
Damæta's Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.....	I. Wootton.
Doron's description of his faire Shepheardesse Samela	Ro. Greene.
Wodenfride's Song in praise of Amargana.....	W. H.
Another of the same.	W. H.
An excellent pastoral dittie.....	Shep. Tonie.
Phillidæ's loue call to her Coridon and his replying.....	Ignoto.
The Shepheard's Solace	Tho. Watson.
Syrenus Song to Eugerius.	Bar. Yong.
The Shepheard's Arsileus reply to Syrenus Song.....	Bar. Yong.
A Shepheard's dreame.	N. Breton.
The Shepherds Ode	Rich. Barnefield
The Shepherds Commendation of his nymph.....	Earle of Oxenford.
Coridon to his Phillis.....	S. E. Dyer.
The Shepheard's description of Loue.....	Ignoto.
To his flockes.	H. C.
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The Solitary Shepheard's Song	Thom. Lodge.
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The Shepheard Damon's passion.....	Thom. Lodge.
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Dorus his Comparisons	S. Phil. Sydney.
The Shepheard Faustus his Song	Bar. Yong.
Another of the same, by Firmius the Shepheard.....	Bar. Yong.
Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.....	H. C.
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The Shepheard's praise of his sacred Diana	Ignoto.
The Shepheard's Dumpe	S. E. D.
The Nymph Dianae's Song	Bar. Yong.
Rowlands Madrigall	Michaell Drayton.
Alanius the Shepheard, his dolefull Song, complaining of Ismeniaes cruelty...	Bar. Yong.
Montana the Shepherd, his loue to Aminta	Shep. Tonie.
The Shepheard's Sorrow for his Phæbe's disdaine.	I. F.
Espilus and Therion, their Contention in Song for the May Lady.....	Sir Phil. Sydney.
Olde Melibeus Song, courting his Nymph	Ignoto.
The Shepheard Sylvanus his Song.	Bar. Yong.
Coridon's Song.....	Thom. Lodge.
The Shepheard's Sonnet	Rich. Barnefield.
Seluagia and Siluanus, their Songs to Diana	Bar. Yong.
Montanus his Madrigall	Ro. Greene.
Astrophell to Stella, his third Song.....	S. Phil. Sydney.
A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus	Bar. Yong.
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A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.	E. B.
A Nymph's disdaine of Loue.	Ignoto.
Appollo's Loue Song for faire Daphne.....	Ignoto.
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Amintas for his Phillis.....	Tho. Watson.
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Melisea her Song, in scorne of her Shepheard Narcissus	Bar. Yong.
His Answer to the Nymph's Song.	Bar. Yong.
Hir present answer againe to him.....	Bar. Yong.
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Philon the Shepheard, his Song	Out of M. Birds set Songs.
Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.	Out of M. Morleye's Madrigals.
To his flockes.....	Ignoto.
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Another to his Cynthia	Ignoto.
Montanus Sonnet in the Woods	S. E. D.
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A Report Song in a dreame, between a Shepheard and his Nymph.....	N. Breton.
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The louer's absence kills me, her presence cures me.....	Ignoto.
The Shepheard's conceit of Prometheus.....	S. E. D.
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The Shepheard's Sunne.....	Shep. Tonie.
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The Shepheard's Consort.....	Out of M. Morleys Madrigals.
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A defiance to disdainfull Loue.....	Ignoto.
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Finis.

INTRODUCTION.

It was the intention of the admirable historian of English Poetry, had he lived to complete his fourth volume, to have classed or considered the numerous “poets of Queen Elizabeth’s reign under the general heads or divisions of SATIRE, SONNET, PASTORAL, and MISCELLANEOUS poetry.” Spenser would have stood “alone without a class, and without a rival.”

The volume now reprinted contains the best, if not the only collection of the third, or PASTORAL division. And it will be difficult to account for the work having so long remained locked up in the repositories of the curious; such being its scarcity, that of the only two editions which have hitherto passed the press the most diligent investigation can very rarely procure the sight of a copy.

The first edition was in 1600, *printed by I. R. for John Flasket, 4to.* The second edition was in 1614, *printed for Richard More, 8vo.*

But if its rarity were all the volume has to recommend it, perhaps there might, in the eye of reason, be some pretence for condemning the wonder that it has not hitherto been rendered more accessible to modern readers by a re-impression. It is true that Dr. Percy, Mr. Geo. Ellis, and Mr. Malone, have gathered a few of its still flourishing flowers. Yet if it shall appear that the greater portion of its contents possess real merit, ought it to have remained so long a sealed treasure?

Towards the close of that century, at the commencement of which this work appeared, it was still considered as the chief collection in its day of its own class of poetry, as is evident from several passages of Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675.

Of Dr. THOMAS LODGE he speaks as “a physician, who flourished in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, and was one

of the writers of those *pretty, old Songs and Madrigals, which were very much the strain of those times.*"

Of THOMAS STORER, as "one of the writers of Queen Elizabeth's times, of those pastoral airs and madrigals, of which we have a collection in a book called *England's Helicon.*"

Of THOMAS WATSON, as "a cotemporary imitator of Sir Philip Sidney, together with Bartholomew Young, Doctor Lodge, and several others, in that pastoral strain of poetry in Sonnets and Madrigals already mentioned."

Of NICHOLAS BRETON, as "a writer of poetical Sonnets, canzons and Madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other cotemporary imitators of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney in a published collection of selected Odes, of the chief pastoral sonnetteers, &c. of that age."

Of ROBERT GREENE, as "one of the pastoral sonnet makers of Queen Elizabeth's time, contemporary with Dr. Lodge, with whom he was associated in the writing of several comedies, namely, the Laws of Nature; Lady Alimony; Liberality and Prodigality; and a Masque called Luminalia; besides which he wrote alone the comedies of Friar Bacon, and Fair Emme."

Of GEORGE PEELE as "a somewhat antiquated English Bard of Queen Elizabeth's date, some remains of whose pretty pastoral poetry we have extant in a collection entitled *England's Helicon.*"

Of RICHARD BARNFIELD as "one of the same rank in poetry with Doctor Lodge, Robert Greene, Nicholas Breton, and other contemporaries already mentioned in the foregoing treatise of the moderns."

Of MICHAEL DRAYTON, as "contemporary of Spenser and Sir Philip Sydney, and for fame and renown in poetry, not much inferior in his time to either: however he seems somewhat antiquated in the esteem of the more curious in these times, especially in his Polyolbion, the old fashioned kind of verse whereof seems somewhat to diminish that respect which was formerly paid to the subject as being both pleasant and elaborate; and thereupon thought worthy to be commented upon by that once walking library of our nation, Selden. His
England's

England's Heroical Epistles are more generally liked; and to such as love the pretty chat of nymphs and shepherds, his nymphals and other things of that nature cannot be unpleasant."

Of SIR WALTER RALEIGH, as "a person both sufficiently known in history, and by his History of the World; and seems also by the character given him by the author of the Art of English Poetry, to have expressed himself more a poet than the little we have extant of his poetry seems to import: *for ditty and amorous ode*, saith he, * *I find Sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty insolent and passionate.*"

Of SIR EDWARD DYER, as "a person of good account in Queen Elizabeth's reign, poetically addicted, several of whose pastoral Odes and Madrigals are extant in a printed Collection of certain choice pieces of some of the most eminent poets of that time."

If we examine these poems with the acuteness of criticism directed by taste and tempered by candour, we shall find much to commend and admire; and perhaps more than a little which derives its only value from its antiquity. Hume has with the soundest judgment spoken of an elegant simplicity as the last attainment of good writing. He speaks of "the glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words" as being "seized with avidity by a bad taste; and even perhaps by a good taste ere surfeited by them: they multiply every day more and more in the fashionable compositions; nature and good sense are neglected: laboured ornaments are studied and admired: and a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance."—"On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the public is as yet raw and unformed, this false glitter catches the eye, and leaves no room either in eloquence or poetry for the durable beauties of solid sense and living passion."—"It was not till late that observation and reflection gave rise to a more natural turn of thought and composition among the

* See Puttenham's Art of Poetry, edited by Mr. HASLEWOOD, 1811, 4to. p. 51.

French. A like character may be extended to the first English writers; such as flourished during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and even till long afterwards. Learning on its revival in this island was attired in the same unnatural garb, which it wore at the time of its decay among the Greeks and the Romans."—"I shall venture to affirm, that whatever uncouth phrases and expressions occur in old books, they were owing chiefly to the unformed taste of the author; and that the language spoken in the courts of Elizabeth and James was very little different from that which we meet with at present in good company. Of this opinion, the little scraps of speeches which are found in the parliamentary journals, and which carry an air so opposite to the laboured orations, seem to be a sufficient proof; and there want not productions of that age, which, being writ by men who were not authors by profession, retain a very natural manner, and may give us some idea of the language which prevailed among men of the world. I shall particularly mention Sir John Davis's *Discovery*, Throgmorton's, Essex's, and Nevile's *Letters*."*

The correctness of these remarks will be controverted in vain. And the best pieces in the present volume will be an excellent illustration of them. By far the first of these are the compositions of Dr. Thomas Lodge, and Nicholas Breton. The former furnishes ten † poems to this

* Hume's *Hist. Eng.* VI. 215. edit. 1770, 4to.

† Dr. Lodge's poems are 1. *Old Damon's Pastoral*.

"From Fortune's frowns and change remov'd."

2. *The Barginet of Antimachus*—reprinted in *Cens. Lit.*

"In pride of youth, in midst of May."

3. *Montanus praise of his fair Phæbe*.

"Phæbe sate."

4. *Montanus Sonnet to his fair Phæbe*.

"A Turtle sate vpon a leavelesse tree."

5. *Phæbe's Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion*.

"Downe a downe."

6. *The Solitarie Shepheard's Song*.

"O shadie vale, O faire enriched meades."

7. *The Shepheard Damon's Passion*.

"Ah trees, why fall your leaves so fast?"

8. *Coridon's*

this Miscellany; and the latter eight. * That the genius of both these writers was not only elegant and highly-polished, but pure, unsophisticated, and far above the taste of their age, may be safely affirmed. The *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, (1590.) of the former, is admitted to have given birth to Shakspeare's *As you like it*: an obligation which Steevens chooses to undervalue in the following words: "Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription. It should be observed that the character of Jaques, the Clown, and Audry, are entirely of the poet's own formation."

Coridon's Song and Rosalind's Madrigal, &c. † are from this Novel. ‡

8. *Coridon's Song.*

"A blithe and bonny country-lasse."

9. *Rosalind's Madrigall.*

"Love in my bosom like a bee." Reprinted by Beloe.

10. *The Shepheard's sorrow being disdained in love.*

"Muses help me, sorrow swarmeth."

* Breton's poems are, 1. *Phillida and Corida*: in Percy and Ellis.

"In the merry month of May."

2. *A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon*: in Ellis.

"On a hill there growes a flower."

3. *A Sweet Pastoral*: in Percy and Ellis.

"Good Muse rocke me asleepe."

4. *Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.*

"Faire in a morne, (O fairest morne)"

5. *Coridon's Supplication to Phillis.*

"Sweet Phillis, if a silly swaine."

6. *A Shepheard's Dreame.*

"A silly Shepheard lately sate."

7. *A Report Sung in a Dream, betweene a Shepheard, and his nymph.*

"Shall we goe daunce the hay?"

8. *Another of the same.*

"Say that I should say, I love ye?"

† See Beloe's *Anecdotes*, II. 120, 123, who did not know that these pieces had appeared in the *Helicon*.

‡ This Novel was reprinted in Harding's *Shakspearian Museum*.

Mr. Beloe contends that Lodge was a prior satirist to Hall; which he confirms by extracts from his *Fig for Momus*, 1595, written with great harmony and simple force. If Hall was obscure, Lodge, in the specimen given, never falls into the same fault.

But I return to his pastoral poems. In ancient writings, we frequently meet with beautiful passages; but whole compositions are seldom free from the most striking inequalities; from inharmonious verses; from lame, or laboured and quaint expressions; and creeping or obscure thoughts. In Lodge we find whole pastorals and odes, which have all the ease, polish, and elegance of a modern author. How natural is the sentiment, and how sweet the expression of the following in *Old Damon's Pastoral*:

“ Homely hearts do harbour quiet;
 Little fear, and mickle solace;
 States suspect their bed and diet;
 Fear and craft do haunt the palace.
 Little would I, little want I,
 Where the mind and store agreeth;
 Smallest comfort is not scanty;
 Least he longs that little seeth.
 Time hath been that I have longed,
 Foolish I to like of folly,
 To converse where honour thronged,
 To my pleasures linked wholly.
 Now I see, and seeing sorrow
 That the day consum'd returns not.
 Who dare trust upon to morrow,
 When nor time nor life sojourns not!”

How charmingly he breaks out in *The Solitary Shepherd's Song*.

“ O shady vale, O fair enriched meads,
 O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains;
 O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,
 Refresh'd by wanton winds and watry fountains!”

Is there one word or even accent obsolete in this picturesque and truly poetical stanza?

But if such a tender and moral fancy be ever allowed to trifle, is there any thing of the same kind in the whole compass

compass of English poetry more exquisite, more delicately imagined, or expressed with more finished and happy artifice of language, than *Rosalind's Madrigal*, beginning

“ Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet :
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his rest ;
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye ?”

In the present age, if there be a fashion which indulges in too indiscriminate a love of antiquity, there are many who think that rarity attached to the works of an old author is a proof of demerit. How then can we account for the neglect and obscurity of a miscellany which contains such poems as these ? Compare Dr. Lodge not only with his cotemporaries but his successors, and who, except Breton, has so happily anticipated the taste, simplicity, and purity of the most refined age ?

As to BRETON, if he possessed less sentiment than Lodge, perhaps his fancy was still more delicate and playful, and his expression not less simple and harmonious. *Phillida and Coridon*, since it has been known through the popular collections of Percy and Ellis, is, I believe, an universal favourite.

The productions of the same age generally betray the same moulds : still the materials of which they are cast, vary in infinite degrees. It is genuine taste alone, which can discriminate the immeasurable difference. The natural association of ideas art can never imitate with effect. The sound may be the same ; but it is hollow and unavailing ; it touches neither the fancy, nor the heart.

In this collection the pieces of the most celebrated authors are the worst : they seem to be either the last gleanings of their pens ; or the weak productions of their earliest efforts. The verses called Lord Surry's are indeed very pretty : but the poems of Spenser and Drayton are almost contemptible.

An extraordinary stanza commences *Menaphon's Roundelay*, by GREENE: it bears some faint resemblance to the noble opening of Gray's *Elegy*:

“ When tender ewes brought home with evening sun
Wend to their fold,
And to their hold
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done.”

Doron's description of his fair Shepherdess Samela, by the same author, abounds with poetical expression, and smoothness of rhythm. There is something ingenious both in the design and language of *Montanus his Madrigal*.

The manner of WATSON is laboured, and more like a scholar, than like one who has drank of the real waters of Helicon.

In the fragments of SIR EDWARD DYER it is difficult to discover the origin of that fame which he enjoyed in his life as a fit companion in genius and pursuits for the illustrious Sydney.

But it will be better to proceed to more regular

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

1. *Henry Howard Earl of Surrey.*

The history and character of this accomplished nobleman have been so often repeated, that it would be useless to say much of him here. But Mr. Alexander Chalmers, in his late edition of *British Poets*, has proved in his memoir of this author, (Vol. II. 315, &c.) that some of the principal dates and anecdotes, which have hitherto been transmitted without inquiry, will not stand the test of a critical examination. Mr. Chalmers thinks that the poet was born as early as 1515; and believes that he commenced his travels earlier than 1536. Much doubt is thrown by him on the story of the Earl's attachment to Fair Geraldine. Lord Surrey, having been condemned on the most frivolous pretences, was beheaded in 1547. His poems were first printed in small 4to. by Tottel, 1557; under the title of *Songes and Sonettes*. They were re-printed

printed 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587, and twice in 1717. They are included in Anderson's and Chalmers's Poets. The late Bishop Percy also printed a new edition some years ago: but the whole impression perished in Mr. Nichols's fire, 1808. The public expectation has long been raised by the promised edition of Dr. Nott.

The only pieces ascribed to Lord Surrey in this Collection are *Harpalus Complaint*, p. 40, and *The Complaint of Thestylis*, p. 52. In truth they belong to the Poems of *Uncertain Authors*. They possess an ease and simplicity, and pastoral spirit, especially the former, far beyond their age.

2. *Edward Vere Earl of Oxford.*

His Lordship was born about 1541, and died June 24, 1604. See a memoir of him in the Preface (p. x.) to the *Paradise of Dainty Deuices*, 1810, 4to. The only piece of his in the present volume is at p. 87. It is easy and elegant; and discovers powers not untouched with the gift of poetry.

3. *Sir Philip Sydney,*

Born 1554, died 1586. His life, so glorious in the annals of his country, has been lately written at large by Dr. Zouch. The present Collection contains fifteen of his pieces: not in general among his best. The poem, p. 218, entitled, *Two Pastorals upon three friends meeting*: (viz. Edward Dyer, Fulk Grevile, and Philip Sydney;) is very pleasing: the chorus is well adapted.

“Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.”

The Song of *Astrophell to his Stella*, beginning

“In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,”

is well known. It is in Ellis's and other modern Collections. I would not hastily differ from Mr. Ellis: but it seems to me doubtful whether Sydney's amatory verses
are

are "descriptive of real passion." I think his poetical was not his strongest talent. In his poetry his genius does not ever appear to me to be paramount to his art.

4. *Sir Edward Dyer.*

The birth of Sir Edward Dyer is placed by Mr. Ellis about 1540. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards employed in several embassies, particularly to Denmark in 1589; and on his return from thence made Chancellor of the Garter on the death of Sir John Wolley, and at the same time knighted. Mr. PARK has kindly furnished me with the following curious memoranda from Aubrey's *MS. Auctarium Vitarum* in the Ashmole Museum at Oxford.

"Sir Edward Dyer of Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, was a great critic, poet, and acquaintance of Mary, Countess of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sydney. He is mentioned in the Preface of the *Arcadia*. He had 4000l. per annum, and was left fourscore thousand pounds in money.* He wasted it almost all. This I had from Captain Dyer, his great grandson, or brother's great grandson. I thought he had been the son of the Lord Chief Justice: but that was a mistake. The judge was of the same family, the Captain tells me."

Sir Edward was a great chymist; and a dupe of Dr. Dee, and Edward Kelly.

He died some years after King James came to the throne; and was succeeded in his Chancellorship of the Garter by Sir Edward Herbert, Knight, Principal Secretary of State. †

Six pieces of Sir Edward are here preserved. The first three stanzas of the first have been selected by Mr. Ellis.

* Sums so large for those days, (when the rental of a great feudal Earl did not amount to 2000l. a year,) that they cannot easily be credited!

† *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* 144, 147.

5. *Edmund*

5. *Edmund Spenser,*

Born about 1553, died 1599. Little can be said for the three pieces in this volume subscribed with the name of Spenser.

6. *Robert Green,*

Born about 1550, died 1592. The best account of this memorable man was compiled by Mr. HASLEWOOD, and is to be found in *Cens. Lit.* VIII. 380. The biographer observes, that “those of his pieces which he has perused display a rich and glowing fancy, much originality and universal command of language, combined with an extensive knowledge of the world.” Mr. HASLEWOOD has defended Green’s moral character with great feeling and great appearance of justice. He has also given the best extant catalogue of his numerous writings. Green has seven pieces in the present Collection. *Doron’s Description of Samela* is reprinted by Ellis. Most of Green’s publications are interspersed with poetry. Besides those selected by Ellis, &c. there are some very pretty descriptive lines, called “*The Shepherd’s Ode*,” extracted in *Cens. Lit.* VII. 127, from the *Ciceronis Amor*, 1611. And in the same volume, p. 269, is *Sephestia’s song to her child*, which is inimitably beautiful and unaffected. The pieces in the *Helicon* are not among the author’s best; still they possess merit.

7. *Dr. Thomas Lodge*

Was of a Lincolnshire family, born about 1556, educated at Trinity College, Oxford, 1574. He practised as a physician in England, and was much patronized by the Catholics. He died (of the plague, it is supposed) in 1625. Of his poetical talents all that is necessary has been said already. Ellis has given a most beautiful extract from a poem of his in “*Commendation of a Solitary Life*.” It has all the smoothness, even flow, selection and finished construction of language, of an elegant modern composition.

8. *Nicholas*

8. *Nicholas Breton.*

This poet is supposed to be the same Capt. Nicholas Breton, who was of Norton in Northamptonshire, and dying there June 22, 1624, has a monument in that church; of the manor of which parish the family continued lords till within these ten or twelve years, when the sons of the late Eliab Hervey Breton, Esq. sold it. In Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica* is the best catalogue that has yet been compiled of Breton's numerous and scarce writings, which abound, like those of Robert Green, with an intermixture of prose and poetry. Three of his beautiful little poems are selected from the *Helicon* by Mr. Ellis; these are *A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon*—*Phyllida and Coridon*—and *A sweet Pastoral*.

9. *Thomas Watson*

Was a native of London, and educated at Oxford. He afterwards studied the law, and died about 1592. His "*Hecatompethia; or Passionate Century of Love*," (licensed in the Stationer's books, 1581,) consists of 100 copies of love-verses. Watson appears to have a great command of language; but more, as has been said, of the artificial fire of the scholar, than the spirit of the real poet.

10. *Christopher Marlow.*

The fame of this author, who is supposed to have been born about 1562, and was educated at Cambridge; and was afterwards a player, and cotemporary with Shakespeare, and died of a wound suffered from a fray at a brothel, or gaming-table, 1583,* has been rendered as immortal as the language in which he wrote, by one short but most exquisite poem, preserved in this Collection, entitled *The Passionate Shepheard to his Love*, p. 214, beginning

"Come live with me, and be my love."

Phillips, who speaks with the pure taste of his uncle Milton, calls Marlow's "a pure unsophisticated wit."

* See *British Bibliographer*, Vol. II. p. 268.

And

And in what refined age could purer poetry, and in purer language, be written, than the following stanza?

“ And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.” *

II. *Ignoto*; [viz. *Sir Walter Raleigh*.]

This signature appears to have been generally, *though not exclusively*, subscribed to the pieces of Sir Walter Raleigh. It is also subscribed to one piece, since appropriated to Shakspeare; and to one, which according to Ellis, belongs to Richard Barnfield. The celebrated Answer to Marlow's “*Come live with me*,” here subscribed *IGNOTO*, is given expressly to Raleigh by Isaac Walton, in his “*Compleat Angler*,” first published 1653; in which they are called “old fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age.” † To this poem of Raleigh, the signature of *Ignoto* has been pasted over the initials W. R. as it has been to one at least, if not to two more pieces. ‡ Mr. PARK doubts whether this may not have arisen from the Editor's finding these pieces to have been erroneously appropriated; or from having learned that the authors would be offended at the disclosure of their names. The testimony of Walton as to Raleigh seems to me to make the latter most probable. Most of the pieces with the signature of *Ignoto* I think bear internal marks of Raleigh's composition. There is in the Nymph's Reply to Marlow's *Passionate Shepherd*, beginning

“ If all the world and love were young,”

* Sir J. Hawkins observes “As to the Song itself, though a beautiful one, it is not so purely pastoral, as it is generally thought to be: buckles of gold, coral clasps, and amber studs, silver dishes, and ivory tables, are luxuries, and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.” Walton's *Angler*, 69.

† P. 65, 66, Hawkins's edition, 1784, 8vo.

‡ See postea.

so much of Raleigh's sententiousness and acute reflections on the frailty of human pleasures, that it speaks in strong terms the mind from which it issued. The second Answer, which follows the first, beginning

"Come live with me, and be my dear,"

is more in the style of the original, with less intermixture of that moral cast, which characterizes Raleigh.

Raleigh was born at Hayes Farm, Co. Devon, in 1552, and lost his head in Palace-Yard, Westminster, 1618.

12. *William Shakspeare,*

Born 1564, died 1618, has only one piece with his own signature, in England's Helicon, entitled "*The Passionate Shepheard's Song*," at p. 57. This Song is also introduced in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3. (See Malone's Shakspeare, X. 333.) The other with the signature of Ignoto immediately precedes it, at p. 58, and is entitled "*The Unknown Shepheard's Complaint*," and begins,

"My flocks feede not, my ewes breed not."

12. *Richard Barnfield.*

This poet, of whom little is known, except that he was author of "*The Affectionate Shepheard*," 1594, 12°. and two or three other scarce publications, of which the last was "*Poems in divers humors*," 1598, 4to. has two pieces in this Collection, one with his name at p. 126, the other subscribed Ignoto, taken from the *Poems* abovementioned. Meres ranks him *among our best for pastoral*. The song is to be found at p. 59, and begins,

"As it fell upon a day."

13. *Michael Drayton*

Was born at Hersall in Warwickshire, 1563, and died 1631. The four or five pieces of Drayton in this Collection, are not among his best productions.

14. *H. C.*

14. *H. C. [Henry Constable.]*

Henry Constable took the degree of A. B. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579. Edmund Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, says, "Noble Henry Constable was a great master of the English tongue; nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit; witness among all other, that Sonnet of his before his Majesty's *Lepanto*." He was the author of "Diana, or the excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C. augmented with divers quatorzains of honorable and learned personages, divided into VIII. decads," 1594, 8°. A MS. collection of Constable's Sonnets, belonging to Mr. Todd, will probably be inserted in Mr. PARK's Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany, now preparing for the press. The most striking of Constable's productions is to be found at p. 199, entitled "*The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*," beginning,

"Venus faire did ride;
Silver doves they drew her."

This poem is for the most part very delicate and pretty; and elegantly and harmoniously expressed. Mr. Malone, who has reprinted it in the notes to the Xth Vol. of his Shakspeare, p. 74, thinks it preceded Shakspeare's poem on the same subject, which it far excels, at least in taste and natural touches.

15. *John Wootton.*

This author, little known in poetical bibliography, was probably Sir John Wotton, third son of Thomas Wotton, of Bocton Malherb, in Kent, by Elizabeth his first wife, daughter of Sir John Rudstone, Kt. (the second wife Elizabeth *Finch*, being mother of the celebrated Sir Henry). Sir John is described by Isaac Walton, in Sir Henry's life, as "a gentleman excellently accomplished both by learning and travel, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and looked upon with more than ordinary favour, and with intentions of preferment; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes."

John

John Wootton has only two pieces in this Collection, at pp. 49, and 65. They are pastoral, and not deficient in the air and spirit of poetry.

16. *George Peele.*

George Peele, a native of Devonshire, was a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, 1573. He appears to have been under the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland, 1593, and died before 1598. He had some fame in his day as a dramatic writer, and was well known for his jests, so that it seems he was content to degrade his genius by despicable buffoonery.

17. *M. N. Howell*, (in 1st edit.) or *M. H. Nowell*,

Is a writer, of whom nothing is known, unless he was the same as Thomas Howell, author of "The Arbor of Amitie," 1568, 1569, 8°. * He has one piece entitled "*Of Disdainful Daphne*," at p. 212, of this volume.

18. *E. B. Edmund Bolton.*

Edmund Bolton was better known as a scholar and critic, than as a poet. He was a Catholic, and supposed to have been a retainer to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Warton, who calls him "that sensible old English critic," has collected all the scattered notices which could be found of him in the History of English Poetry, III. 278, (note). In 1610 he published *The Elements of Armories*, small 4to. which has given him a place in Dallaway's Catalogue of Heraldic Writers. His *Hypercritica* written about 1610, was first published by Anthony Hall, at the end of *Triveti Annales*, Oxford, 1722, 8°. It is a judicious little tract, occasioned by a passage in Sir Henry Saville's Epistle prefixed to his edition of our old Latin Historians, 1596. Under the head of "Prime Gardens for gathering English according to the true gauge or standard of the tongue, about fifteen or sixteen years ago." he has given characters of many of the cotemporary authors.

* See Bibliographer, I. 105.

19. *William*

19. *William Browne,*

Author of "Britannia's Pastorals, 1613, 1616, &c. Born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, about 1590; supposed to have died in 1645. He has one poem at the end of this Collection, p. 239. It has the same pastoral merit as those on which his fame is founded.

20. *Christopher Brooke,*

A familiar of Browne, a native of Yorkshire, who after he left the university, (whether Cambridge, or Oxford is not known) settled at Lincoln's Inn to advance himself in the law, where he contracted a friendship with Selden, Jonson, Drayton, Browne, Wither, and John Davies of Hereford, especially after he had published An Elegy consecrated to the never-dying memory of Henry Prince of Wales; Lond. 1613, 4to. In the year following, being then a bencher, he was elected summer reader of his house, became a benefactor to the chapel there, and wrote another book entitled *Eclogues*, dedicated to his much-loved friend Mr. William Browne, of the Inner Temple, Lond. 1614, 8°. He has also verses before Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, and before Drayton's *Legend of Cromwell*, and had a considerable hand in dressing out the *Odcombian Banquet*, 1611. He also wrote *A Funeral Poem, to the memory of Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Belfast*, 1625, still in MS. of which an account is given in the *Bibliographer*, II. 235.

21. *Bartholomew Young,*

An author very little known, was of the Middle Temple, and is supposed by Anthony Wood to be the same, who lived afterwards at Ashurst in Kent, and died there in 1621. He translated from the Spanish the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, which translation, though finished in 1593, was not printed till 1598. It contains many poetical pieces, from whence those in the present Collection are extracted. He has also some verses in his translation of the Fourth Book of *Guazzo's Civile Conversation*, printed

by Thomas East, 1586, 4to. The very large proportion of poems in the *Helicon*, by this obscure author (not less than 27) leads to a suspicion that he had some concern in arranging and editing the volume.

However, his various specimens do not disgrace the compilation, though they do not often rise much above mediocrity.

22. *Shepherd Tonie.*

To decipher the real name of this writer must be mere conjecture. It has struck me that perhaps it might be a signature assumed by the well known Anthony Munday, of whose *Banquet of Daintie Conceits*, 1588, a copy has been lately discovered, and an account given in the *Bibliographer*, II. 337. He died in 1633, aged 80. See his epitaph in Strype's *Stow's Survey*, B. III. p. 61.

23. *I. D.*

Perhaps Sir John Davis. He was born in 1570, and died 1626.

24. *I. M.*

Probably Jervase Markham.

25. *T. B.*

Probably Thomas Bastard, who died April 19, 1618. See *Theatr. Poet. Ang.* 269.

26. *W. S.*

William Smith, author of *Chloris*, 1596.

27. *I. F.*

Has been supposed the celebrated dramatic writer John Ford, which appears doubtful, as that writer was only in his fifteenth year at the time of the *Helicon* being first printed.

28. *W. H.*

28. *W. H.*

I recollect no writer to whom these initials may apply, unless William Hunnis, who seems to have lived too early to have been a contributor to this volume. See an account of him in the preface to the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*. Qu.? William Herbert?

29. *M. F. G.*

Master Fulke Grevile, afterwards Lord Brooke.

30. *I. G.*

Supposed to be John Gough, the dramatic writer.

31. *Anonymous.*

There are nearly twenty anonymous pieces in this Collection, many of them from the Madrigals of Morley and Bird.

Such were the authors of a Collection of Poems, which delighted our ancestors, and contained all those Songs of Shepherds which were most to their taste. The Pastoral is of course among the most natural and simplest poetry of every nation. The solitude, the leisure, and the scenery of a country life, offer those images, and cherish those affections, which are the purest materials of the Muse's occupation. We hear therefore Sir Philip Sydney, at p. 10, telling to his flock the griefs which he felt from his mistress's disdain, in lines sufficiently flowing and unsophisticated, which little differ from the language or the spirit of modern poetry. But a piece, already mentioned at the beginning of this Preface, *Old Damon's Pastoral*, by Dr. Lodge, at p. 21, is still more entitled to this praise. What can be prettier, or more fluent, or elegant, among the trifles of later days, than the stanza at p. 26, by *Shepherd Tonie*, commencing,

“ Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.”—

An high encomium has already been pronounced on Nicholas Breton. He appears to me a writer of a cast peculiarly his own. The *Sweet Pastoral* at p. 38, "Good Muse rock me asleep," is a little finished gem, exquisitely tender and chaste. It is not to be endured, that after such legitimate specimens of polished diction and simple thought, the writers of verse in the next reign should have degenerated into such disgusting pedantry and far-fetched jargon. Even Lord Surrey, of half a century older, shines at p. 40, (if the poem be Lord Surrey's) * in all the genuine and attractive graces of true genius.

But it is not necessary here to go through the merits of every particular piece. It cannot be idle or useless to study this early Collection of Pastoral compositions. Here is the fountain of that diction, which has since been employed and expanded in the description of rural scenery. Here are the openings of those reflections on the imagery of nature, in which subsequent poets have so much dealt. They shew us to what occasional excellence, both in turn of thought, and polish of language, the literature of Queen Elizabeth had arrived; and how little the artificial and incumbered prose of mere scholars of that time exhibits a just specimen of either the sentiment or phrase of the court or people! In the best of these productions, even the accentuation and rhythm scarce differs from that of our days. Lodge and Breton in particular, who are characterized by their simplicity, are striking proofs of this!

Yet if all these arguments will not avail to establish the value of *England's Helicon*, let me plead for it, if it be only for having preserved Marlow's beautiful Song of The Passionate Shepherd to his Love, p. 214, and Raleigh's Answer, p. 215. It was the vile taste of King James, and his court, which no doubt so suddenly sunk it into oblivion. To such as could enjoy the rough and far-fetched subtlety of metaphysical verses, this Collection must have appeared inexpressibly insipid and contemptible. To those, whose business it was to draw

* It is among the pieces of Uncertain Authors in Tottel's Miscellany.

similitudes from the most remote recesses of abstruse learning, how childish must seem the delineation of flowers that were open to every eye, and images which found a mirror in every bosom!!

But, O, how dull is the intricate path of the philosopher, how uninteresting is all the laboured ingenuity of the artist, compared with the simple and touching pleasures, which are alike open to the peasant, as to the scholar, the noble, or the monarch! It is in the gift of exquisite senses, and not in the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune, that one human being excels another!

“ The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise!”

We are delighted to see reflected the same feelings, the same pleasures from the breasts of our ancestors. We hear the voices of those bearded chiefs, whose portraits adorn the pannels of our halls and galleries, still bearing witness to the same natural and eternal truths; still inveighing against the pomp, the fickleness, and the treachery of courts; and uttering the songs of the shepherd and the woodman, in language that defies the changes of time, and speaks to all ages the touching effusions of the heart.

If some little additional prejudice in favour of these compositions be given by the association in our ideas of their antiquity, if we connect some reverence, and some increased force, with expressions which were in favourite use with those who for two centuries have slept in the grave, the profound moral philosopher will neither blame nor regret this effect. It is among the most generous and most ornamental, if not among the most useful, habits of the mind!

Such are among the claims of this Collection to notice. But the seal that has been hitherto put upon this treasure; the deep oblivion in which the major part of its contents have for ages been buried, ought to excite curiosity, and impart a generous delight at its revival. Who is there so cold as to be moved with no enthusiasm at drawing the mantle from the figure of Time? For my

part, I confess how often I have watched the gradual development with eager and breathless expectation; and gazed upon the reviving features till my warm fancy gave them a glow and a beauty, which perhaps the reality never in its happiest moments possessed.

If this be the language of the visionary rather than of the critic, let it be addressed to those only of a similar temperament! To those who are rather actuated by a refined taste, and deep sensibility, than a mania for old literature, something seems wanting, to induce them to overcome the first repulsive appearance of uncouth spelling, and antique phraseology. Of such I have thus endeavoured to engage the interest, and attention. Of the notice of those, who make it their pursuit to read the authors of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there can be no fear!

Testimonies of Authors.

Most of the writers in this Collection, even the most obscure, are mentioned in the principal cotemporary books of criticism, such as those of Webbe,* Puttenham,† Meres,‡ Bolton,§ The Polimanteia|| and Nash.** Breton is named by Meres, with Spenser, Shakspeare, Drayton, and Daniel, among the best lyrics. He is also named with Lodge, and others in the Poli-

* Webbe's Discourse of English Poetry, 1586. See Cens. Lit. II. 275.

† Puttenham's Art of English Poesie, 1589. See the new edition by Mr. HASLEWOOD, 1811, 4to. See also Cens. Lit. I. 339. II.

‡ Meres's Palladis Tamia, &c. 1598, 1634. See Cens. Lit. IX. 39.

§ Bolton's Hypercritica, published 1722.

|| Polimanteia, 1595, reprinted in the British Bibliographer, I. 274.

** Nash's Address to both Universities, prefixed to Green's Arcadia. See Cens. Lit. VII. 152.

manteia; and is noticed by Puttenham, with Sydney, Raleigh, Dyer, Grevile, &c. Marlow is by Meres compared to Musæus, and Greene and Peele are numbered with Dante, Boccace, Petrarch and Tasso. The Earl of Oxford is among the best for comedy. Drayton is repeatedly mentioned for various excellencies; Watson and Barnfield are among those contrasted with Theocritus, &c. Lodge is placed among the most eminent for satire. Anthony Munday is called "our best plotter," and Jervase Markham is praised for his Solomon's Canticles in English verse. The curious inquirer, who will not easily find access to the rare volumes of these authors, will find numerous notices and extracts of their works in the volumes of the *Censura Literaria*, and *British Bibliographer*. Probably no library, unless perhaps Mr. Heber's, contains any approach to a complete collection of the publications of these obsolete writers. The greater part of Breton's many publications are seldom met with, and several of Robert Green and many others are very rare. The late Bishop Percy began to draw the public attention to them nearly fifty years ago; and the very elegant Selection of "Specimens" by Mr. George Ellis has since familiarized the popular reader to their names.

Notes on the Poems.

P. 1. *The Shepherd to his chosen Nymph* is from Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 549 (edit. 1598.)

P. 2. l. 3. "these" instead of "there" in Sydney, ut supra.

l. 8. for "enclose" read "disclose," *ibid.*

P. 3. l. 3. for "saine," read "strive," *ibid.*

l. 9. for "you doe" read "do you."

l. 12. for "to so high a fall" read "so high to fall."

P. 10. *Astrophel's Complaint*, from Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 558.

l. 1. 3 for "yee" read "you," *ib.*

- P. 11. l. 8. for "the heavens still" read "O heavens do," *ib.*
- l. 14. for "in good by us" read "in good cause," *ib.*
- l. 21. for "then doth she" read "she doth then," *ib.*
- P. 12. for "my dear flock, now adieu," read "Adieu dear flock, adieu," *ib.*
- P. 16. The Shepherd's Daffadil by Drayton, is reprinted by Ellis.
- P. 20. This piece is taken from *Green's Arcadia*, for which see *Cens. Lit.* VII. 152.
- P. 25. This piece of Breton is given by Ellis.
- P. 31. Also from *Green's Arcadia*.
- P. 33. This "Sweet Pastoral" is also in Ellis.
- P. 40. Not Lord Surry's, but taken from the pieces of "Uncertain Authors," at the end of Surry's "Songs and Sonnets."
- P. 50. From the *Golden Legacy*.
- P. 51. l. 19 and 22. for "Phœbus" read "Phœbe's."
- l. 26. for "lampes" read "lap."
- P. 52. The same remark applies here as to p. 40.
- P. 53. To be found in Ellis.
- P. 54. From *Greene's Arcadia*.
- P. 55. This piece had in the first edition the signature of *Sydney*—over which was pasted the name of N. Breton.
- P. 58. Mr. Malone assigns this poem to Shakspeare, though here subscribed "*Ignoto*."
- P. 59. This piece, though subscribed *Ignoto*, Mr. Ellis has discovered to be Barnfield's.
- P. 60. From *Watson's Hecatompethia*, where it forms Sonnet VIII. and has the following introduction.

"Actæon for espying Diana as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as Ouid describeth at large, *lib. 3 Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico* glaunceth at it in this manner.

*Fama est, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris,
Supplicium lucret spectatæ in fonte Dianæ,*

Attonitum

*Attonitum nouitate mala fugisse parentem
Per freta Aristæum, &c.*

“ The author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of Actæon, and to the hurte, which hee susteined, setteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as Ouid did after his banishmente, when in another sense hee applied this fiction vnto himselfe being exiled (as it should seeme) for hauing at vnawares taken Cæsar in some great fault; for thus hee writeth;

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis.”*

P. 61. From Lodge’s Golden Legacy.

l. 14. dele “ did.”

P. 62. From the same.

P. 63. l. 1. for “ mens” read “ man’s.”

l. 2. for “ brests” read “ breasts.”

P. 67. From Greene’s Arcadia. It is selected by Ellis. It is also in England’s Parnassus.

P P. 68—70. Qu. if W. H. may not be William Herbert?

P. 76. This is also in Watson’s Hecatompethia, being Sonnet XCII. and where the series has for title “ My Love is past.” It is thus prefaced.

“ Here the author by comparing the tyrannous delightes in deedes of blinde Cupid with the honest delightes & deedes of other his fellow goddesses and gods, doth blesse the time and howre that euer he forsooke to follow him; whom he confesseth to have bene great & forcible in his doings, though but litle of stature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, Hebe is seldomest redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that Hebe (as *Servius* writeth) is Iunoe’s daughter, hauing no father, & now wife to Hercules, and Goddess of youth, and youthlie sporting: and was cup bearer to Ioue, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so unhappilie, that they sawe her priuities, whereupon Ioue being angry, substituted Ganimedes into her office and place.”

P. 76.

P. 76. All Young's pieces are from his translation of the *Diana of Montemayor*.

P. 83. The Shepherd's Ode is probably from the same Collection of Poems by Barnfield as the former.

P. 87. This Song by Lord Oxford shews the elegance of an accomplished courtier. The following fugitive piece, by the same noble author, has been rescued from oblivion by Mr. Bliss.

Lines attributed to the Earl of Oxford. (From a MS. in the Bodleian.)

" If woemen coulde be fayre and yet not fonde,
Or that there loue were firme not fickel still,
I woulde not meruaylle that they make me bonde
By seruise longe to purchase theyre good will:
But when I see how frayll those creatures are,
I muse that men forget them selues so farr.

To marcke the choyse they make, and how they change,
How ofte from Phœbus theye do flee to Pann,
Vnsettled still, like haggardes * will'd they range,
These gentle byrdes that flye from man to man:

Who woulde not scorne and shake the~ from the fyste,†
And let them flye, fayre fooles, which way they lyst.

Yet for disporte we fawne and flatter bothe,
To pass the tyme when nothings else can please,
And trayne them to our lure wth. subtylle othe,
Till, wearye of theyre wiles, our selues we ease:
And than we saye, when we their fancye trye,
To playe with fooles, oh! what a foole was I.

Finis qd Earll of Oxenforde."

P. 88. No separate publication of Dyer has been discovered. He is noticed by Puttenham, "for elegy, most sweet, solemn, and of high conceit." Two of the pieces here ascribed to him appear to be Lodge's.

* A *haggard* hawk is one of the wildest species, and very difficult to be reclaimed.

† This is another term in hawking, a diversion much practised in Elizabeth's reign: the hawks were carried on the fist, and generally whistled or shaken off when the prey came in sight.

P. 90.

- P. 90. This had the initials S. W. R. over which Ignoto is pasted.
- P. 100. From Sydney's *Arcadia*, p. 65.
- P. 101. The Shepherd's Brawl, *ib.* 73.
Dorus, *ib.* 107.
- P. 111. The Shepherd's Praise was subscribed with the initials S. W. R. over which Ignoto is pasted.
- P. 112. The Shepherd's Dump is reprinted at p. 224, with the signature Ignoto.
- P. 120. The Shepherd's Sorrow had the signature M. F. G. (Mr. Fulke Grevile) over which is pasted I. F.
- P. 121. From the appendage to the *Arcadia* of Sydney, p. 573.
l. 4. for "and" read "or," *ib.*
- P. 122. Melibeus Song had the signature M. F. G. over which a blank is pasted.
- P. 124. From the *Golden Legacy*.
- P. 125. l. 20. for "apace they hie" read "they hied them fast."
- P. 130. From *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 548.
- P. 131. l. 5, for "defineth" read "refineth," *ib.*
- P. 134. Bisham Abbey is now the seat of Mr. Vansittart. See Nichols's *Progresses of Q. Eliz.*
- P. 136. See Nichols *ut supra*.
- P. 143. From Sydney's "Sonets" at the end of the *Arcadia*, p. 487.
l. 1, for "changs" read "changes," *ib.*
- P. 144, l. 11, for "one loves" read "one's love," *ib.* 488.
l. 13. for "Oh hairs, you are not" read "Ah hairs, are you not," *ib.*
- P. 151. Madrigal, from Lodge's *Golden Legacy*.
- P. 152. l. 6, for "if I but" read "if so I."
l. 7. for "lovely" read "loving."
l. 9. for "whilst" read "whist." *
- P. 154. Montanus which has here the signature of

* These and preceding variations occur in the second edition of the *HELICON*.

Dyer, is inserted in Lodge's Golden Legacy.

- P. 161. This is in Ellis.
 P. 164. From Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 555.
 P. 165, l. 16, for "it" read "yet," *ib.* 556.
 P. 177. See notices of the Collections of Madrigals of Morley, Bird, and others, in *Cens. Lit.* and *British Bibliographer*, and also in *Hawkins's History of Music*.
 P. 181. Is a very pretty song, *Anonymous*.
 P. 188. Montanus Sonnet in the Woods, though here ascribed to Dyer, is to be found in Lodge's *Golden Legacy*.
 P. 194. An Invective. See the Table where it has the signature Ignoto. It is also in Davison's *Rapsodie*.
 P. 196. I. G. supposed to be John Gough.
 P. 204. From Young's *Musica Transalpina*, of which see further extracts in *Cens. Lit.* Vol. IX. p. 5.
 P. 206. The Shepherd's Slumber, is subscribed Ignoto, in the first edition.
 P. 211. Also in Davison's *Rapsody*.
 P. 212. From Sydney, as before.
 P. 218. The Pastoral here inserted is from Davison's *Rapsodie*, in which is also another Pastoral omitted in the *Helicon*; on which account it is here subjoined.

" Dispraise of a Courtly Life.

" Walking in bright Phœbus blaze,
 Where with heat opprest I was:
 I go to a shady wood,
 Where greene leaues did newly bud:
 And of grasse was plenty dwelling,
 Deckt with pyde flowers sweetly smelling.

In this wood a man I met
 On lamenting wholly set;
 Rewing change of wonted state,
 Whence he was transformed late;

Once

Once to Shepheards God retaining,
Now in seruile Court remayning.

There he wandring malecontent,
Vp and downe perplexed went,
Daring not to tell to me,
Spake vnto a sencelesse tree,
One among the rest electing
These same words, or this effecting.

My old mates I grieue to see
Voyde of me in field to be,
Where we once our louely sheepe,
Louingly like friends did keepe,
Oft each other's friendship prouing,
Neuer struing, but in louing.

But may Loue abiding be
In poore shepheards base degree?
It belongs to such alone,
To whom arte of Loue is knowne:
Seely shepheards are not witting,
What in art of Louing is fitting.

Nay, what neede the arte to those,
To whom we our loue disclose?
It is to be vsed then,
When we doe but flatter men:
Friendship true in heart assured,
Is by nature's gifts procured.

Therefore shepheards wanting skill,
Can loue's duties best fulfill;
Since they know not how to faine,
Nor with Loue to cloake disdaine;
Like the wiser sorte, whose learning,
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I, while vnder shade;
Oten reeds me musicke made;
Striuing with my mates in song,
Mixing mirth our songs among;
Greater was that shepheards treasure,
Then this false, fine, courtly pleasure.

Where

Where, how many creatures be
 So many puffed in mind I see,
 Like to Iunoe's birds of pride,
 Scarce each other can abide:
 Friends like to black swannes appearing,
 Sooner these than those in hearing.

Therefore Pan, if thou mayst be
 Made to listen vnto me,
 Grant I say (if seely man
 May make treaty to God Pan)
 That I, without thy denying,
 May be still to thee relying.

Only for my two loues sake, Sir Ed. D. & M. F. G.
 In whose loue I pleasure take;
 Only two do me delight
 With their euer-pleasing sight,
 Of all men to thee retaining,
 Grant me with those two remaining.

So shall I to thee alwaies,
 With my reedes, sound mighty praise;
 And first lambe that shall befall,
 Yearely deck thine altar shall;
 If it please thee be reflected,
 And I from thee not reiected.

So I left him in that place,
 Taking pittie on his case,
 Learning this, among the rest,
 That the meane estate is best,
 Better filled with contenting,
 Voyde of wishing and repenting.

Sir Ph. Sidney."

P. 224. Thirsis. See the same poem before at p. 112, subscribed S. E. D. In this copy there are a few corrections in the concluding lines, which were probably the reason for its being reprinted.

P. 225. The Heroical poem, is also in Davison's Rapsodie, where it is entitled "*Upon an Heroicall*"

*Heroicall poem, which he had begunne
(in imitation of Virgil) of the first in-
habiting of this famous ile by Brute and
the Trojans."*

P. 230. Also in Davison's Rapsodie.

P. 232. From the Arcadia.

P. 236. Also in Davison's Rapsodie.

P. 239. Thirsis praise is reprinted by Ellis.

P. 241. A Defiance, &c. This is also in Davison's
Rapsodie.

B.

ADDENDA.

As the poems of Lodge are among the best of this Collection, it may not be impertinent to give the title, dedication, and address to the Reader, of his *Euphues Golden Legacy*, from which many of the pieces are extracted: especially as they contain some facts of the author's life not hitherto noticed; for neither his voyage to the Canaries, nor his military services have been mentioned in the meagre memorials of his life. I take the title and extracts from one of the later editions now lying before me, by the favour of Mr. HASLEWOOD.

“ *Euphues Golden Legacie. Found after his death in his Cell at Silexsedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes nursed up with their father in England.* Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent. London, Printed for Francis Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstanes Church yard in Fleetstreet under the Dyall. 1642. 4to.*

“ *Dedication.*

“ To the Right Honorable and his most esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain of her Majesties houshold, and Governour of the Towne of Barwicke: T. L. G. wisheth increase of all honourable virtues.”

* Lodge, by his title-page, intended the Golden Legacy for a continuation to *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, by John Lyly, 1581; which had become unusually popular: as at the conclusion of the second part, it is there said—“ Euphues is musing in the bottome of the mountaine Silixsedra, Philautus is married in the Isle of England.”

“ Such

“ Such Romans (Right Honourable) as delighted in martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because hee was a patron of souldiers; and Virgill described with poems as a Mecenas of schollers: both joyntly advancing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike, and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, present her bayes as shee is wise, and with armour as shee is valiant: observing herein that excellent *το πρεπων* which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (Right Honourable) with a deepe insighte into the consideration of those promises, seeing your Lordship to bee a pataon of all martiall men and a Mecenas of such as apply themselves to studie, wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your mind, being myself first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect your Lordship.

“ Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke: rough, as hacht in the stormes of the Ocean and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of a souldier and a scholler, I presume to shroude it under your Honour's patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions, and whose honorable love growne from the generall applause of the whole commonwealth for your higher desert, may keepe from the malice of every bitter tongue.

“ Other reasons more particular (Right Honourable) challenge in me a special affection to your Lordship, as being scholler with your noble sonnes, Master Edmund Carew, and Master Robert Carew; (two siens worthy of so honourable a tree and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit) as also being a scholler in the vniversity vnder that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was a Barcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the etimolgie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

d

Thus

“ Thus (Right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection bee placed on the father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat your Honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and favour a souldier's and a scholler's pen, with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so devoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is to end his life under the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordship's curtesie, in not denying the patronage of my worke; I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your Honour's Souldier most
humbly affectionate,

THO. LODGE.”

“ *To the Gentlemen Readers.*

“ Gentlemen looke not here to find any sprigs of Pallas bay-tree, nor to heare the humours of any amorous laureat, nor the pleasing veyne of any eloquent orator: *Nolo altum sapere*, they be matters above my capacity: the coblers cheek shall never light on my head. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. I will goe no further then the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen downe by a souldier with his cuttleaxe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe Gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sayler that gives you the fruits of his labour, that hee wrote in the Ocean, where every line was wet with a surge and every humourous passion counterchecke with a storme. If you like it, so, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus, or any disquieted asse, that hath mighty eares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge: if hee come aboard our barke to finde fault with our tackling when he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold and fetch out a rustie pollax, that saw no sunne this seaven yeeres, and
either

either will bebase him, or heave the cockscombe ouer-board to feed cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most backe-bite none, and pardon what is ouerslipt, let such come and welcome, Ile into the stewards room and fetch them a kan of our best beverage. Well Gentlemen you have Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it, censure with fauour, and farewell.

Your's,

T. L."

This Romance contains more poetry than is extracted in the Helicon; and among the rest, the following:

" Rosader's Second Sonnetto.

" Turne I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes:
If so I looke upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found:
Search I the shade to flie my paine,
He meets me in the shades againe:
Want I to walke in secret grove,
E'en there I meete with sacred love:
If so I bath me in the sacred spring,
E'en on the brink I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my mone:
If so I mourne, he weepes with me,
And where I am, there will he be.
When as I talke of Rosalind,
The God from coyness waxeth kind:
And seemes in selfe same flame to frie,
Because he loves as well as I:
Sweet Rosalind, for pittie rue:
For why? than Love I am more true:
He if he speede will quickly flie;
But in thy love I live and die."

" Another.

" First shall the heavens want starry light;
The seas be robbed of their waves;
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
The night want shade; the dead men graves:

The April flowers, and leafes, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills
By humble plaines be overpride,
And poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water glide;
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And love relent in deepe disdaine,
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,
And envie pittie every paine,
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First Time shall stay his staillesse race,
And Winter blesse his browes with corne,
And snow bemoisten Julies face,
And Winter, Spring, and Summer mourne,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name."

" Phæbe's Sonnet.

" My Boat doth passe the streights
Of seas incenst with fire,
Fil'd with forgetfulnesse
Amidst the winter's night:
A blind and carelesse boy
(Brought up by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
Of sorrow and despight.
For every oare he sets
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (instead of wave)
A hope without distresse.
The winds of my deepe sighes,
(That thunder still for nought)
Have split my sailes with feare,
With care and heavinesse:
A mighty storme of teares,
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thousand fierce disdaines,
Doe slacke the haleyards oft,

Till

Till ignorance do pull
 And errour haile the shroude.
 No starre for safety shines,
 No Phœbe from aloft.
 Time hath subdued Art, and Joy is slaue to Woe:
 Alas (loue guide) be kind: what shall I perish so?"

" Rosader's Description of Rosalind.

" Like to the cleare in highest sphere
 Where all imperiall glory shines
 Of selfe-same colours is her haire,
 Whether unfolded, or in twines:
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling heaven by every wink:
 The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine.
 Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,
 That beautifies Auroræ's face;
 Or like the silver crimson shroude,
 That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace,
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.
 Her eyes are like to budded roses,
 Whom rankes of lillies neighbour nigh,
 Within which bounds she balme incloses,
 Apt to entice a deitie:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!
 Her necke is like a stately towre,
 Where love himself imprison'd lies,
 To watch for glances every houre,
 From her divine and sacred eies,
 Heigh ho, for Rosalind.
 Her paps are centers of delight,
 Her breasts are robes of heavenly frame,
 Where Nature moulds the deaw of light,
 To feede perfection with the same;
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!
 With orient pearle, with rubie red,
 With marble white, with saphire blew,
 Her body every way is fed,
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

Nature

Nature herselfe her shape admires;
 The gods are wounded in her sight,
 And love forsakes his heavenly fires,
 And at her eyes his brand doth light:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not Nymphs tho' I bemoane
 The absence of faire Rosalind,
 Since for a faire there is a fairer none,
 Nor for her vertues so divine:
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalind,
 Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were
 mine."

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ENGLAND'S HELICON.

THE SHEPHEARD TO HIS CHOSEN NYMPH.

ONELY joy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:

Let my whispring voyce obtaine
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.

Take mee to thee, & thee to me,

No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke;

Twinkling starres loue thoughts prouoke:

Daunger hence good care doth keepe;

Iealousie itself doth sleepe.

Take me to thee, & thee to me,

No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

B

Better

England's Helicon.

Better place no wit can finde
Cupid's yoake to loose or binde;
There sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.

Take me to thee and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

This small light the moone bestowes,
Serues thy beames but to enclose;
So to raise my hap more hie,
Feare not else, none can us spie.

Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deare, let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house;
Yet asleepe methinks they say,
Young folkes, take time while you may.

Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Niggard time threats, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse;
Long stay, ere he grant the same,
(Sweet then) while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Your faire mother is abed,
Candles out & curtains spred;
She thinks you doe letters write,
Write but let me first indite.

Take

England's Helicon.

13

Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Sweet (alas!) why saine you thus?
Concord better fitteth us.
Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Woe to me, & you doe sweare
Me to hate, but I forbear;
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me to so high a fall.
Soone with my deathe I will please thee:
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Finis. Sir Phil. Sydney.

THEORELLO.

A Shepherd's Edillion.

You shepheards which on hillocks sit,
Like Princes on their thrones;
And guide your flocks, which else would flit,
Your flocks of little ones;
Good kings haue not disdained it,
But shepheards haue been named;
A sheepe-hooke is a scepter fit
For people well reclaimed.

B ij

The

England's Helicon.

The shepheards life so honour'd is & praised:
That kings lesse happy seeme, though higher raised.

The summer sunne hath guilded faire,
With morning rayes the mountaines:
The birds doe caroll in the ayre,
And naked nimphs in fountaines.
The silvanes in their shagged haire,
With hamadriades trace:
The shadie satires make a quiere,
Which rockes with ecchoes grace.
All breathe delight, all solace in the season,
Not now to sing, were enemie to reason.

Cosma, my love, and more then so,
The life of my affections:
Nor life alone but lady too,
And Queene of their directions.
Cosma, my love, is fayre you know,
And which you shepheards know not:
Is (Sophi said) thence called so,
But names her beautie show not.

Yet hath the world no better name then she:
And then the world no fairer thing can be.

The sunne upon her forehead stands,
Or (jewell sun-like glorious)
Her forehead wrought with Jove's own hands,
For heavenly white notorious.
Her golden lockes like Hermus sands,
(Or then bright Hermus brighter:)
A spangled caull binds in with bands,
Then silver morning lighter.

And

And if the planets are the chiefe in skies,
No other starres then planets are her eyes.

Her cheeke, her lip, fresh cheeke, more fresh
Then selfe blowne buds of roses:
Rare lip, more red than those of flesh,
Which thousand sweetes encloses:
Sweet breath, which all things doth refresh,
And words then breath farre sweeter:
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile, nor nesh,
As substance which is fleeter,
In praise doe not surmount; although in placing,
Her christall necke, round breasts, and arms embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
Is not so perfect cleare,
As is the skie of her faire skinne,
Wheron no spots appeare.
The parts which ought not to be seene,
For soueraigne worth excell:
Her thighs with azure branched beene,
And all in her are well.
Long iuorie hands, legs straiter than the pine:
Well shapen feet, but virtue most divine.

Nor cloathed like a shepheardesse,
But rather like a Queene;
Her mantle doth the forme expresse,
Of all which may be seene.
Roabe fitter for an Empresse
Then for a shepheard's loue,
Roabe fit alone for such a lasse
As Emperours doth moue.

England's Helicon:

Roabe which heauen's Queen, the pride of her owne brother,
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (& who else but Ioue?)
Embroidered the same,
He knew the world, & what did moue
In all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
The counterfeits he wrought:
Of wood-gods & of euery groue,
And all which else was ought.
Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth note?
Then that he drew & pictur'd in her coate.

A vail of lawn like vapour thin,
Unto her anckle trailes;
Through which the shapes discerned bin,
As too & fro, it sailes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
To search her wonders out,
Of monsters & of gods a kin
Which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment seemes:
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For here & there appeare forth towers
Among the chalkie downes:
Cities among the country bowers,
Which smiling sunshine crownes.
Her metall buskins deckt with flowers,
As th' earth when frosts are gone,
Besprinkled are with orient showers
Of hayle & pebble stone.

Her

England's Helicon.

7

Her feature peerelesse, peerlesse her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with reale entire.

Oh! who can sing her beauties best,
Or that remains unsung?
Doe thou Apollo tune the rest,
Unworthy is my tongue.
To gaze on her is to be blest,
So wondrous faire her face is;
Her fairenesse cannot be exprest
In goddesses or graces.
I loue my love, the goodly worke of nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (O! Cosma) will I gaze,
And reade thy beauties euer:
Delighting in the blessed neare,
Which can be ended neuer.
For in the luster of thy rayes
Appeares thy parents brightnesse:
Who himselfe infinite displayes
In thee his proper greatnesse.
My song must end, but never my desire,
For Cosma's face is Theorello's fire.

Finis. E. B.

ASTROPHEL'S LOUE IS DEAD.

Ring out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,
For Loue is dead.

B iij

All

England's Helicon.

All Loue is dead infected,
 With plague of deepe disdain,
 Worth, or nought worth rejected,
 And faith faire scorne doth gaine.
 From so ungrateful fancie,
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it said
 That Loue is dead?
 His deathbed peacock's folly,
 His winding sheet is shame,
 His will false, seeming holy,
 His sole exectour blame.
 From so ungrateful fancie,
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Let dirge be sung & trentals richly read,
 For Loue is dead.
 And wrong his tombe ordaineth,
 My mistresse warble hart:
 Which epitaph containeth,
 Her eyes were once his dart.
 From so ungrateful fancie
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Alas! I lie, rage has this errour bred,
 Loue is not dead.

Love

Love is not dead but sleepeth
In her unmatched minde:
Where she his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert shee finde.

Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a frenzie,
Who Loue can temper thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

Finis. Sir Phil. Sidney.

A PALINODI.

As withereth the primrose by the riuer,
As fadeth summer's-sunne from gliding fountaines,
As vanisheth the light blowne bubble euer,
As melteth snow upon the mossie mountaines.
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble & the snow;
Of praise, pompe, glory, ioy, (which short life gathers)
Faure praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.
The withered primrose by the morning riuer,
The faded summer's sunne, from weeping fountaines:
The light blowne bubble, vanished for euer,
The molten snowe upon the naked mountaines,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, & melt away.

For as the snow, whose laune did ouer spread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant like did threat

To

To pierce the heauen with their aspiring head,
 Naked & bare doth leaue their craggie seat.
 When as the bubble, which did empty flie
 The dalliance of the undiscerned winde,
 On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,
 Hath shipwrack made, where it did dalliance finde.
 And when the sunshine which dissolued the snow,
 Coloured the bubble with a pleasant varie,
 And made the rathe & timely primrose grow,
 Swarth clouds with-draune (which longer time do tarie)
 Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so
 As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

Finis. E. B.

ASTROPHELL, THE SHEPHEARD, HIS COMPLAINT
 TO HIS FLOCKE.

Goe my flocke, goe get yee hence,
 Seeke a better place of feeding;
 Where yee may haue some defence
 From the stormes in my breast breeding,
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch in whom all woe,
 Can abide to keepe no measure:
 Merry flocke, such one foregoe
 Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
 Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yct

Yet (alas!) before you goe,
Hear your wofull maister's storie?
Which to stones I else would showe,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie,
When 'tis excellently sorrie.

Stella, fiercest shepherdesse,
Fiercest, but yet fairest euer:
Stella, whom the heavens still blesse,
Though against me she perseuer,
Though I blisse inherite neuer.

Stella hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue has proued
In this caitiffe heart to be,
Then can in good by us be moved
Towards lambkins best beloved.

Stella hath refused me
Astrophell that so well serued,
In this pleasant spring must see
While in pride flowers be preserued,
Himselfe only winter-serued,

Why (alas) then doth she sweare,
That she loueth me so dearly:
Seeing me so long to beare
Coales of loue that burne so clearely,
And yet leaue me helplesse meerely?

Is that loue? forsooth I trow,
If I saw my good dogge greeued,

And

England's Helicon.

And a helpe for him did know,
My loue should not be beleued,
But he were by me releued.

No, she hates me, well away;
Feigning loue, somewhat to please me.
Knowing, if she should display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then my dear flocke now adieu,
But (alas!) if in your straying,
Heauenly Stella meets with you,
Tell her in your pittious blaying,
Her poore slave's uniust decaying.

Finis. Sir Phil. Sidney.

HOBBINOL'S DITTIE IN PRAISE OF ELIZA; QUEENE OF THE SHEPHEARDS.

Ye dainty nimphs that in this blessed brooke
Doe bath your brest,
Forsake your watry bowers, & hither looke
At my request;
And you faire virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well;
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Who in her sex doth all excell.

Of

Of faire Eliza be your siluer song,
 That blessed wight:
 The flower of virgins may she flourish long
 In princely plight:
 For she is Syrinx daughter, without spot,
 Which Pan the shepheard's god on her begot:
 So sprung her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sets upon the grassie greene,
 O seemely sight!
 Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queene,
 And ermines white.
 Upon her head a crimson coronet,
 With daffadils & damaske roses set:
 Bay leaues betweene,
 And primeroses greene,
 Embellish the sweet violet.

Tell me, have ye beheld her angels face,
 Like Phoebe faire?
 Her heavenly hauiour, her princely grace,
 Can well compare:
 The red-rose medled, & the white yfere,
 In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.
 Her modest eye,
 Her majestie,

Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head
 On her to gaze:

But

England's Helicon.

But when he saw how broad her beames did spread,
It did him maze.

He blusht to see another sunne below,

Ne durst again his fierie face outshow:

Let him if he dare

His brightnesse compare

With hers to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thyselfe Cynthia, with thy silver rage,

And be not abasht,

When she the beames of thy beauty displayes,

Oh! how art thou dasht?

But I will not match her with Latonae's seed,

Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed,

Now is she a stone,

And makes deadly mone,

Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot

Such a Bellibone:

And Syrinx reioice that it euer was her lot

To beare such a one.

Soone as my younglings cry for the dam,

To her will I offer a milke-white lamb.

She is my goddessse plaine,

And I her shepheard's swaine,

Albe-for-swonk, & for-swat I am.

I see Caliope speede her to the place

Where my goddessse shines:

And after her the other Muses trace

With their violines.

Bin they not bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for Eliza in her hand to weare?

So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the Graces can it foote,
To the instrument:

They dauncen deffely, & singen soote
In their merriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace to make the daunce euen?
Let that roome to my lady be giuen.

She shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of ladies bright,
Ranged in a roe?

They beene all ladies of the lake behight
That unto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefe nimph of all,
Of oliue-branches beares a coronall.

Oliues beene for peace,
When warres doe surcease,
Such for a princesse beene principall.

Bring hether the pinke & purple cullumbine,
With gilly flowers;

Bring sweet carnasions, & sops in wine,
Worne of paramours.

Strew me the ground with daffa-down-dillies,
And cow-slips, & kings-cups, and loued lillies.

The

England's Helicon.

The pretty paunce
And the chevisaunce
Shall watch with the faire flower-deluce.

Ye shepheard's daughters that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there apace;
Let none come there but such as virgins beene,
To adorne her Grace.
And when you come where she as she is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace,
Binde your fillets fast,
And gird on your wast,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Now rise up, Eliza, decked as thou art
In royall ray:

And now ye dainty damsels may depart
Each one her way.

I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame Eliza thanke you for her song.

And if you come hether
When damsins I gather,
I will part them all, you among.

Finis. Edm. Spencer.

THE SHEPHEARD'S DAFFADILL.

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Sawst thou my daffadill?

She's

She's in a frock of Lincolne greene,
The colour maydes delight;
And neuer bath her beauty seene
But through a vayle of white.

Then roses nites to behold
That dresse up louers bowers;
The pansie & the marygold
Are Phœbus paramours.

Thou well describ'st the daffadill,
It is not full an hower
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou did'st not meete,
Nor news of her doest bring;
Yet is my daffadill more sweete
Than that by yonder spring.

I saw a shepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of lillie;
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
A wreath of daffadillie.

Yet Gorbo: thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For know, my pretty daffadill
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew itself but neere her seate
No lilly is so bold;

C

Except

England's Helicon.

Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the colde.

Through yonder vale as I did passe
Descending from the hill;
I met a smerking bonny lasse,
They call her Daffadill.

Whose presence as along she wente,
The pretty flower did greete;
As though their heads they downe-ward bent
With homage to her feete.

And all the shepherds that were nie,
From top of euery hill;
Unto the vallies loud did crie,
There goes sweet Daffadill.

I gentle shepheard now with ioy,
Thou all my flocks doest fill;
Come goe with me thou shepheard's boy,
Let us to Daffadill.

Finis. *Michael Drayton.*

A CANZON PASTORALL IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTIE.

Alas! what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
Hath giuen place,
To harsh black frosts the sad ground covering,
Can we, poore we embrace,

When

When euery bird on euery branch can sing,
 Naught but this note of woe, alas?
 Alas! this note of woe why should we sound?
 With us as May, September hath a prime,
 Then birds & branches your alas is fond,
 Which call upon the absent summer time.

For did flowres make our May,
 Or the sunbeames your day,
 When night & winter did the world embrace,
 Well might you waile your ill, & sing alas.

Loe matron-like the earth herselfe attires,
 In habite graue;
 Naked the fields are, bloomlesse are the brires,
 Yet we a summer haue,
 Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,
 Which bloomes can on the briers saue.
 No ice doth christallize the running brooke,
 No blast defloures the floure adorned field.
 Christall is cleare, but clearer is the looke,
 Which to our climes these living fires doth yeeld.

Winter though euery where
 Hath no abiding here:
 On brooks & brires she doth rule alone,
 The sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

Finis.

Edmund Bolton.

C ij

MELICERTUS

MELICERTUS MADRIGALE.

What are my sheepe without their wonted food?

What is my life except I gaine my loue?

My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood,

My life is lost unlesse I grace approue.

No flower that saplesse thriues,

No turtle without pheare.

The day without the sunne dothe lower for woe,

Then woe mine eyes, unlesse they beauty see.

My sonne Samelaes eyes, by whom I know

Wherin delight consists, where pleasures be:

Nought more the heart reuiues

Than to embrace his deere.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light;

Our humours by their light possesse their power:

Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping sight,

Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower

Towards the source of loue,

It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes, cleare to your ioy, behold her eyes,

Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses:

In them the heauen of ioy & solace lyes,

Without them euery hope his succour misses.

Oh how I live to proue,

Whereto this solace tends?

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

OLD DAMON'S PASTORALL.

From fortune's frownes & change remou'd,
Wend, silly flocks, unblessed feeding:
None of Damon more belou'd,
Feede, gentle lambs, while I sit reading.

Carelesse worldlings, outrage quelleth
All the pride & pompe of citie:
But true peace with shepherds dwelleth,
(Shepherds who delight in pittie)
Whether grace of heauen beholdeth,
On our humble mindes such pleasure;
Perfect peace with swaines abideth,
Loue & faith is shepherd's treasure.
On the lower plaines the thunder
Little thriues, & nought preuaileth;
Yet in cities breedeth wonder,
And the highest hills assaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne tyrant
Threatneth kings, not shepherds humble:
Age makes silly swaines delirent,
Thirst of rules garres great men stumble.
What to other seemeth sorrie
Abject state & humble biding:
Is our ioy & countrie glorie,
Highest states haue worse betiding:
Golden cups do harbour poyson,
And the greatest pompe dissembling:
Court of seasoned words hath foyson,
Treason haunts in most assembling.

England's Helicon,

Homely hearts doe harbour quiet,
 Little feare, & mickle solace:
 States suspect their bed & diet,
 Feare & craft do haunt the palace,
 Little would I, little want I,
 Where the minde & store agreeth,
 Smallest comfort is not scantie,
 Least he longs that little seeth.
 Time hath beene that I haue longed,
 Foolish I, to like of folly,
 To conuerse where honour thronged,
 To my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, & seeing sorrow,
 That the day consum'd returnes not:
 Who dare trust upon to morrow,
 When nor time, nor life sojourns not.

*Finis.**Thom. Lodge.*

PERIGOT AND CUDDIE'S ROUNDELAY.

It fell upon a holy-eue,
 Hey hoe, holy-day:
 When holy fathers went to shrive,
 Now ginneth this Roundelay.
 Sitting upon a hill so hie,
 Hey hoe the high hill:
 The while my flock did feede thereby,
 The while the shepheards selfe did spill.

I saw

I saw the bouncing Belly-bone,
 Hey hoe, bonny-bell:
 Tripping ouer the dale alone,
 She can hip it very well.
 Well decked in a frock of gray,
 Hey hoe, gray is greete:
 And in a kirtle of green say,
 The greene is for maydens meete.

A chaplet on her head she wore,
 Hey hoe, the chaplet:
 Of sweet violets therin was store,
 She's sweeter than the violet.
 My sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
 Hey hoe, silly sheepe:
 And gard on her as they were wood,
 Wood as he that did them kepe.

As the bonny lasse passed by,
 Hey hoe, bonny lasse:
 She rol'd at me with glauncing eye,
 As cleare as the chrystall glasse
 All as the sunnie beame so bright,
 Hey hoe, the sun-beame,
 Glaunceth from Phœbus face forth-right,
 So Loue into my heart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
 Hey-hoe, the thunder:
 Wherin the lightsome leuin shrouds,
 So cleaues my soule asunder.
 Or as dame Cynthia's siluer ray,
 Hey hoe, the moone-light:

England's Helicon.

Upon the glistering wave doth play,
Such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my heart did glide
Hey-hoe, the glider:
Therewith my soule was sharply gride,
Such wounds some wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Hey hoe, Perigot:
I left the head in my heart roote,
It was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more & more,
Hey hoe, the arrow:
Ne can I find salue for my sore,
Loue is a curelesss sorrow.
And though my bale with death I bought,
Hey hoe, heaueie cheere;
Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought,
So you may buy gold too deare.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,
Hey hoe, pinching paine;
Or thrine in wealth, she shall be mine,
But if thou can her obtaine,
And if for gracelesse grieve I dye,
Hey hoe, gracelesse grieve.
Witnesse, she slew me with her eye,
Let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
Hey hoe, the fair flocke:

For

For preefe thereof my death shall weepe,
And moane with many a mocke.
So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,
Hey hoe, holy day:
That euer since my heart did greeue,
Now endeth our roundelay.

Finis. Edm. Spencer.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Forth I walked by the wood side,
When as May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
Phillida & Corydon.
Much a doo there was, God wot,
He would loue & she would not.
She said neuer man was true,
He said, none was false to you,
He said, he had lou'd her long,
She said, Loue should haue no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
She said, maides must kiss no men,
Till they did for good & all:
Then she made the shepheard call
All the heauens to winesse truth:
Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea & nay, & faith & troath,

Such

England's Helicon.

Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not Loue abuse.
 Loue which had beene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.
 And Phillida with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.
Finis. N. Breton.

TO COLIN CLOUTE.

Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
 Where fairest shades did hide her,
 The windes blew calme, the birds did sing,
 The coole streames ranne beside her.
 My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
 To see what was forbidden:
 But better memory said, fie,
 So, vaine desire was chidden.
 Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond Imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell,
 Her feature or her fashion.
 But even as babes in dreames doe smile,
 And sometimes fall a weeping,
 So I awakt, as wise this while,
 As when I fell a sleeping.
 Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.
Finis. Shepheard Tonie.

ROWLAND'S SONG IN PRAISE OF THE FAIREST BETA.

O thou siluer Thames, O clearest christall flood,
Beta alone the Phœnix is of all thy watry brood.
The Queene of virgins onely she,
And thou the Queene of fouds shalt be.
Let all the nimphs be joyfull then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be, the subject of my lay.

With daintie & delightsome straines of sweetest virelayes,
Come, louely shepheards, sit we downe, & chaunt our Beta's praise.
And let us sing so rare a verse
Our Beta's praises to rehearse,
That little birds shall silent be, to heare poore shepheards sing,
And rivers backward bend their course, & flow unto the spring.

Range all thy swannes, faire Thames, together on a ranke:
And place them duly one by one upon thy stately banke.
Then set together all a-good,
Recording to the siluer flood:
And craue the tunefull nightingale to helpe ye with her lay;
The ozell & the thrustle cocke, chiefe musicke of our May.

O see what troopes of nimphs been sporting on the strands;
And they beene blessed nimphs of peace, with oliues in their hands.
How merrily the Muses sing
That all the flourie meddowes ring;
And Beta sits upon the banke in purple & in pall,
And shee the Queene of Muses is, & weares the coronall.

Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree,
O happy sight unto all those that loue & honour thee.

The

The blessed angels haue prepar'd
 A glorious crown for thy reward.
 Not such a golden crowne as haughty Cæsar weares,
 But such a glittering starrie crown as Ariadne beares.

Make her a goodly chaplet of azur'd Cullumbine,
 And wreath about her coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
 Bedeck our Beta all with lillies,
 And the dainty daffadillies;
 With roses damaske, white & red, & fairest flowre-delice,
 With cowslips of Ierusalem, & cloaues of paradise.

O thou faire torch of heauen, the dayes most dearest light,
 And thou bright shining Cynthia, the glory of the night.
 You starres, the eyes of heauen,
 And thou the gliding leuen,
 And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all strange colours dyed:
 When she sheaues forth her rayes, then dasht is all your pride.

See how the day stands still, admiring of her face,
 And time loe stretcheth forth his armes, thy Beta to embrace.
 The syrens sing sweet layes,
 The Trytons sound her praise,
 Go pass on, Thames, and hie thee fast unto the ocean sea,
 And let thy billowes there proclaim thy Beta's holy-day.

And water thou the blessed roote of that green oliue tree,
 With whose sweet shadow all thy bankes with peace preserued be.
 Laurell for poets & conquerours,
 And mirtle for Love's-paramours.
 That fame may be thy fruit, the boughs preserved by peace,
 And let the mournfull cypres die, now stormes & tempests cease.

Weele

Weele strew the shoare with pearle, where Beta walks alone,
And we will paue her princely bower with richest Indian stone.
Perfume the ayre, & make it sweete,
For such a goddesse it is meete.
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's light,
No meruaile then, although they so doe dazell human sight.

Sound out your trumpets then, from London's stately towers,
To beat the stormie winds a-backe, & calme the raging showers.
Set to the cornet & the flute,
The orpharion & the lute:
And tune the tabor & the pipe to the sweet violins:
And moue the thunder in the ayre with lowdest clarions.

Beta, long may thine altars smoake with yerely sacrifice,
And long thy sacred temples may their sabbaths solemnize;
Thy shepheards watch by day and night,
Thy maides attend the holy light,
And thy large empire stretch her armes from east to west,
And Albion on the Appenine aduance her conquering crest.

Finis.

Mich. Drayton.

THE BARGINET OF ANTIMACHUS.

In pride of youth, in midst of May,
When birds with many a merry lay
Salute the sun's up-rising;
I sate me downe fast by a spring,
And while there merry chaunters sing,
I fell upon surmizing.

Amidst

Amidst my doubts & mind's debate,
Of change of time, of world's estate,

I spyed a boy attired
In siluer plumes, yet naked quite,
Some pretty feathers fit for flight,
Wherewith he still aspired.

A bowe he bare, to worke men's wrack,
A little quiver at his back,

With many arrowes filled:
And in his soft & pretty hand,
He held a liuely burning brand,
Where-with he louers killed.

Fast by his side, in rich array,
There sat a louely lady gay,

His mother as I guessed:
That set the lad upon her knee,
And trim'd his bow, & taught him flee,
And mickle loue professed.

Oft from her lap at sundry howres,
He leapt & gathered sommer flowres,
Both violets & roses:

But see the chaunce that followed fast,
As he the pompe of pride doth wast

Before that he supposes,
A bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did sting his hand, & made him cry,

Oh, mother, I am wounded!
Fair Venus that beheld her sonne,
Cryed out, alas! I am undone,

And thereupon she swounded.
My little lad, the Goddess sayd,
Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd?

He

He answered: gentle mother,
 The hony-worker in the hiue
 My grieve & mischiefe doth contriue,
 Alas it is none other.
 Shee kist the lad: now marke the chaunce,
 And strait she fell into a traunce,
 And crying, thus concluded:
 Ah! wanton boy, like to the bee,
 Thou with a kisse hath wounded mee,
 And haplesse Loue included.
 A little bee doth thee affright,
 But ah! my wounds are full of spright;
 And cannot be recured:
 The boy that kist his mother's paine,
 Gan smile, & kist her whole againe,
 And made her hope assured.
 He suckt the wound, & swag'd the sting,
 And little Loue ycurde did sing,
 Then let no louers sorrow.
 To day though grieve attaint his hart,
 Let him with courage bide the smart,
 Amends will come to morrow.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

When tender ewes brought home with euening sonne
 Wend to their folds,
 And to their holds
 The shepheards trudge when light of day is done:

Upon

Upon a tree,
 The eagle, Ioue's faire bird, did pearch,
 There resteth hee.
 A little fly his harbour then did search,
 And did presume, (though others laugh'd thereat)
 To pearch wheras the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd & shooke his royall wings,
 And charg'd the flie
 From thence to hie.
 Afraide, in hast the little creature flings,
 Yet seekes againe,
 Fearefull to pearke him by the eagle's side.
 With moodie vaine
 The speedie poast of Ganimede replide:
 Vassaile auant, or with my wings you die,
 Is't fit an eagle seat him with a flie?

The flie crau'd pittie, still the eagle frown'd:
 The silly flie,
 Ready to die,
 Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
 The eagle sawe,
 And with a royall minde said to the flie,
 Be not in awe,
 I scorne by me the meanest creature die.
 Then scale thee heere: the joyfull flie up-flings,
 And sate safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

A PASTORALL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there growes a flower
 Faire befall the daintie sweet:
 By that flower there is a bower,
 Where the heauenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chaire,
 Fringed all about with gold:
 Where doth sit the fairest faire,
 That euer eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis faire & bright,
 Shee that is the shepherd's ioy:
 Shee that Venus did despight,
 And did blinde her little boy.

This is shee, the wise, the rich,
 That the world desires to see:

This is *ipsa quæ* the which,
 There is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire?
 Who would not this saint adore?
 Who would not this sight desire,
 Though he thought to see no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me see,
 One good looke, & I am gone:
 Look on me for I am hee,
 Thy poore silly Coridon.

D

Thou

England's Helicon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queene,
 Looke upon thy silly swaine:
 By thy comfort haue beene seene
 Dead men brought to life againe.

*Finis.**N. Breton.*

CORIDON AND MELAMPUS SONG.

Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be void of feares?

Mel. When Ielousie hath neither eyes nor eares.

Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be throughly shriued?

Mel. When it is hard to speake, & not believed.

Cor. Melampus, when is Loue most male content?

Mel. When louers range, & beare their bowes unbent.

Cor. Melampus, tell me, when Loue takes least harme?

Mel. When swaines sweet pipes are puffed, & trulls are warme.

Cor. Melampus, tell me, when is Loue best fed?

Mel. When it has suckt the sweet that ease hath bred.

Cor. Melampus, when is Loue in time ill spent?

Mel. When it earne mead & yet receaves no rent.

Cor. Melampus, when is time well spent in loue?

Mel. When deeds win meed, & words loue workes doe proue.

*Finis.**Geor. Peele.*

TITYRUS

TITYRUS TO HIS FAIRE PHILLIS.

The silly swaine whose loue breeds discontent,
 Thinkes death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
 Sad he lookes, sad he lies :
 But when his fortunes mallice doth inuent,
 Then of Loue's sweetnes he will sweetly sing ;
 Thus he liues, thus he dies.
 Then Tityrus whom Loue hath happy made,
 Will rest thrice happy in this mirtle shade.
 For though Loue at first did greeue him :
 Yet did Loue at last releue him.

Finis. I. D.

SHEPHEARD.

Sweet thrall, first step to Loue's felicitie.
 Shepheardesse.
 Sweet thrall, no stop to perfect libertie.
 Hee. O life. Shee. What life ?
 Hee. Sweet life. Shee. No life more sweet :
 Hee. O Loue. Shee. What Loue ?
 Hee. Sweet Loue. Shee. No Loue more meet.

Finis. I. M.

D ij

ANOTHER

England's Helicon.

ANOTHER BY THE SAME AUTHOUR,

Fields were ouer-spread with flowers,
 Fairest choise of Floraes treasure:
 Shepheards there had shady bowers,
 Where they oft repos'd with pleasure.
 Meadowes flourish'd fresh & gay,
 Where the wanton heards did play.

Springs more cleare then christall streames.
 Seated were the groues among,
 Thus nor Titan's scorching beames,
 Nor earth's drouth could shepheards wrong
 Fair Pomonae's fruitfull pride:
 Did the budding branches hide.

Flockes of sheepe fed on the plaines,
 Harmeslesse sheepe that roamd at large:
 Here & there sate pensive swaines,
 Wayting on their wandring charge.
 Pensive while their lasses smil'd,
 Lasses which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
 Vallies stor'd with Vestae's wealth:
 Both did harbour sweet delight,
 Nought was there to hinder health,
 Thus did heauen grace the soyle:
 Not deform'd with workmen's toyle,

Purest plot of earthly mold,
 Might that land be justly named:

Art by nature was controled,
 Art, which no such pleasures framed.
 Fayrer place was neuer seene :
 Fittest place for beauties' queene.

Finis.

I. M.

MENAPHON TO PERSANA.

Faire fields proud Floraes vaunt, why is't you smile
 When as I languish?
 You golden meades why shine you to beguile
 My weeping anguish?
 I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
 Why doe you spring thus?
 What will not Boreas, tempests wrathfull King,
 Take some pittie on us?
 And send forth Winter in her rustie weede,
 To waile my bemoanings,
 While Idis tresk doe tune my country reede
 Unto my groanings.
 But heauen & earth, time, place, & euery power
 Haue with her conspired:
 To turne my blissfull sweet to balefull sower
 Since I this desired.
 The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
 Aye me unhappy!
 It was my fault t' imbrace my bane the fire
 That forceth me to die.
 Mine be the payne, but her's the cruell cause
 Of this strange torment.

D iij

Wherefore

England's Helicon.

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause
Till proud she repent.

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

A SWEET PASTORALL.

Good Muse rocke me a sleepe
With some sweet harmonie:
The weary eye is not to keepe
Thy wary companie.

Sweet Loue be gone a while,
Thou knowest my heauiness:
Beautie is borne but to beguile
My hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
That lou'd to feede on hie:
Doe head long tumble downe the rocke,
And in the vallie die.

The bushes & the trees
That were so fresh & greene:
Doe all their daintie colour leese,
And not a leafe is seene.

The blackebird & the thrush
That made the woods to ring:
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet

Sweet Philomele the bird,
That hath the heauenly throat:
Doth now alas not once affoord
Recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost
Each hearbe hath lost her sauour:
And Phillida the faire hath lost
The comfort of her fauour.

Now all these carefull sights,
So kill me in conceit:
That how to hope upon delights,
It is but mere deceite.

And therefore my sweet Muse
Thou knowest what helpe is best:
Do now thy heauenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dreame bewray
What fate shall be my friend:
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

Finis.

N. Breton.

D iij

HARPALUS

HARPALUS COMPLAINT ON PHILLADAES LOUE BE-
STOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOUED HER NOT,
AND DENYED HIM THAT LOUED HER.

Phillida was a faire maide,
 As fresh as any flower,
 Whom Harpalus, the heardsman prayde
 To be his paramour.
 Harpalus & eke Corin
 Were heards-men both yfere:
 And Phillida could twist & spinne,
 And thereto sing full cleare.
 But Phillida was all too coy,
 For Harpalus to winne;
 For Corin was her onely ioy,
 Who forc'd her not a pinne.
 How often would she flowers twine?
 How often garlands make:
 Of cowslips & of cullumbine,
 And all for Corin's sake.
 But Corin he had hawkes to lure,
 And forced more the field;
 Of louers law hee took no cure,
 For once hee was beguil'd;
 Harpalus preuailed naught,
 His labour all was lost:
 For he was furthest from her thought,
 And yet he lou'd her most.
 Therefore woxe he bothe pale & leane,
 And dry as clod of clay;
 His flesh it was consumed cleane,
 His colour gone away.

His

His beard it had not long been shaue,
 His haire hung all unkempt :
 A man most fit euen for the grave,
 Whom spitefull loue had spent,
 His eyes were red, & all forewatcht,
 His face besprent with teares :
 It seem'd unhap had him long hatcht,
 In midst of his dispaire.
 His cloathes were blacke & also bare,
 As one forlorne was hee :
 Upon his head he alwayes ware
 A wreath of willow-tree.
 His beasts he kept upon the hill,
 And he sate in the dale:
 And thus with sighs & sorrowes shrill,
 He gan to tell his tale.
 Oh Harpalus, thus would he say,
 Unhappiest under sunne :
 The cause of thine unhappy day,
 By loue was first begun.
 For thou wentst first by sute to seeke
 A tyger to make tame :
 That sets not by thy loue a leeke,
 But makes thy grief a game.
 As easie were it to convert
 The frost into a flame :
 As for to turne a froward hart
 Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
 Corin, he livith carelesse,
 He leapes among the leaues :
 He eates the fruit of thy redresse,
 Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaues.

My

England's Helicon.

My beasts awhile your foode refraine,
 And harke your heardman's sound:
 Whom spightfull Loue, alas, hath slaine,
 Through-girt with many a wound.
 Oh! happy be ye beasts wild,
 That here your pasture takes:
 I see that ye be not beguild,
 Of these your faithfull makes.
 The hart he feedeth by the hinde,
 The bucke hard by the doe:
 The turtle-doue is not unkinde
 To him that loues her so.
 The ewe she hath by her the ram,
 The young cowe hath the bull:
 The calfe with many a lusty lamb
 Doe feede their hunger full.
 But, well-away, that Nature wrought
 Thee Phillida so faire:
 For I may say that I haue bought
 Thy beauty all too deere.
 What reason is't that cruelty
 With beauty should haue part?
 Or else that such great tirannie,
 Should dwell in woman's hart?
 I see therefore to shape my death,
 She cruelly is prest:
 To th' end that I may want my breath,
 My dayes beene at the best.
 Oh Cupid grant this my request,
 And doe not stop thine eares:
 That she may feele within her brest
 The paine of my despaire.

Of

Of Corin that is carelesse,
 That she may craue her fee:
 As I haue done, in great distresse,
 That lou'd her faithfully.
 But since that I shall die her slaue,
 Her slaue & eke her thrall:
 Write you my friends upon my graue,
 This chance that is befall.
 Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
 By cruell loue now slaine,
 Whom Phillida unjustly thus,
 Hath mured with disdain.

Finis.

L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT, BUT MADE AS IT
 WERE IN AUNSWERE.

On a goodly summer day,
 Harpalus & Phillida;
 He, a true harted swaine
 She, full of coy disdain,
 droue their flocks to field:
 He to see his shepheardesse,
 She did dreame on nothing lesse,
 Then his continuall care,
 Which to grim-faced despaire,
 wholely did him yeeld.
 Corin she affected still,
 All the more thy heart to kill.

Thy

England's Helicon.

Thy case doth make me rue
 That thou shouldst loue so true,
 And be thus disdain'd:
 While their flockes a feeding were,
 They did meete together there.
 Then with a curtsie lowe,
 And sighs that told his woe,
 Thus to her he plain'd.
 Bide awhile faire Phillida,
 List what Harpalus will say
 Onely in loue to thee,
 Though thou respect not mee,
 Yet vouchsafe an eare:
 To preuent ensuing ill,
 Which no doubt betide thee will,
 If thou do not foresee,
 To them it presently
 Then thy harme I feare,
 Firme thy loue is well I wot,
 To the man that loues thee not,
 Louely & gentle mayde,
 Thy hope is quite betrayde,
 Which my heart doth greeue.
 Corin is unkinde to thee,
 Though thou thinke contrarie:
 His loue is growne as light,
 As is his falcon's flight,
 This sweet nimph beleue.
 Mopsus daughter, that young mayde,
 Her bright eyes his heart hath strayde

From

From his affecting thee,
Now there is none but shee

That is Corin's blisse:

Phillis, men the virgin call,

She is buxome, faire & tall,

Yet not like Phillida:

If I my minde might say,

Eyes oft deeme amisse.

He commends her beauty rare,

Which with thine may not compare;

He does extoll her eye,

Silly thing, if thine were by,

Thus conceit can erre:

He is rauish'd with her breath,

Thine can quicken life in death,

He praiseth all her parts;

Thine, winnes a world of harts,

More if more there were.

Looke sweet nimph upon thy flock

They stand still, & now feede not;

As if they shar'd with thee,

Griefe for the iniurie

Offred to true loue.

Pretty lambkins how they moane,

And in bleating seeme to groane,

That any shepheard's swaine

Should cause their mistress paine:

By affects remoue.

If you looke but on the grasse,

It's not halfe so greene as 'twas:

When I began my tale,

But

England's Helicon.

But is as wither'd pale,
 All in mere remorse.
 Marke the trees that brag'd euen now,
 Of each goodly Greene leaud bow,
 They seeme as blasted all,
 Ready for winter's fall,
 Such is true loue's force.
 The gentle murmur of the springs
 Are become contrary things :
 They haue forgot their pride,
 And quite forsake their glide,
 As if charm'd they stand.
 And the flowers growing by,
 Late so fresh in euery eye ;
 See how they hang the head,
 As on a suddaine dead
 Dropping on the sand.
 The birds that chaunted it, yer-while
 Ere they heard of Corin's guile,
 Sit as they were afraide,
 Or by some hap dismaide,
 For this wrong to thee.
 Harke sweet Phil how Philomell,
 That was wont to sing so well ;
 Targles now in yonder bush,
 Worser then the rudest thrush.
 As it were not shee.
 Phillida, who all this while,
 Neuer gaue a sigh or smile :
 Round about the field did gaze,

As

As her wits were in a maze,
 Poore despised mayd.
 And reviu'd at the last,
 After streames of teares were past:
 Leaning on her shepheard's hooke,
 With a sad & heauie looke,
 The poore soule she sayd.
 Harpalus, I thank not thee,
 For this sorry tale to mee:
 Meete me here againe tomorrow,
 Then I will conclude my sorrow
 Mildly, if may be:
 With their flockes they home doe fare,
 Eithers heart too full of care:
 If they doe meete againe,
 Then what they furdere sayne
 You shall hear from me.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

THE NYMPHES MEETING THEIR MAY QUEENE, ENTER-
 TAINE HER WITH THIS DITTIE.

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
 And make this our chiefe holy-day.
 For though this clime were blest of yore,
 Yet was it neuer proud before.
 O beauteous queene of second Troy,
 Accept of our unfained joy.

Now

England's Helicon.

Now th' ayre is sweeter than sweet balme,
 And satyres dance about the palme;
 Now earth with verdure newly dight,
 Giues perfect signs of her delight.
 O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie
 And trees doe whistle melodie;
 Now euery thing that Nature breedes,
 Doth clad itselſe in pleasant weedes.
 O beauteous queene, &c.

*Finis.**Tho. Watson.*COLIN CLOUTE'S MOURNFUL DITTIE FOR THE DEATH
OF ASTROPHEL.

Shepherds that wont on pipes of oaten reede
 Oft-times to planne your loue's concealed smart,
 And with your pitious lays have learn't to breede
 Compassion in a country lasses hart:
 Harken ye gentle shepherds to my song,
 And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
 The mournfulst verse that euer man did sing;
 To you whose softned hearts it may unpierce
 With dolour's dart for death of Astrophell.
 To you I sing, & to none other wight,
 For well I wot, mine rimes beene rudely dight,

Yet

Yet as they beene, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing but the dead.
And if in him fam'd pittie euer place:
Let him be moued to pittie such a case.

Finis.

Edm. Spencer.

DAMÆTAS JIGGE IN PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a hill,
On a hill so merrily,
On a hill so cherily,
Feare not Shepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery dale, fill euery plaine,
Both sing & say; Loue feels no paine.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a greene,
On a greene so merrily,
On a greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth scene,
Heard to each swaine, scene to each trull:
Both sing & say; Loue's ioy is full.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the sunne,
In the sunne so merrily,
In the sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, & let thy rimes runne
Downe to the dales, to the hills aboue:
Both sing & say; no life to loue.

E

Iolly

England's Helicon.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the shade,
 In the shade so merrily,
 In the shade so cherily,
 Ioy in thy life, life of shepheard's trade,
 Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee,
 Both sing, & say; sweet Loue for me.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard here or there,
 Here or there so merrily,
 Here or there so cherily,
 Or in thy chat, either at thy cheere,
 In euery jigge, in euery lay,
 Both sing & say; Loue lasts for aye.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard Daphne's Loue,
 Daphne's loue so merrily,
 Daphne's loue so cherily,
 Let thy fancie never more remoue,
 Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
 Still sing & say; Loue's yoake is sweet.

*Finis.**John Wootton.*

MONTANUS PRAISE OF HIS FAIRE PHŒBE.

Phœbe sate,
 Sweet she sate,
 Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her,
 White her brow,
 Coy her eye,
 Brow & eye, how much you please me.

Words

Words I spent,
 Sighs I sent,
 Sighs & words could neuer draw her,
 Oh my Loue
 Thou art lost,
 Since no sight could euer ease thee.
 Phœbe sate
 By a fount,
 Sitting by a fount I spide her,
 Mark her touch,
 Rare her voyce,
 Touch & voyce what may distaine you?
 As she sung,
 I did sigh,
 And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
 Oh mine eyes
 You did loose,
 Her first sight, whose want did paine you.
 Phœbus flocks
 White as wooll
 Yet were Phœbe's lookes more whiter,
 Phœbus eyes
 Doue-like mild,
 Doue-like eyes both mild & cruell,
 Montane sweares
 In your lampes
 He will die for to delight her.
 Phœbe yield,
 Or I die,
 Shall, true hearts be fancie's fuell?

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

E ij

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS THE FORSAKEN
SHEPHEARD.

Thestilis, a silly swaine, when loue did him forsake,
 In mournfull wise amid the woods, thus 'gan his plaint to make.
 Ah! wofull man (quoth he) false is thy lot to mone,
 And pine away with carefull thoughts, unto thy loue unknown.
 Thy nimph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so:
 That aye to her thou wert a friend, but to thyself a foe.
 Ye louers that haue lost, your hearts desired choyce:
 Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
 Was neuer man that stood so great in fortune's grace,
 Nor with his sweat (alas! too deere) possess'd so high a place:
 As I whose simple heart, aye thought himself still sure,
 But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.
 She knowes my guiltlesse heart, and yet she lets it pine:
 Of her untrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
 What wonder is it then if I berent my haire:
 And crauing death continually, doe bathe myself in teares:
 When Cræsus, King of Lida, was cast in cruell bands,
 And yeelded goods & life into his enemies hands:
 What tongue could tell his woe? yet was his grieve much lesse
 Than mine, for I haue lost my loue, which might my woe redress.
 Ye woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound
 That ye maye helpe me to bewaile, the cares that me confound.
 Ye riuers rest awhile, & stay your streames that runne:
 Rue Thestilis, the wofulst man, that rests under the sonne.
 Transport my sighs ye winds, unto my pleasant foe:
 My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe.
 Oh! happy man were I, if all the gods agreed:
 That now the sisters three, should cut in twaine my fatall thread.
 Till life with loue shall end, I here resigne all ioy.
 Thy pleasant sweet I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy
 Farewell

Farewell my deere, therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
If that I die, it shal be said : that thou hast slaine thine owne.

Finis.

L. T. Howard. E. of Surrie.

TO PHILLIS THE FAIRE SHEPHEARDESSE.

My Phillis hath the morning sunne,
At first to looke upon her :
And Phillis hath morne-waking birds,
Her risings still to honour.
My Phillis hath prime-featherd flowres,
That smile when she treads on them :
And Phillis hath a gallant flocke,
That leapes since she doth owne them.
But Phillis hath too hard a hart,
Alas, that she should haue it.
It yeelds no mercie to desert,
Nor grace to those that craue it :
Sweet sunne, when thou lookst on,
Pray her, regard my moane ;
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
To yeeld some pittie, woo her ;
Sweet flowers, that she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty deads one.
And if in life her loue she will agree me :
Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

Finis.

S. E. D.

THE SHEPHEARD'S DORON'S JIGGE.

Through the shrubs as I can crack,
 For my lambs, pretty ones,
 'Mongst many little ones,
 Nymphs I meane, whose haire as black
 As the crow,
 Like as the snow
 Her face & brow shin'd I weene,
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxome, and as sheene
 As was shee
 On her knee
 That lull'd the God whose arrowes warmes
 Such merry little ones,
 Such faire-fac'd pretty ones,
 As dally in Loue's chiefest harmes.
 Such was mine
 Whose gray eyene
 Made me loue; I gan to wooe
 This sweet little one,
 This bonny pretty one.
 I wooed hard a day or two,
 Till she bad,
 Be not sad,
 Wooe no more, I am thine owne,
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretty one,
 Thus was faith & firme loue shoune,
 As behooues
 Shepherd's Loues.

*Finis.**Ro. Greene.*

ASTROPHELL

ASTROPHELL HIS SONG OF PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

Faire in a morne, (O fairest morne)
 Was neuer morne so faire :
 There shone a sunne, though not the sunne,
 That shineth in the ayre.
 For the earth, & from the earth,
 (Was neuer such a creature :)
 Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
 That carried such a feature.
 Upon a hill, (O blessed hill,
 Was neuer hill so blessed)
 There stode a man, (was neuer man
 For woman so distressed)
 This man beheld a heauenly view,
 Which did such vertue giue :
 As cleares the blinde, and helps the lame,
 And makes the dead man liue.
 This man had hap, (O happy man
 More happy none than hee ;)
 For he had hap to see the hap,
 That none had hap to see.
 This silly swaine, (and silly swaines
 Are men of meanest grace :)
 Had yet the grace, (O gracious guest)
 To hap on such a face.
 He pittie cried, & pittie came,
 And pittied so his paine :
 As dying, would not let him die,
 But gaue him life againe.
 For ioy whereof he made such mirth
 As all the woods did ring :

E iij

And

And Pan with all his swaines came out
 To heare the shepheards sing ;
 But such a song sung neuer was,
 Nor shall be sung againe.
 Of Phillida the shepheards queene
 And Coridon the swaine.
 Faire Phillis is the shepheard's queene,
 (Was neuer such a queene as shee)
 And Coridon her onely swaine,
 (Was neuer such a swaine as he.)
 Faire Phillis hath the fairest face,
 That euer eye did yet behold.
 And Coridon the constant'st faith
 That euer yet kept flocke in fold.
 Sweet Phillis is the sweetest sweet,
 That euer yet the earth did yield,
 And Coridon the kindest swaine,
 That euer yet kept lambs in field.
 Sweet Philomell is Phillis bird,
 Though Coridon be he that caught her :
 And Coridon doth heare her sing,
 Though Phillida be she that taught her.
 Poore Coridon doth keepe the fields,
 Though Phillida be she that owes them :
 And Phillida doth walke the meades,
 Though Coridon be he that mowes them.
 The little lambs are Phillis loue,
 Though Coridon is he that feedes them :
 The gardens faire are Phillis ground,
 Though Coridon is he that weedes them.
 Since then that Phillis onely is,
 The onely shepheards onely queene ;

And

And Coridon the onely swaine,
 That onely hath her shepheard beene.
 Though Phillis keepe her bower of state,
 Shall Coridon consume away?
 No, Shepheard, no, worke out the weeke,
 And Sunday shall be holy-day.

Finis.

N. Breton.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD'S SONG.

On a day, (alack the day,)
 Loue whose moneth was euer May:
 Spied a blossome passing faire,
 Playing in the wanton ayre.
 Through the veluet leaues the winde,
 All unscene gan passage finde:
 That the shepheard (sick to death,)
 Wish'd himselfe the heauens breath.
 Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow:
 Ayre, would I might triumph so.
 But alas, my hand hath sworne,
 Nere to pluck thee from thy thorne.
 Vow (alack) for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet,
 Thou for whom Ioue would sweare
 Iuno but an Ethiope were,
 And deny himselfe for Ioue,
 Turning mortall for thy loue.

Finis.

W. Shakespeare.

THE

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHEARD'S COMPLAINT.

My flocks feede not, my ewes breed not,
 My rammes speed not, all is amisse :
 Loue is denying, Faith is defying ;
 Harts rening, causer of this.
 All my merry jigges are quite forgot,
 All my ladie's loue is lost, God wot,
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
 There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse ;
 O frowning fortune, cursed fickle Dame,
 For now I see, inconstancie
 More in women than in men remaine.

In blacke mourne I, all feares scorne I,
 Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
 My Shepheard's Pipe can sound no deale,
 My weather's bell rings dolefull knell.
 My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
 Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.
 With sighs so deepe, procure to weepe,
 In howling-wise to see my dolefull plight:
 How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare wels spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not forth their die :
 Heards stand weeping—flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs

Nymphs backe peeping fearefully.
 All our pleasure knowne to us poore swaines,
 All our merry meeting on the plaines.
 All our euening sports from us are fled.
 All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
 Farewell sweet Loue, thy like nere was,
 For sweet content, the cause of all my moane:
 Poore Coridon must liue alone,
 Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

Finis.

Ignoto.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME SHEPHEARD'S.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a groupe of mirtles made,
 Beasts did leape & birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, & plants did spring.
 Euery thing did banish moane,
 Saue the nightingale alone.
 She, poore bird, as all forlorne,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to heare it was great pitty.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she crie
 Teru, teru, by and by.
 That to heare her so complaine
 Scarse I could from teares refraine.

For

England's Helicon.

For her griefes so liuely showne,
 Made me thinke upon mine owne.
 Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
 None takes pittie on thy paine.
 Sencelesse trees, they cannot heare thee,
 Ruthlesse beasts, they will not cheare thee,
 King Pandion he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapt in lead.
 All thy fellow birds doe sing,
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing;
 Euen so poore bird like thee,
 None aliue will pittie mee.

*Finis.**Ignoto.*

THE SHEPHEARD'S ALLUSION OF HIS OWNE AMOROUS
 INFELICITIE TO THE FATE OF ACTÆON.

Actæon lost in middle of his sport
 Both shape & life for looking but awry:
 Diane was afraid he would report
 What secrets he had scene in passing by.
 To tell but truth, the self same hurt haue I:
 By viewing her for whom I daily die.
 I leese my wonted shape, in that my minde
 Doeth suffer wracke upon the stonie rock
 Of her disdain, who contrarie to kinde
 Docs beare a breast more hard than any stock;
 And former forme of limbes is changed quite:
 By cares in loue, & want of due delight

I leese my life, in that each secret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say, that life auaieth nought,
Where service cannot haue a due reward.
I dare not name the nimph that workes my smart,
Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

Finis.

T. Watson.

MONTANUS SONNET TO HIS FAIRE PHŒBE.

A Turtle sate upon a leaelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad & sorrie cheare,
About her wondring stood,
The citizens of wood,
And whilest her plumes she rents,
And for her loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them.
Each one that doth her view,
Her paines & sorrowes rue.
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me haue overthrowne,
Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if she did looke on me?

The loue sicke Polipheme that could not see
Who on the barren shore,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in moane
For Galatea gone,
And with his cries

Afflicts

England's Helicon.

Afflicts both earth & skies
 And to his woe betooke,
 Doth breake both pipe & hooke
 For whom complains the morne,
 For whom the sea nimphs mourne.
 Alas! his paine is nought,
 For were my woe but thought:
 Oh how would Phœbe sigh if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
 Yet glad am I:
 If gentle Phœbe daine,
 To see her Montane die.

*Finis.**Thom. Lodge.*

PHŒBE'S SONNET, A REPLY TO MONTANUS PASSION.

Downe a downe,
 Thus Phillis sung,
 By fancy once distressed:
 Whoso by foolish Loue are stung
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

When Loue was first begot,
 And by the mother's will,
 Did fall to human lot,
 His solace to fulfill,
 Deuoid of all deceit,
 A chaste & holy fire,

Did

Did quicken men's conceit,
 And women's breasts inspire.
 The gods that saw the good,
 That mortals did approue,
 With kinde & holy moode
 Began to talke of Loue.
 Downe a downe,
 Thus Phillis sung
 By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to heare,
 Whilest Loue in deed & word,
 Most faithfull did appeare;
 False semblance came in place,
 By Iealousie attended:
 And with a double face,
 Both loue & fancie blended,
 Which made the gods forsake,
 And men from fancie flie:
 And maydens scorne a make,
 Forsooth, & so will I.
 Downe a downe,
 Thus Phillis sung,
 By fancie once distressed:
 Whoso by foolish Loue are stung,
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

Finis. *Thom. Lodge.*

CORIDON,

CORIDON'S SUPPLICATION TO PHILLIS.

Sweet Phillis, if a silly swaine,
 May sue to thee for grace:
 See not thy louing shepheard slaine,
 For looking on thy face.
 But thinke what power thou hast got,
 Upon my flocke and mee:
 Thou seest they now regard me not
 But all doe follow thee.
 And if I haue so farre presum'd,
 With prying in thine eyes:
 Yet let not comfort be consum'd
 That in thy pittie lyes
 But as thou art that Phillis faire,
 That fortune fauour giues:
 So let not Loue dye in despaire,
 That in thy favour liues.
 The deere doe brouse upon the bryer,
 The birdes doe picke the cherries:
 And will not beautie grant desire,
 One handfull of her berries?
 If it be so that thou hast sworne,
 That none shall looke on thee;
 Yet let me know thou dost not scorne
 To cast a looke on me.
 But if thy beautie make thee proud,
 Thinke then what is ordain'd:
 The heauens haue neuer yet alow'd
 That loue should be disdain'd.
 Then lest the fates that fauour Loue,
 Should curse thee for unkinde,

Let

Let me report for thy behoooue,
 The honour of thy minde;
 Let Coridon with full consent,
 Set downe what he hath seene:
 That Phillida with Loue's content,
 Is sworne the Shepheard's Queene.

Finis.

N. Breton.

DAMÆTAS MADRIGALL IN PRAISE OF HIS DAPHNIS.

Tvne on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
 Loue faire and bright:
 Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
 Heauen's loue's delight,
 With Daphnis prayse.

To pleasant *Tempe* groues and plaines about,
 Plaines, Shepheard's pride:
 Resounding ecchoes of her praise ring out,
 Ring farre and wide
 My Daphnis praise.

When I begin to sing, begin to sound,
 Sounds loud and shrill:
 Doe make each note vnto the skies rebound,
 Skies calme and still,
 With Daphnis praise.

F

Her

England's Helicon.

Her tresses are like wiers of beaten gold,
 Gold bright and sheene:
 Like Nisus golden haire that Scilla pold.
 Scill, ore-seene
 Through Minos loue.

Her eyes like shining lamps in midst of night,
 Night darke and dead:
 Or as the starres that giue the seamen light,
 Light for to lead
 Their wandring ships.

Amidst her cheeks the rose and lily striue,
 Lilly, snow white:
 When their contend doth make their colour thriue.
 Colour too bright
 For Shepheard's eyes.

Her lips like scarlet of the finest die,
 Scarlet blood red:
 Teeth white as snow which on the hils doth lie,
 Hils ouer-spread
 by Winter's force.

Her skinne as soft as is the finest silke,
 Silke soft, and fine:
 Of colour like vnto the whitest milke,
 Milke of the kine
 Of Daphnis heard.

As swift of foote as is the pretty roe,
 Roe swift of pace:

When

When yelping hounds pursue her to and fro.
Hounds fierce in chase,
To reave her life.

Cease tongue to tell of any more compares,
Compares too rude:
Daphnis deserts and beautie are too rare,
Then heere conclude
Faire Daphnis praise.

Finis.

I. Wootton.

DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FAIRE SHEPHEARDESSE
SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her sommer weede,
Girt with a crimson roabe of brightest die,
Goes faire Samela.
Whiter than be the flocks that stragling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie.
Is faire Samela.
As faire Aurora in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her Loue:
Is faire Samela.
Like louely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies moue.
Shines faire Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the brests are iuorie:
Of faire Samela.
Her cheeks like rose and lilly yeeld forth gleames,
F ij

Her

England's Helicon.

Her browes bright arches fram'd of ebonie,
Thus faire Samela

Passeth faire Venus in her brightest hew,
And Iuno, in the shew of majestie:

For she's Samela.

Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
Yeeld to Samela.

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

WODENFRIDE'S SONG IN PRAISE OF AMARGANA.

The sunne the season in each thing
Reuiues new pleasures, the sweet spring
Hath put to flight the winter keene:
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The paths where Amargana treads
With flowrie tap'stries Flora spreads.
And Nature cloathes the ground in greene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The groaues put on their rich aray
With hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay;
And sweet perfum'd with eglantine,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The silent riuer stayes his course,
Whilst playing on the christall source:

The

The siluer scaled fish are seene
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The woods at her faire sight reioyces,
The little birds with their loud voyces,
In consort on the bryers beene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The fleecie flockes doe scud and skip,
The wood-nimphs, fawnes and satires trip,
And daunce the mirtle trees betweene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

Great Pan, (our god) for her deere sake,
This feast and meeting bids vs make,
Of shepheards, lads, and lasses sheene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

And euery swaine his chaunce doth proue,
To winne faire Amarganae's loue;
In sporting strife, quite voide of spleene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

All happines let heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muses Nine,
Long liue our louely sommer queene.

Finis.

W. H.

F iij

ANOTHER

England's Melicon.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Happy Shepheards sit and see,
 With ioy,
 The peerelesse wight:
 For whose sake Pan keepes from ye
 Annoy,
 And giues delight,
 Blessing this pleasant spring,
 Her praises must I sing.
 List you swaines, list to me,
 The whiles your flocks feeding be.

First her brow a beauteous globe
 I deeme,
 And golden haire;
 And her cheek Auroraes roabe
 Doth seeme,
 But farre more faire.
 Her eyes like starres are bright,
 And dazle with their light.
 Rubies her lips to see,
 But to taste, nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her smile
 Doth linke
 The Graces three:
 Her white necke doth eyes beguile
 To thinke
 It iuorie.
 Alas her lilly hand
 How it doth me command?

Softer

Softer silke none can be :
And whiter milke none can see.

Circes wand is not so strait
As is
Her body small :
But two pillers beare the waight
Of this
Maiesticke hall.
Those be I you assure,
Of Alabaster pure ;
Polish'd fine in each part:
Ne'er Nature yet shewed like art.

How shall I her pretty tread
Expresse
When she doth walke?
Scarse she does the primrose head
Depresse
Or tender stalke
Of blew-vein'd violets,
Whereon her foote she sets.
Vertuous she is, for we finde,
In body faire, a beaut'ous minde.

Liue faire Amargana still
Extold
In all my rime:
Hand want art, when I want will
T' vnfold
Her worth diuine.

But now my muse doth rest,
Despaire clos'd in my brest.

England's Helicon.

Of the valour I sing:
Weake faith no hope doth bring.

Finis.

W. H.

AN EXCELLENT PASTORALL DITTIE.

A carefull nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
Vnder the shaddow of an ashen tree;
With lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
Vnto a nimph that bare her company:
No sooner had she tuned euery string,
But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies, and nimphs, come listen to my plaint,
On whom the cheerefall sunne did neuer rise:
If pittie's stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
Come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes,
For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares.
His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
The freezing doubts, the guilefull promises:
The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtill toyes,
The brittle hope, the stedfast heauines.
The wished warre in such vncertaine peace:
These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy mother's lap
Do'st lye, and heare the crie of my complaint.

And

And seest, and smilest at my sore mishap,
That lacke but skill my sorrowes here to paint:
Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
Quite through mine eyes into my brest did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
My body quicke, my heart began to leape:
And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
The fruit of my desired ioyes to reape.
But he on whom to thinke, my soul still tyers:
In bayle forsooke, and left me in the bryers.

Then fancie strung my lute to layes of Loue,
And Loue hath rock'd my wearie muse a-sleepe;
And sleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
And euery paine I feele doth force me weepe.
Then farewell fancie, lone, sleepe, paine, and sore,
And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

PHILLIDA'S LOUE-CALL TO HER CORIDON, AND HIS
REPLYING.

Phil. Coridon, arise my Coridon,
Titan shineth cleare:
Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon,
Who is it that I heare:
Phi. Phillida thy true loue calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then;

Anie

England's Helicon.

Arise and keep thy flocke with me.
Cor. Phillida, my true loue is it she?
 I come then, I come then,
 I come and keepe my flocke with thee.

Phil. Here are cherries ripe for my Coridon,
 Eate them for my sake:

Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my louely one,
 Sport for thee to make.

Phil. Here are threeds my true loue, fine as silke,
 To knit thee, to knit thee
 A paire of stockings white as milke.

Cor. Here are reedes my true loue, fine and neate,
 To make thee, to make thee,
 A bonnet to withstand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my Coridon,
 To set in thy cap:

Cor. I will gather peares my louely one
 To put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true-loue garters gay,
 For Sundayes, for Sundayes,
 To weare about his legges so tall.

Cor. I will buy my true-loue yellow say,
 For Sundayes, for Sundayes,
 To weare about her middle small.

Phil. When my Coridon sits on a hill
 Making melodie:

Cor. When my louely one goes to her wheel,
 Singing cherily.

Phil. Sure methinks my true-loue doth excell

for

- For sweetnesse, for sweetnesse,
Our Pan that old Arcadian knight :
- Cor.* And methinks my true loue beares the bell
For clearenesse, for clearenesse,
Beyond the nimphs that be so bright.
- Phil.* Had my Coridon, my Coridon,
Beene (alack) my swaine :
- Cor.* Had my louely one, my louely one,
Beene in Ida plaine,
- Phil.* Cinthia Endimion had refus'd,
Preferring, preferring,
My Coridon to play with-all :
- Cor.* The queene of love had beene excus'd
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phillida the golden ball.
- Phil.* Yonder comes my mother, Coridon,
Whether shall I flie?
- Cor.* Vnder yonder beech my louely one,
While she passeth by.
- Phil.* Say to her thy true loue was not here,
Remember, remember,
Tomorrow is another day :
- Cor.* Doubt me not my true-loue, doe not feare,
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heauen keepe our loues alway.

Finis.

Ignoto.

England's Helicon.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SOLACE.

Phœbus delights to view his laurell tree,
 The poplar pleaseth Hercules alone:
 Melissa mother is and faultrix to the bee,
 Pallas will weare the oliue branch alone.
 Of shepheards and their flocks Pales is queene:
 And Ceres ripes the corne was lately greene.
 To Chloris euery flower belongs of right,
 The Dryade nimphs of woods make chiefe account:
 Orcades in hills haue their delight,
 Diana doth protect each bubling fount.
 To Hebe louely kissing is assign'd,
 To Zephire euery gentle-breathing wind.
 But what is Loue's delight? to hurt each where
 He cares not whom with darts of deepe desire:
 With watchfull iealousie, with hope, with feare,
 With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.
 O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe:
 This little god, so great a cause of woe.

*Finis.**Tho. Watson.*

SYRENUS SONG TO EUGERIUS.

Let now the goodly spring tide make vs merrie,
 And fields, which pleasant flowers doe adorne:
 And vales, meads, woods, with liuely colours flourish,
 Let plenteous flocks the shepherd's riches nourish.

Let

Let hungry wolues by dogges to death be torne,
And lambes reioyce, with passed winter wearie.

Let euery riuer's ferrie
In waters flow, and siluer streames abounding,
And fortune, ceaselesse wounding.

Turne now thy face, so cruell and vnstable,
Be firme and fauorable.

And thou that kill'st our soules with thy pretences,
Molest not (wicked loue) my inward sences.

Let country plainenesse liue in ioyes not ended,
In quiet of the desert meades and mountaines,
And in the pleasure of a country dwelling.

Let shepheards rest, that haue distilled fountaines
Of teares; proue not thy wrath, all paines excelling,
Vpon poore soules, that neuer haue offended.

Let thy flames be incended
In haughty courts, in those that swim in treasure,
And liue in ease and pleasure.

And that a sweetest scorne (my wonted sadnes)
A perfect rest and gladnes,

And hills and dales may giue mee: with offences,
Molest not (wicked loue) my inward sences.

In what law find'st thou, that the freest reason
And wit, vnto thy chaines should be subiected,
And harmlesse soules vnto thy cruell murder.

O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth further
From thy extreames, thou plagu'st. O false, suspected,
And carelesse boy, that thus thy sweets doost season

O vile and wicked treason,
Might not thy might suffice thee, but thy fuell

Of

England's Helicon.

Of force must be so cruell?
 To be a lord, yet like a tyrant minded,
 Vaine boy, with errour blinded.
 Why do'st thou hurt his life with thy offences,
 That yeelds to thee his soule and inward sences?

He erres (alas) and foulely is deceiued,
 That calls thee God being a burning fire:
 A furious flame, a playning grieve and clamorous,
 And Venus sonne (that in the earth was amorous,
 Gentle and mild and full of sweet desire)
 Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.
 And yet that she conceaued
 By prooffe, so vile a sonne, and so vnruly:
 I say (and yet say truly)
 That in the cause of harmes, that they haue framed,
 Both iustly may be blamed:
 She that did breed him with such vile pretences,
 He that doth hurt so much our inward fences.

The gentle sheepe and lambs are euer flying,
 The rauinous wolues & beasts that are pretending
 To glut their mawes with flesh they teare asunder.
 The milke-white doves at noyse of fearefull thunder
 Fly home a-maine, themselues fro harme defending.
 The little chick, when puttocks are a crying.
 The woods and meadowes dying
 For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
 Doe neuer cease to craue it.
 So euery thing his contrary resisteth,
 Onely thy thrall persisteth.

In suffering of thy wrongs without offences:
And lets thee spoile his heart and inward sences.

A publique passion, Nature's lawes restrayning,
And which with words can neuer be declared,
A soule twixt loue, and feare, and desperation,
And endlesse plaint, that shunnes all consolation.
A spendlesse flame, that neuer is impaired,
A friendlesse death, yet life in death maintaining
A passion, that is gaining
On him that loueth well, and is absented,
Whereby it is augmented.
A iealousie, a burning griefe and sorrow,
These fauours louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, these be thy recompences:
Consuming still their soule and inward sences.

Finis.

Bar. Young.

THE SHEPHERDS ARSILEUS REPLY TO SYRENUS SONG.

O let that time a thousand moneths endure,
Which brings from heauen the sweet & siluer showers,
And ioyes the earth (of comfort late deprived,)
With grasse and leaues, fine buds and painted flowers,
Ecchoe, returne unto the woods obscure,
Ring forth the Shepheard's song in loue contriued.
Let old Loues be reuiued,
Which angry winter buried but of late,
And that in such a state

My

England's Helicon.

My soule may haue the full accomplishment
 Of ioy and sweet content.
 And since fierce paines and griefes thou do'st controul
 Good Loue, doe not forsake my inward soule.

Presume not (Shepheards) once to make you merrie,
 With springs, and flowers, or any pleasant song,
 (Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
 If you sing not to him, your songs doe wearie,
 Crown him with flowers, or else ye do him wrong;
 And consecrate your springs to his behests.
 I to my shepheardesse
 My happy loues with great content doe sing,
 And flowers to her doe bring,
 And sitting neere her by the riuer side,
 Enioy the braue spring-tide.
 Since then thy ioyes such sweetnesse doth enroule
 Good Loue doe not forsake my inward soule.

The wise (in ancient times) a God thee nam'd,
 Seeing that with thy power and supream might,
 Thou didst such rare and mighty wonders make:
 For thee a heart is frozen and inflam'd,
 A foole thou mak'st a wise man with thy light,
 The coward turnes couragious for thy sake.
 The mighty gods did quake
 At thy command: to birds & beasts transformed
 Great monarchs haue not scorned
 To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure:
 Such spoiles thou do'st procure
 With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould,
 With which (sweet Loue) thou coquer'st euery soule

In other times obscurely I did liue,
 But with a drowsie, base, and simple kinde
 Of life, and onely to my profit bend me:
 To thinke of loue myselfe I did not giue,
 Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
 Neuer did any shepheardesse commend me.

But crowned now they send me
 A thousand garlands, that I wone with praise,
 In wrastling dayes by dayes,
 In pitching of the barre with arme most strong,
 And singing many a song.

After that thou didst honour, and take hould
 Of my (sweet Loue) and of my happy soule.

What greater ioy can any man desire
 Then to remaine a captiue vnto Loue:
 And haue his heart subiected to his power?
 And though sometimes he tast a little sower
 By suffering it, as mild as gentle doue
 Yet must he be, in liew of that great hire
 Whereto he doth aspire:

If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,
 Let them with cause complaine
 Of cruell fortune, and of time's abuse,
 And let not them accuse

Thee (gentle Loue) that doth with blisse enfould
 Within thy sweetest ioyes each liuing soule.

Behold a faire sweet face, and shining eyes
 Resembling two most bright and twinkling starres,
 Sending vnto the soule a perfect light:

Behold the rare perfections of those white

G

And

And iuorie hands, from grieve's most surest barres,
 That minde wherein all life and glory lyes,
 That ioy that neuer dyes,
 That he doth feele, that loues and is beloued,
 And my delights approued,
 To see her pleas'd, whose Loue maintaines me here,
 All those I count so deere,
 That though sometimes Loue doth my ioyes controule,
 Yet I am glad he dwels within my soule.

*Finis.**Bar. Young.*

A SHEPHEARD'S DREAM.

A silly shepheard lately sate
 Among a flock of sheepe:
 Where musing long on this and that,
 At last he fell asleepe.
 And in the slumber as he lay,
 He gaue a pitteous groane:
 He thought his sheepe were runne away,
 And he was left alone.
 He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
 But not a sheepe came neere him:
 Which made the Shepheard sore appall'd
 To see that none would heare him.
 But as the swaine amazed stood,
 In this most solemne vaine:
 Came Phillida forth of the wood,
 And stood before the swaine.

Whom

Whom when the Shepheard did behold,
 He straight began to weepe :
 And at the heart he grew a cold,
 To thinke vpon his sheepe.
 For well he knew, where came the Queene,
 The Shepheard durst not stay :
 And where that he durst not be seene,
 The sheepe must needes away.
 To aske her if she saw his flock,
 Might happen patience moue :
 And haue an answer with a mock,
 That such demanders proue.
 Yet for because he saw her come
 Alone out of the wood :
 He thought he would not stand as dombe,
 When speech might doe him good,
 And therefore falling on his knees,
 To aske but for his sheepe :
 He did awake, and so did leese
 The honour of his sleepe.

Finis.

N. Breton.

THE SHEPHEARD'S ODE.

Nights were short, and dayes were long,
 Blossomes on the hawthorne hong,
 Philomell (Night-musiques king)
 Told the comming of the Spring.
 G ij

Whose

Whose sweet siluer sounding voyce,
 Made the little birds reioyce,
 Skipping light from spray to spray,
 Till Aurora shew'd the day.
 Scarse might one see, when I might see
 (For such chances sudden be)
 By a well of marble-stone,
 A shepheard lying all alone.
 Weepe he did, and his weeping
 Made the fading flowers spring.
 Daphnis was his name I weene,
 Youngest swaine of Summer's Queene.
 When Aurora saw 'twas he,
 Weepe she did for companie:
 Weepe she did for her sweet sonne,
 That (when antique Troy was wonne)
 Suffer'd death by lucklesse fate,
 Whom she now laments too late:
 And each morning (by cocks crewe)
 Showers downe her siluer dewe,
 Whose teares falling from their spring,
 Giue moisture to each liuing thing
 That on earth encrease and grow,
 Through power of their friendly foe.
 Whose effect when Flora felt,
 Teares, that did her bosome melt,
 (For who can resist teares often,
 But she whom no teares can soften?)
 Peering strait aboue the banks,
 Shew'd herselfe to giue her thanks,
 Wondring thus at Nature's worke,
 (Wherein many meruailes lurke).

Methought

Methought I heard a dolefull noyse
 Consorted with a mournfull voyce,
 Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
 Heare I did, vnto my paine,
 (For who is not pain'd to heare
 Him in griefe whom heart holds deere?)
 Silly swaine with griefe ore-gone,
 Thus to make his pitteous moane:
 Loue I did, alas the while,
 Loue I did, but did beguile
 My deere Loue with louing so,
 Whom as then I did not know.
 Loue I did the fairest boy
 That these fields did ere enioy.
 Loue I did faire Ganimede,
 Venus darling, beauties bed:
 Him I thought the fairest creature,
 Him the quintessence of nature.
 But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
 (Loue of reason is bereau'd)
 For since then I saw a lasse,
 Lasse that did in beauty passe:
 Passe faire Ganimede as farre
 As Phœbus doth the smallest starre.
 Loue commanded me to loue,
 Fancie bad me not remoue
 My affection from the swaine
 Whom I neuer could obtaine:
 (For who can obtaine that favour
 Which he cannot grant the crauer?)
 Loue at last (though loth) preuail'd,
 Loue that so my heart assail'd.

Wounding me with her faire eyes,
 Ah how Loue can subtilize?
 And devise a thousand shifts
 How to worke men to his drifts?
 Her it is, for whom I mourne,
 Her, for whom my life I scorne:
 Her, for whom I weepe all day,
 Her, for whom I sigh and say
 Either she, or else no creature
 Shall enioy my loue: whose feature
 Though I neuer can obtaine,
 Yet shall my true loue remaine:
 Till (my body turn'd to clay)
 My poore soule must passe away
 To the heauens; where I hope
 It shall finde a resting scope:
 Then since I loued thee alone,
 Remember me when I am gone.
 Scarse had he these last words spoken,
 But methought his heart was broken,
 With great grieve that did abound,
 (Cares a grieve the heart confound)
 In whose heart thus riu'd in three,
 Eliza written I might see
 In caracters of crimson blood,
 Whose meaning well I vnderstood,
 Which, for my heart might not behold:
 I hied me home my sheepe to fold.

Finis.

Rich. Barnefelde.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S COMMENDATION OF HIS NIMPH.

What shepherd can expresse
The fauour of her face?
To whom in this distresse
I doe appeale for grace.
A thousand Cupids flye
About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire.
No sweeter life I trie
Then in her loue to die.

The lilly in the field
That glories in his white:
For purenesse now must yeeld,
And render vp his right.
Heauen pictur'd in her face
Doth promise ioy and grace.

Faire Cynthiaes siluer light
That beates on running streames,
Compares not with her white;
Whose haire are all sun-beames.
So bright my nimph doth shine
As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceedes the damaske-rose:

G. iijj

Which

England's Helicon.

Which in her cheekes is spread,
Where euery fauour growes;
In skie there is no starre,
But she surmounts it farre.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In faire carnation wise:
He shewes in my nimph's face,
As Queene of euery grace.

This pleasant lilly white,
This taint of roseate red:
This Cynthiae's siluer light,
This sweet faire Dea spread
These sun-beames in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

Finis.

Earle of Oxenford.

CORIDON TO HIS PHILLIS.

Alas, my heart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on Phillis face:
Whose heauenly eye no mortall man may see,
But he must die or purchase Phillis grace.
Poor Coridon, the nimph whose eye doth moue thee,
Doth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Her

Her beautie, Nature's pride, and shepherd's praise,
Her eye, the heauenly planet of my life:
Her matchlesse wit and grace, her fame displaies,
As if that Ioue had made her for his wife.

Onely her eyes shoot fierie darts to kill:

Yet is her hart as cold as Caucase hill.

My wings too weake to flye against the sunne,

Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light;

My hart doth yeeld that I am quite vndone,

Thus hath faire Phillis slaine me with her sight.

My bud is blasted, withred is my leafe:

And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phillis the golden fetter of my minde,

My fancie's idoll, and my vitall power:

Goddesse of nimphs, and honour of thy kinde,

This age's Phoenix, beautie's richest bower,

Poore Coridon for loue of thee must die:

Thy beautie's thrall, and conquest of thine eye.

Leaue Coridon to plough the barren field,

Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace:

For Phillis lookes no harty loue doe yeeld,

Nor can she loue, for all her louely face.

Die Coridon, the spoile of Phillis eye:

She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

Finis:

S. E. Dyer.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOUE.

Melibeus. Shepheard, what's Loue, I pray thee tell?

Faustus. It is that fountaine, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That toules all into heauen or hell,
And this is Loue as I heard tell.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, I prethee say?

Faust. It is a worke on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,
When lustie bloods in fresh aray,
Heare ten months after of the play,
And this is Loue as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Shepheard saine?

Faust. It is a sunshine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,
It is a game, where none doth gaine.
The lasse saith no, and would full faine:
And [this] is Loue as I heare saine.

Meli. Yet Shepheard, what is Loue, I pray?

Faust. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soone away,
Then Nimphs take vantage while ye may:
And this is Loue as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Shepheard show?

Faust. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe.
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooves shall finde it so,
And Shepheard this is Loue I trow.

Finis.

Ignoto.

TO

TO HIS FLOCKES.

Feede on my flockes securely,
 Your Shepheard watched surely ;
 Runne about my little lambs,
 Skip and wanton with your dammes,
 Your louing heard with care will tend ye.
 Sport on faire flocks at pleasure,
 Nip Væstaes flowring treasure.
 I my selfe will duely harke,
 When my watchfull dogge doth barke,
 From wolfe and foxe I will defend ye.

Finis.

H. C.

A ROUNDELAY BETWEEN TWO SHEPHEARDS.

- 1 *Shep.* Tell me thou gentle Shepheard's swaine,
 Who is younder, in the vale is set ?
 2 *Shep.* Oh it is she, whose sweetes doe staine
 The lilly, rose, the violet.
 1 *Shep.* Why doth the sunne against his kind,
 Fixe his bright chariot in the skies ?
 2 *Shep.* Because the sunne is strooken blinde,
 With looking on her heauenly eyes.
 1 *Shep.* Why doe thy flockes forbear their food,
 Which sometime were thy chiefe delight ?

2 *Shep*

2 *Shep.* Because they need no other good
That liue in presence of her sight.

1 *Shep.* Why looke these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attir'd this goodly heath?

2 *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.

1 *Shep.* Why slide these brookes so slow away,
Whose bubling murmur pleas'd thine eare?

2 *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they stay,
When they her heavenly voyce doe heare.

1 *Shep.* From whence come al these Shepheard swains,
And louely Nymphs attir'd in greene?

2 *Shep.* From gathering garlands on the plaines,
To crowne our faire the Shepheard's Queene.

Both. The sunne that lights this world below,
Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witness beare :
These Nymphs and Shepheards all doe know,
That it is she is onely faire.

Finis.

Michaell Drayton.

THE SOLITARIE SHEPHEARD'S SONG.

O shadie vale, O faire enriched meades,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, & rising mountaines :

O

O painted flowers, greene hearbs where Flora treads,
Refresht by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged queristers of wood,
That pearcht aloft, your former paines report:
And strait againe recount with pleasant moode,
Your present ioyes in sweet and seemely sort.

O all you creatures whosoever thrive,
On mother earth, in seas, by ayre, by fire:
More blest are you then I heere vnder sunne,
Loue dies in me, when as hee doth reuiue
you, I perish vnder beautie's ire,
Where after stormes, winds, frosts, your life is won.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

THE SHEPHEARD'S RESOLUTION IN LOUE.

If Ioue himselfe be subiect vnto Loue,
And range the woods to finde a mortall pray,
If Neptune from the seas himselfe remoue,
And seeke on sands with earthly wights to play:
Then may I loue my Shepheardesse by right,
Who farre excels each other mortall wight?
If Pluto could by Loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld himselfe a silly virgin's thrall,
If Phœbus could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a rusticke mayde vnto his call.
Then how much more should I adore the sight:
Of her in whom the heauens themselues delight?

If

If cōuntrie Pan might follow nimphs in chase,
 And yet through Loue remaine deuoide of blame,
 If Satires were excus'd for seeking grace,
 To ioy the fruits of any mortall dame.

My Shepheardesse, why should not I loue still,
 On whom nor gods nor men can gaze their fill?

Finis.

Thom. Watson.

CORIDON'S HYMNE IN PRAISE OF AMARILLIS.

Would mine eyes were christall fountaines,
 Where you might the shadow view
 Of my greefes, like to these mountaines,
 Swelling for the losse of you.
 Cares which curelesse are alas,
 Helpelesse, haplesse for they grow :
 Cares like tares in number passe,
 All the seedes that Loue doth sow.
 Who but could remember all
 Twinckling eyes still representing
 Starres which pierce me to the gall?
 Cause they lend no more contenting.
 And you nectar-lips, alluring
 Humane sence to taste of heauen :
 For no art of man's manuring
 Finer silke hath euer weauen,
 Who but could remember this,
 The sweet odours of your fauour?
 When I smeld I was in blisse,

Neuer

Neuer felt I sweeter sauour,
 And your harmlesse hart annoited,
 As the custome was of kings:
 Shewes your sacred soule appointed
 To be prime of earthly things.
 Ending thus remember all,
 Cloathed in a mantle greene;
 'Tis enough I am your thrall:
 Leaue to thinke what eye hath scene:
 Yet the eye may not so leaue,
 Though the thought doe still repine,
 But must gaze till death bequeath
 Eyes and thoughts vnto her shrine.
 Which if Amarillis chaunce,
 Hearing to make haste to see:
 To life, death she may aduance,
 Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

Finis.

T. B.

THE SHEPHEARD CARILLO HIS SONG.

Guarda mi las Vaccas
 Carillo, por tu fe,
 Besa mi primero,
 Yo te las guardare.

I prethee

England's Helicon.

I prethee keep my kine for me,
 Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
 First let me haue a kisse of thee,
 And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
 That doest commend thy kine or sheepe,
 For thee I doe suffice:
 Because in this I haue beene bred,
 But for so much as I haue fed,
 By viewing thee, mine eyes;
 Command not me to keepe thy beast:
 Because myselfe, I can keepe least.

How can I keepe, I prethee tell,
 Thy kine, myself that cannot well
 Defende, nor please thy kinde,
 As long as I haue serued thee?
 But if thou wilt giue vnto me
 A kisse to please my minde:
 I aske no more for all my paine,
 And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
 That I doe aske, to keepe thy neate,
 But unto me it is
 A guerdon, that shall make me liue.
 Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
 So small a gift as this,
 But if to it thou canst not frame,
 Then giue me leaue to take the same.

But

But if thou dost (my sweet) denie
To recompence me by and by,
Thy promise shall relent me:
Hereafter some reward to finde,
Behold how I doe please my minde,
And fauours doe content me,
That though thou speak'st it but in iest,
I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue workes in me,
And how ill recompenc'd by thee;
That with the shadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)
I thinke myselfe right well appay'd.
Although they proue a scoffe.
Then pittie me that haue forgot,
Myselfe for thee that carest not.

O in extreame thou art most faire,
And in extreame vniust despaire
Thy crueltie maintaines:
Oh that thou wert so pittifull
Vnto these torments that doe pull
My soule with sencelesse paines,
As thou shew'st in that face of thine:
Where pittie and mild grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweetest face
Assureth me both peace and grace,
Thy hard and cruell hart:
Which in that white breast thou do'st beare,
Doth make me tremble yet for feare,
Thou wilt not end my smart.

H

In

England's Helicon.

In contraries of such a kinde,
Tell me what succour shall I finde?

If then yong Shepheardesse thou craue
A heards-man for thy beast to haue,
With grace thou maist restore
Thy Shepheard from his barren loue,
For neuer other shalt thou proue,
That seekes to please thee more :
And who to serue thy turne, will neuer shun,
The nipping frost, and beames of parching sun.

Finis, *Bar. Yong.*

CORIN'S DREAM OF HIS FAIRE CHLORIS.

What time bright Titan in the zenith sat,
And equally the fixed poales did heate :
When to my flocke my daily woes I chat,
And vnderneath a broad beech tooke my seate.
The dreaming god, which Morpheus poets call,
Augmenting fuell to my *Ætna*es fire.
With sleepe possessing my weake sences all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Methought I saw the Nymph I would embrace,
With armes abroad comming to me for helpe :
A lust-led Satire hauing her in chase,
Which after her about the fields did yelp,
I seeing my loue in such perplexed plight,

A sturdie bat from off an oake I reft,
 And with the rauisher continued fight,
 Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
 Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathlesse foe,
 With kisses kinde she gratifies my paine;
 Protesting rigour neuer more to show,
 Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
 But drowsie slumbers flying to their cell,
 My sudden ioy conuerted was to bale:
 My wonted sorrowes still with me doe dwell,
 I looked round about on hill and dale:
 But I could neither my faire Chloris view,
 Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I slew.

Finis.

W. S.

THE SHEPHEARD DAMON'S PASSION.

Ah trees, why fall your leaues so fast?
 Ah rockes, where are your roabes of mosse?
 Ah flocks, why stand you all agast?
 Trees, rocks, and flocks, what are ye pensiue for my losse?

The birds methinkes tune naught but moane,
 The windes breath naught but bitter plaint:
 The beasts forsake their dennes to groane,
 Birds, windes, and beastes, what doth my losse your powers
 H ij [attaint?
 Floods

England's Helicon.

Floods weepe their springs aboue their bounds,
 And eccho wailes to see my woe:
 The roabe of ruthe doth cloath the grounds,
 Floods, eccho, grounds, why doe ye all these teares bestow?

The trees, the rocks, and flocks replie,
 The birds, the windes, the beasts report:
 Floods, eccho, grounds for sorrow crie,
 Wee greeue since Phillis nill kinde Damon's loue consort.

*Finis.**Thom. Lodge.*

THE SHEPHEARD MUSIDORUS HIS COMPLAINT.

Come Shepheards weeds, become your master's minde,
 Yeeld outward shew, what inward change hee tries:
 Nor be abash'd, since such a guest you finde,
 Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lies.
 Come Shepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
 Disuse yourselues from sweet Menalcas voyce:
 For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
 From those cleare notes which freely may reioice.
 Then poure out plaint, and in one word say this,
 Helplesse his plaints, who spoiles himselfe of blisse.

*Finis.**S. Phil. Sidney.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S BRAULE ONE HALFE ANSWERING
THE OTHER.

1. We loue, and haue our loues rewarded?
2. We loue, and are no whit regarded.
1. We finde most sweet affection's snare:
2. That sweet but sower dispairefull care.
1. Who can dispaire, whom hope doth beare?
2. And who can hope, that feeles despaire?
All. As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No musique kindly without loue.

Finis.

S Phil. Sidney.

DORUS HIS COMPARISONS.

My sheepe are thoughts which I both guide & serue,
Their pasture is faire hils of fruitlesse loue:
On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue,
I waile their lot, but will not other proue.
My sheepe-hooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:
My weedes, desires, cut out in endlesse folds,
What wooll my sheepe shall beare, while thus they liue,
In you it is, you must the iudgment giue.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

THE SHEPHEARD FAUSTUS HIS SONG.

*A faire maid wed to prying Jelousie,
One of the fairest as euer I did see :
If that thou wilt a secret loue take,
(Sweet life) do not my secret loue forsake.*

Ecclipsed was our sunne,
And fair Aurora darkened to vs quite,
Our morning starre was done,
And Shepheard's star lost cleane out of our sight,
When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock plight.
Dame Nature made thee faire,
And ill did carelesse fortune marry thee,
And pittie with despaire
It was, that this thy haplesse hap should be,
A fayre maid wed to prying Jealousie.

Our eyes are not so bold
To view the sun, that flies with radiant wing :
Vnlesse that we doe hold
A glasse before them, or some other thing.
Then wisely this to passe did fortune bring
To couer thee with such a vaile :
For heretofore when any viewed thee,
Thy sight made his to faile.
For (sooth) thou art: thy beautie telleth mee,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy

Thy graces to obscure,
 With such a froward husband, and so base;
 She meant thereby most sure,
 That Cupid's force, & loue thou should'st embrace,
 For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case:
 Then care no more for kin,
 And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,
 To loue thou must begin:
 And from henceforth this question neuer make,
If that thou shouldst a secret louer take.

Of force it doth behooue
 That thou should'st be belou'd, and that againe
 (Faire mistresse) thou should'st loue,
 For to what end, what purpose, and what gaine,
 Should such perfections serue? as now in vaine
 My loue is of such art,
 That (of itselfe) it well deserues to take
 In thy sweet loue a part:
 Then for no Shepheard, that his loue doth make,
(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME, BY FIRMIUS THE SHEPHEARD.

If that the gentle winde
 Doth moue the leaues with pleasant sound,
 If that the kid behinde
 Is left, that cannot finde
 Her dam, runnes bleating vp and downe

H iij

The

The bagpipe, reede or flute,
 Onely with ayre if that they touched be,
 With pittie all salute,
 And full of loue doe brute
 Thy name, and sound Diana, seeing thee
A faire mayd wed to prying Ielousie.

The fierce and sauage beasts
 (Beyond their kinde and nature yet)
 With pitteous voyce and brest,
 In mountaines without rest,
 The selfe same song doe not forget.
 If that they stay'd at (*faire*)
 And had not passed to prying *Iealousie*
 With plaints of such despaire,
 As moon'd the gentle ayre
 To teares; the song that they did sing, should bee
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Mishap, and fortune's play,
 Ill did they place in beautie's brest;
 For since so much to say
 There was of beautie sway,
 They had done well to leaue the rest.
 They had enough to doe,
 If in her praise their wits they did awake:
 But yet so must they too,
 And all thy loue that woe
 Thee not too coy, nor too too proud to make,
If that thou wilt a secret louer take.

For if thou hadst but knowne

The

The beautie that they heere doe touch,
 Thou would'st then loue alone
 Thyselfe, nor any one,
 Onely thyselfe accounting much.
 But if thou dost conceaue
 This beauty, that I will not publique make,
 And mean'st not to bereaue
 The world of it, but leaue
 The same to some (which neuer peere did take)
 (*Sweet life*) doe not my secret loue forsake.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

DAMELUS SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA.

Diaphenia like the daffa-down-dilly,
 White as the sunne, faire as the lilly,
 Heigh hoe, how I doe loue thee?
 I doe loue thee as my lambs
 Are beloued of their dams,
 How blest were I if thou would'st proue me?

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
 That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
 Faire sweet how I doe loue thee?
 I doe loue thee as each flower
 Loues the sunne's life-giuing power,
 For dead, they breath to life might moue me

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
 When all thy praises are expressed,

Deare

Deare ioy, how I doe loue thee?
 As the birds doe loue the Spring:
 Or the bees their carefull king,
 Then in requite, sweet virgin loue me.

Finis.

H. C.

THE SHEPHEARD EURYMACHUS TO HIS FAIRE SHEP-
 HEARDESSE MIRIMIDA.

When Flora proud in pompe of all her flowers
 Sate bright and gay:
 And gloried in the dewe of Iris showers,
 And did display
 Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene;
 Then I
 Alone
 A mournfull man in Ericine was seene.

With folded arms I trampled through the grasse,
 Tracing as he
 That held the throne of fortune, brittle glasse,
 And loue to be
 Like fortune fleeting, as the restlesse winde
 Mixed
 With mists,
 Whose dampe doth make the clearest eyes grow blinde.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame,
 I cast my sight,
 And sawe, where blith-ly bathing in the same,
 With great delight

A worne

A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate:

And yet

'Twas strange,

It carelesse lay, and shrunk not at the heate.

I stood amaz'd and wondring at the sight,

While that a dame,

That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,

Discourst the same,

And said my friend this worme within the fire,

Which lyes

Content,

Is Venus worme, and represents desire.

A salamander is this princely beast,

Deck'd with a crowne,

Giuen him by Cupid as a gorgeous creast

Gainst Fortune's frowne.

Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,

And goes

Not forth,

For why, he cannot liue without the same.

As he, so louers liue within the fire

Of feruent loue:

And shrinke not from the flame of hote desire,

Nor will not moue

From any heate that Venus force imparts,

But lie

Content

Within a fire, and wast away their harts.

Vp flew the dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
 But there stood I,
 And many thoughts within my minde did shroud
 My loue: for why
 I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
 And yet
 As did
 The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

*Finis.**Ro. Greene.*

THE SHEPHEARD FIRMIUS HIS SONG.

Shepheards giue eare, and now be still,
 Vnto my passions, and their cause,
 And what they be:
 Since that with such an earnest will,
 And such great signes of friendship's lawes,
 You aske it me.

It is not long since I was whole,
 Nor since I did in euery part
 Free will resigne:
 It is not long since in my sole
 Possession, I did know my hart
 And to be mine.

It is not long since euen and morrow,
 All pleasure that my heart could finde
 Was in my power:

It

It is not long since grieve and sorrow,
My louing heart began to binde
And to deuoure.

It is not long since companie
I did esteeme a ioy indeede
Still to frequent :
Nor long, since solitarilie
I liu'd and that this life did breede
My sole content.

Desirous I (wretched) to see,
But thinking not to see so much
As then I saw :
Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
Me with his law.

First he did put no more nor lesse
Into my heart, than he did view
That there did want :
But when my breast in such excesse
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
Then were so scant.

My ioyes, that now did so abate,
(Myselfe estranged euery way
From former rest :)
That I did know, that my estate,
And that my life was euery day
In death's arrest.

I put

I put my hand into my side
 To see what was the cause of this
 Vnwonted vaine,
 Where I did finde that torments hied
 By endlesse death to preiudice
 My life with paine.

Because I saw that there did want
 My heart, wherein I did delight
 My dearest hart:
 And he that did the same supplant
 No iurisdiction had of right
 To play that part.

The iudge and robber that remaine
 Within my soule, their cause to trie,
 Are there all one:
 And so the giuer of the paine,
 And he that is condemn'd to die
 Or I, or none.

To die I care not, any way,
 Though without why, to die I greeue,
 As I doe see:
 But for because I heard her say,
 None die for loue, for I beleuee
 None such there be.

Then this thou shalt beleuee by me
 'oo late, and without remedie
 As did in briefe:
 naxerete, and thou shalt see

The

The little she did satisfie
With after grieve.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PRAISE OF HIS SACRED DIANA.

Praised be Dianae's faire and harmelesse light,
Praised be the dewes, wherwith she moistes the ground:
Praised be her beames, the glory of the night,
Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound.

Prais'd be her nimphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Prais'd be her knights, in whom true honour liues:
Prais'd be that force by which she moues the floods,
Let that Diana shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the spheares,
She mistresse-like makes all things to be pure;
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortality below her orbe is plast;
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide
In her is Vertue's perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know:
With Circes let them dwell that thinke not so.

Finis.

Ignoto.

England's Helicon.

THE SHEPHEARD'S DUMPE.

Like desart woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadful beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
Such is my wounded heart, whom Sorrow paineth.

The trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my heart maintaineth
To whet my griefe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst heart no succour gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth
To coole the heate the helplesse heart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, sighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for their paines awarded
Your Shepheard's loue might be by you regarded.

Finis.

S. E. D.

THE NIMPH DIANAÆ'S SONG.

When that I poore soule was borne,
I was borne vnfortunate:
Presently the fates had sworne,
To foretell my haplesse state.

Titan

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phœbe 'clips'd her siluer light :
In my birth my mother died,
Young and faire in heauie plight.

And the nurse that gaue me suck,
Haplesse was in all her life ;
And I neuer had good luck,
Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
And forgetting, was forgot :
This a haplesse marriage mou'd,
Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in such a graue of woes
Daily to be buried,
Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my father married me,
Forc'd by my obedience :
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
I forgot without offence.

Which contempt I pay so farre,
Neuer like was paid so much :
Iealousies doe make me warre,
But without a cause of such.

I doe goe with iealous eyes,
To my folds and to my sheepe ;

I

And

England's Helicon.

And with iealousie I rise,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his table I doe eate,
In his bed with him I lie:
But I take no rest nor meate,
Without cruell iealousie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he iealous is?
In his answer then he failes,
Nothing can he say to this.

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head:
In each corner he doth peere,
And his speech is sad and dead.

Ill the poore soule liues ywis,
That so hardly married is.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

ROWLAND'S MADRIGALL.

Faire Loue, rest thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne so cleere:
Sweet, be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or else for loue I die.

Harke

Harke this pretty bubling spring,
How it makes the meadowes ring,
Loue now stand my friend,
Here let all sorrow end,

And I will honour thee.

See where little Cupid lyes,
Looking babies in her eyes.

Cupid, help me now,
Lend to me thy bowe,

To wound her that wounded me.

Here is none to see or tell,
All our flocks are feeding by,
This banke with roses spread,
Oh it is a dainty bed,
Fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder groaue,
How they chaunt vnto my Loue :
Loue, be kinde to me,
As I haue beene to thee,

For thou hast wonne my hart.

Calme windes, blow you faire,
Rock her, thou sweet gentle ayre,
O the morne is noone,
The euening comes too soone,

To part my Loue and me.

The roses and thy lips doe meete,
Oh that life were halfe so sweet,
Who would respect his breath,
That might die such a death,

Oh that life thus might die
All the bushes that be neere

England's Helicon.

With sweet nightingales beset,
 Hush, sweet, and be still,
 Let them sing their fill,
 There's none our ioyes to let.

Sunne why do'st thou goe so fast?
 Oh why do'st thou make such hast?
 It is too earely yet,
 So soone from ioyes to flit.

Why art thou so vnkinde?
 See my little lambkins runne,
 Looke on them till I haue done,
 Hast not on the night,
 To rob me of her sight,
 That liue but by her eyes.

Alas, sweet Loue, we must depart,
 Harke, my dogge begins to barke;
 Some bodie's comming neere,
 They shall not finde vs heere,
 For feare of being chid.
 Take my garland and my gloue,
 Weare it for my sake, my loue:
 Tomorrow on the greene,
 Thou shalt be our Shepheard's Queene,
 Crowned with roses gay.

Finis. *Michaell Drayton.*

ALANIUS

ALANIUS THE SHEPHEARD, HIS DOLEFULL SONG,
COMPLAINING OF ISMENIAE'S CRUELTYE.

No more (O cruell Nymph) now hast thou prayed
Enough in thy reuenge, proue not thine ire
On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
Vnto my cost: now mollifie thy dire
Hardnes, and brest of thine so much obdured:
And now raise vp (though lately it hath erred),
A poore repenting soule, that in the obscured
Darknes of thy obliuion lyes entered.

For it falls not in that, that should commend thee,
That such a swaine as I may once offend thee.

If that the little sheepe with speed is flying
From angry Shepheard (with his words afrayed)
And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
And with great griefe is from the flock estrayed:
But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
And all alone, so farre estraying mourneth,
Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
Vnto the flock, meaning no more to leaue it:
Should it not be a iust thing to receaue it?

Lift vp those eyes (Ismenia) which so stately,
To view me, thou hast lifted vp before me,
That liberty which was mine owne but lately,
Giue me againe, and to the same restore me.
And that mild heart, so full of loue and pittie,
Which thou didst yeeld to me, and euer owe me:

I iij

Behold

Behold my Nymph, I was not then so wittie
 To know that sincere loue that thou didst shew me
 Now, wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
 Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (myemie?) say, tell me,
 How thou (in greater fault and errour being
 Than euer I was thought) should'st thus repell me?
 And with new league and cruell title seeing
 Thy faith so pure and worthy to be changed?
 And what is that, Ismenia, that doth bind it
 To loue, whereas the same is most estranged,
 And where it is impossible to finde it?
 But pardon me, if herein I abuse thee:
 Since that the cause thou gau'st me doth excuse me.

But tell me now, what honour hast thou gayned,
 Auenging such a fault by thee committed,
 And therevnto by thy occasion trayned?
 What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
 Or what excesse that is not amply payed,
 Or suffer more, then I haue not endured?
 What cruell minde, what angry breast displayed
 With sauage heart, to fiercenesse so adiured?
 Would not such mortall grieffe make milde & tender,
 But that, which my fell Shepheardesse doth render?

Now as I haue perceiued well thy reasons,
 Which thou hast had, or hast yet to forget me;
 The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treasons,
 That I haue done, wherein thou first did'st set me:
 The passions, and thine ears and eyes refusing.

To

To peare and see me, meaning to vndoe me.
 Cam'st thou to know, or be but once perusing
 Th' vnsought occasions, which thou gau'st vnto me:
 Thou shouldst not haue wherewith to more torment me,
 Nor I to pay the fault my rashnesse lent me.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

MONTANA THE SHEPHEARD, HIS LOUE TO AMINTA.

I serue Aminta, whiter then the snowe,
 Straighter then cedar, brighter then the glasse:
 More fine in trip, then foote of running roe,
 More pleasant then the field of flowring grasse.
 More gladsome to my withering ioyes that fade:
 Then Winter's sunne, or Summer's cooling shade.

Sweeter then swelling grape of ripest wine,
 Softer then feathers of the fairest swan:
 Smoother then iet, more stately then the pine,
 Fresher then poplar, smaller then my span.
 Clearer then Phœbus fierie pointed beame:
 Or icie crust of christals frozen streame.

Yet she is curster then the beare by kinde,
 And harder harted then the aged oake:
 More glib then oyle, more fickle then the winde,
 More stiffe then steele, no sooner bent but broake.
 Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore,
 Yet will I serue, although I die therefore.

Finis

Shep. Tonie.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SORROW FOR HIS PHŒBE'S
DISDAINE.

Oh woods, vnto your walkes my body hies,
To loose the trayterous bonds of tyring Loue,
Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
Their natiue moisture poures,
From forth their tender stalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
Which lightning's force and Winter's frost resists,
Then Daphne's ill betide,
And Phœbus lawlesse pride
Enforce me say, euen such my sorrowes be:
For selfe disdaine in Phœbe's heart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares,
Looke louely sweet: ah then forlorne I crie,
Sweet showers for Memnon shed,
All flowers by you are fed.
Whereas my pitteous plaint that still appeares,
Yeelds vigour to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine:
I yield a terror with my teares,
And whilst her musicke wounds mine eares,
Alas say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse, who still beweepe my paine?

When I behold vpon the leafelesse bough
The haplesse bird lament her loue's depart;

I draw

I draw her biding nigh,
And sitting downe I sigh,
And sighing say: alas, that birds auow
A settled faith, yet Phoebe scorns my smart.

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I spend the day, forespent with daily grieve:
Each object of distresse,
My sorrow doth expresse.
I doate on that which doth my hart vndoe:
And honour her that scornes to yeeld reliefe.

Finis.

I. F.

ESPILUS AND THERION, THEIR CONTENTION IN SONG
FOR THE MAY-LADY.

Espilus. Tyne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceit, the song must needs be hie:
More high than stars, more firme than flintie field,
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweet soule to whom I vowed am a slaue:
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest minde,
As shallow brookes doe yeeld the greatest sound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde,
Thy starres be falne, plowed is thy flinty ground.
Sweet soule, let not a wretch that serueth sheep,
Among his flocks so sweet a treasure keep.

Espilus.

Espilus. Two thousand sheepe I haue as white as milke,
 Though not so white as is thy louely face:
 The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,
 All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.
 But still take heed, lest thou thy selfe submit
 To one that hath no wealth, & wants his wit.

Therion. Two thousand deere in wildest woods I haue,
 Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
 He is not poore, who can his freedome saue,
 Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
 But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse:
 For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Maiestie.

Espilus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent:

Therion. Iudge you of Loue to whom all loue is bent.

*This Song was sung before the Queene's most excellent
 Maiestie, in Wansted Garden: as a contention betweene
 a Forrester and a Shepheard for the May-Ladie.*

Finis.

S. Phil. Sydney.

OLDE MELIBEUS SONG, COURTING HIS NIMPH.

Loue's Queene long waiting for her true Loue,
 Slaine by a boare which he had chased,
 Left off her teares, and me embraced.

She

She kist me sweet, and call'd me new Loue,
 With my siluer haire she toyed,
 In my stayed lookes she ioyed.
 Boyes (shee sayd) breede beautie's sorrow:
 Old men cheere it euen and morrow.
 My face she nam'd the seate of fauour,
 All my defects her tongue defended,
 My shape she prais'd, but most commended
 My breath, more sweete then balme in sauour.
 Be old man, with me delighted,
 Loue for loue shall be requited.
 With her toyes at last she wone me:
 Now she coyes, that hath vndone me.

THE SHEPHEARD SYLUANUS HIS SONG.

My life (young Shepheardesse) for thee
 Of needes to death must post:
 But yet my griefe must stay with me,
 After my life is lost.

The grieuous ill, by death that cured is,
 Continually hath remedy at hand:
 But not that torment is like to this,
 That in slow time, and Fortune's meanes doth stand.

And if this sorrow cannot be
 Ended with life (at most:)

What

England's Helicon.

What then doth this thing profit me,
A sorrow wonne or lost?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
A flattering hope, or that that had not beene yet:
For if to day for want of it I die,
Next day I doe no lesse for hauing seene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
This griefe, that kills me most:
If that it might be lost with me,
Or die when life is lost.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

CORIDON'S SONG.

A blithe and bonny country-lasse,
Heigh hoe, bonny lasse;
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
And weeping said: Will none come wooe mee?
A smicker boy, a lither swaine:
Heigh hoe, a smicker swain,
That in his loue, was wanton faine,
With smiling lookes straight came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espied,
Heigh hoe, when she espied
The meanes to make herselfe a bride,
She simpred smooth like bonnie-bell.

The

The swaine that saw her squint-eyed kinde,
 Heigh hoe, squint-eyed kinde;
 His armes about her body twin'd,
 And said, faire lasse, how fare ye, well?

The countrie kit said, well forsooth,
 Heigh hoe, well forsooth;
 But that I haue a longing tooth,
 A longing tooth that makes me crie:
 Alas (said he) what garres thy griefe,
 Heigh hoe, what garres thy griefe?
 A wound (quoth she) without reliefe,
 I feare a mayd that I shall die.

f that be all, the Shepheard sayd,
 Heigh hoe, the Shepheard sayd;
 I'll make thee wiue it, gentle mayde,
 And so recure thy maladie:
 Hereon they kist with many an oath,
 Heigh hoe, many an oath;
 And fore God Pan did plight their troath,
 So to the church apace they hie.

And God send euery pretty peate,
 Heigh hoe, the pretty peate,
 That feares to die of this conceit,
 So kinde a friend to helpe at last:
 Then maydes shall neuer long againe,
 Heigh hoe, to long againe;
 When they finde ease for such a paine.
 Thus my roundelay is past.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S SONNET.

My fairest Ganimede, disdaine me not,
 Though silly Shepheard, I presume to loue thee;
 Though my harsh songs and sonnets cannot moue thee,
 Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot:
 Apollo, Ioue, and many gods beside,
 S'dain'd not the name of country Shepheard swaines,
 Nor want we pleasures, though we take some paines.
 We liue contentedly; a thing call'd pride,
 Which so corrupts the court and euery place,
 (Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
 And yet of late, euen learning's selfe's infected)
 I know not what it meanes in any case.
 We onely (when Molorchus gins to peepe,)
 Learne for to fold, and to vnfold our sheepe.

*Finis.**Rich. Barnefield.*

SELUAGIA AND SILUANUS, THEIR SONGS TO DIANA.

Sel. I see thee, iolly Shepheard, merrie,
 And firme thy faith, and sound as a berry.

Sil. Loue gaue me ioy, and fortune gaue it,
 As my desire could wish to haue it.

Sel. What didst thou wish, tell me (sweet Louer)
 Whereby thou might'st such ioy recouer?

Sil.

- Sil.* To loue where loue should be inspired :
Since there's no more to be desired.
- Sel.* In this great glory, and great gladnes,
Thinkst thou to haue no touch of sadnes ?
- Sil.* Good fortune gaue me not such glory :
To mock my loue, or make me sorrie.
- Sel.* If my firme loue I were denying,
Tell me, with sighs would'st thou be dying ?
- Sil.* Those words (in ieast) to heare thee speaking :
For very grieve this hart is breaking.
- Sel.* Yet would'st thou change, I prethee tell me,
In seeing one that did excell me ?
- Sil.* O no, for how can I aspire
To more then to mine owne desire ?
- Sel.* Such great affection do'st thou beare me,
As by thy words thou seem'st to sweare me ?
- Sil.* Of thy deserts, to which a debter
I am, thou maist demaund this better.
- Sel.* Sometimes methinks, that I should sweare it,
Sometimes methinks, thou should'st not beare it :
- Sil.* Onely in this my hap doth grieue me,
And my desire, not to beleue me.
- Sel.* Imagine that thou do'st not loue mine,
But some braue beautie that's aboue mine.
- Sil.* To such a thing (sweet) doe not will me,
Where fayning of the same doth kill me.

Sel.

Sol. I see thy firmenesse, gentle loue,
More then my beautie can discouer.

Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
Then my desert, but not desire.

Finis. *Bar. Yong.*

MONTANUS HIS MADRIGALL.

It was a vallie gawdie greene,
Where Dian at the fount was seene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of Dianaes bowers,
In the pride of Florae's flowers.

A fount it was that no sunne sees
Cirkled in with cipres trees;
Set so nie,
As Phœbus eye
Could not doe the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins so
Ought to goe:
For white in armorie is plaste,
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata cassock you might see,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,

Which

Which did show
There below
Legges as white as whales bone,
So white and chaste was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie:
Fie on Venus flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse,*and a boy,
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with miserie.

As thus the virgins did disdain
Louer's ioy, and louer's paine:
Cupid nie
Did espie
Greeuing at Dianae's song,
Slily stole these maides among.

His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which strait flies
In their eyes:
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ranne from eye to hart.

K Calisto

England's Helicon.

Calisto strait supposed Ioue
Was faire and trolique for to loue.

Dian she,
Scap'd not free,
For well I wote heere vpon,
She lou'd the swaine Endimion.

Clitia, Phœbus, and Chloris eye
Thought none so faire as Mercurie :

Venus thus
Did discusse,
By her sonne in darts of fire :
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maydes,
Blushing thus at Loue's braides,
With sighs all,
Shew their thrall,
And flinging thence, pronounc'd this saw :
What so strong as Loue's sweet law ?

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

ASTROPHELL TO STELLA, HIS THIRD SONG.

If Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musique's loue,
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue.
If stones good measure daunc'd, the Thebane walls to build
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyon's lyre did yeeld:
More cause a like effect at least-wise bringeth,
O stones, O trees, learne hearing, Stella singeth.

If

If Loue might sweet'n so a boy of Shepheard's broode,
To make a Lizard dull to taste Loue's daintie foode:
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian mayde delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night;
Earth gaue that loue, heau'n I trow Loue defineth,
O beasts, O birds, looke, Loue, loe, Stella shineth.

The birds, stones and trees, feele this, and feeling Loue,
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue;
Nor beasts nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small loue is quicke, and great loue doth amaze.
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed?

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A SONG BETWEENE SYRENUS AND SYLUANUS.

Syrenus. Who hath of Cupid's cates & dainties praied,
May feed his stomach with them at his pleasure:
If in his drinke some ease he hath assayed,
Then let him quench his thirsting without measure.
And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
Let him embrace his standard and his banner.
For being free from him and quite exempted:
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syluanus. Of Cupid's daintie cates who hath not prayed,
May be depriued of them at his pleasure:
If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,

K ij

Let

Let him not quench his thirsting without measure,
 And if his weapons in their cruell manner,
 Let him abiure his standard and his banner;
 For I not free from him, and not exempted,
 Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syrenus. Loue's so expert in giuing many a trouble,
 That now I know not why he should be praised:
 He is so false, so changing, and so double,
 That with great reason he must be dispraised.
 Loue in the end is such a iarring passion,
 That none should trust vnto his peeuish fashion,
 For of all mischiefe he's the only master,
 And to my good a torment and disaster.

Syluanus. Loue's so expert in giuing ioy not trouble,
 That now I know not but he should be praised:
 He is so true, so constant, neuer double,
 That in my minde he should not be dispraised:
 Loue in the end is such a pleasing passion,
 That euery one may trust vnto his fashion.
 For of all good he is the onely master:
 And foe vnto my harmes, and my disaster.

Syrenus. Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
 He knowes that doth not loue, nor is beloued:
 Now nights and dayes I rest, as I desire,
 After I had such griefe from me remoued.
 And cannot I be glad, since thus estranged,
 Myselfe from false Diana I haue changed?
 Hence, hence, false Loue, I wil not entertaine thee,
 Since to thy torments thou do'st seeke to traine me.

Syluanus.

Sylvanus. Not in these sayings to be prou'd a lyer,
 He knowes that loues, and is againe beloued:
 Now nights and dayes I rest in sweet desire,
 After I had such happy fortune proued.
 And cannot I be glad, since not estranged,
 Myselfe into Seluagia I haue chaunged?
 Come, come, good Loue, and I will entertaine thee,
 Since to thy sweet content thou seek'st to traine me.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

CERES SONG IN EMULATION OF CINTHIA.

Swell Ceres now, for other gods are shrinking,
 Pomona pineth,
 Fruitlesse her tree:
 Faire Phœbus shineth
 Onely on me.
 Conceit doth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
 How euery one doth read my storie,
 How euery bough on Ceres lowreth,
 Cause heauen plenty on me powreth,
 And they in leaues doe onely glory,
 All other gods of power bereauen,
 Ceres onely Queene of heauen.

With robes and flowers let me be dressed,
 Cinthia that shineth
 Is not so cleare:
 Cinthia declineth
 When I appeare,

K iij

Yet

England's Helicon.

Yet in this isle she raignes as blessed,
 And euery one at her doth wonder;
 And in my eares still fond fame whispers,
 Cinthia shall be Ceres mistres.
 But first my care shall riue in sunder,
 Helpe Phœbus, helpe, my fall is suddaine,
 Cinthia, Cinthia, must be soueraigne.

*This Song was sung before her Maiestie at
 Bissam, the Lady Russels, in prograce.
 The Author's name vnknowne to me.*

A PASTORALL ODE TO AN HONOURABLE FRIEND.

As to the blooming prime,
 Bleake Winter being fled,
 From compasse of the clime,
 Where Nature lay as dead,
 The riuers dull'd with time,
 The greene leaues withered.
 Fresh Zephyri (the westerne brethren) be:
 So th' honour of your fauour is to me.

For as the plaines reuiue,
 And put on youthfull greene:
 As plants begin to thriue,
 That disattir'd had beene:
 And arbours now aliue,
 In former pompe are seene.

So

So if my Spring had any flowers before:
Your breath Fauonius hath encreast the store.

Finis.

E. B.

A NIMPH'S DISDAINE OF LOUE.

Hey, downe, a downe, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing
For maydens most vnfitting,
And so thinke I, with a downe, downe, derrie.

When women knew no woe,
But liu'd themselues to please,
Men's fayning guiles they did not know
The ground of their disease.
Vnborne was false suspect,
No thought of iealousie:
From wanton toyes and fond affect,
The virgin's life was free.
Hey down, a down, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men vsed charmes,
To which what maides gaue eare:
Embracing gladly endlesse harmes:
Anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
Disguis'd in name of loue:
A iealous hell, a painted show,
So shall they finde that proue.

K iij

England's Helicon.

Hey, downe, a downe, did Dian sing,
 Amongst her virgins sitting:
 Then loue there is no vainer thing
 For maidens most vnfitting.
 And so thinke I with a downe, downe, derrie.

*Finis.**Ignoto.*

APOLLO'S LOUE SONG FOR FAIRE DAPHNE.

My heart and tongue were twins at once conceaued,
 The eldest was my heart, borne dumb by destinie:
 The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
 Yet strung and tun'd to play hart's harmonie:
 Both knit in one, and yet asunder placed.
 What hart would speake, the tongue doth still discover,
 What tongue doth speake, is of the heart embraced:
 And both are one, to make a new found loue.
 New found, and onely found in gods and kings,
 Whose words are deeds, but deeds not words regarded:
 Chaste thoughts doe mount, and flie with swiftest wings,
 My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.
 Engraue vpon this tree Daphne's perfection:
 That neither men nor gods can force affection.

*This dittie was sung before her Maiestie, at the
 right honourable the Lord Chandos, at Sudley
 Castell, at her last being there in prograce. The
 Author thereof unknowne.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD DELICIOUS HIS DITTIE.

Neuer a greater foe did Loue disdaine,
 Or trode on grasse so gay ;
 Nor Nymph greene leaues with whiter hand bath rent;
 More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
 Nor fairer dame hath bound in white attire,
 Or hath in lawne more gracious features tied,
 Then my sweetemie.

Beautie and chastitie one place refraine;
 In her beare equall sway,
 Filling the world with wonder and content.
 But they doe giue me paine and double woe,
 Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
 And cruell chastitie from me denied
 All sence of iollitie.

There is no rose, nor lilly after raine,
 Nor flower in moneth of May,
 Nor pleasant meade, nor greene in Sommer sent,
 That seeing them, my minde delighteth so,
 As that faire flower which all the heauens admire,
 Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
 All grace and gifts on hie.

Methinks my heauenly Nymph I see againe
 Her neck and breast display:
 Seeing the whitest ermine to frequent
 Some plaine, or flowers that make the fairest show.
 O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,

Or

Or farre in shade, or sunne, that satisfied
I was in passing by.

The meade, the mount, the riuer, wood, and plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not such sweet, as that faire face that's bent,
Sorrowes and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire.
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
To blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind & will, which wicked vice doth staine,
Her vertues breake and stay :
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and spent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that so braue a soule do'st hire,
And blessed soule, whose vertues euer pried
Aboue the starrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
My soule sings many a lay ;
Musing on her, new seas I doe inuent
Of soueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doe require,
For without her the springs of ioy are dried,
And that I doe defie.

Sweet fate, that to a noble deede do'st straine,
And lift my heart to day :
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweet seale, sweet griefe, and sweetest ouerthrow ;
Sweet miracle, whose fame cannot expire,

Sweet

Sweet wound, and golden shaft, that so espied
Such heavenly companie
Of beautie's graces in sweet vertues died,
As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

Finis.

Bar. Young.

AMINTAS FOR HIS PHILLIS.

Aurora now began to rise againe,
From watry couch and from old Tithon's side:
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine
Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
On easterne coast he cast so great a light,
That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heavenly fire.

No sooner gan his winged steedes to chase
The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale:
But poore Amintas hasteth him apace,
In deserts thus to weepe a wofull tale.
You silent shades, and all that dwell therein
As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground,
Dispose yourselues to teares, while I begin
To rue the grieve of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts where Nature flies the light,
Come seate yourselues with me on eu'ry side:
And while I die for want of my delight,

Lament

Lament the woes through fancie me betide.
Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone that set my heart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
Phillis, (alas) the praise of woman kinde :
Phillis the sunne of this our hemisphere,
Whose beames made me and many others blinde ;
But blinded me (poore swaine) aboue the rest :
That like olde Oedipus I liue in thrall :
Still feele the woorst, and neuer hope the best :
My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.

Her faire, but cruell eyes bewicht my sight,
Her sweet, but fading speech enthrall'd my thought :
And in her deedes I reaped such delight
As brought both will and libertie to nought,
Therefore all hope of happinesse adiew,
Adiew desire, the source of all my care :
Despaire tells me, my weale will nere renue,
Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's Crare.

Meane time my minde must suffer fortune's scorne,
My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene :
My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
My life decayes, although my death's foreseene.
Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest :
Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares,
(I say) desire, the authour of vnrest.

And

And would to God, Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate:
My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee,
My being with myselfe at foule debate:
My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
My sobs, and sighs, and euer-watching eyes:
My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade
The doome of death, to cut my vitall twist:
That I with thee amidst th' infernall shade,
And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpine's traine,
And hearest Orpheus neere th' Elizian springs:
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.

Finis.

Tho. Watson.

FAUSTUS AND FIRMIUS SING TO THEIR NIMPH BY
TURNES.

Firminus. Of mine owneselfe I doe complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such,
That my true loue it doth restraine,
And onely this doth giue me paine,
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Faustus.

Faustus. Thou do'st obserue who doth not see,
 To be belou'd a great deale more:
 And yet thou shalt not finde such store
 Of loue in others as in me:
 For all I haue I giue to thee,
 Yet faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Firminus. O trie no other Shepheard swaine,
 And care not other loues to proue:
 Who though they giue thee all their loue,
 Thou canst not such as mine obtaine:
 And wouldst thou haue in loue more gaine?
 O yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. Impossible it is, (my friend)
 That any one should me excell
 In loue, whose loue I will refell,
 If that with me, he will contend:
 My loue no equall hath, nor end.
 And yet I would
 Loue her more, if that I could.

Firminus. Behold how loue my soule hath charm'd,
 Since first thy beauties I did see,
 (Which is but little yet to me,)
 My freest sences I haue harm'd
 (To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
 And yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus

Faustus. I euer gaue and giue thee still
 Such store of loue, as loue hath lent me :
 And therefore wel thou maist content thee,
 That loue doth so enrich my fill :
 But now behold my chieftest will,
 That faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

SIRENO A SHEPHEARD, HAUING A LOCKE OF HIS
 FAIRE NIMPH'S HAIRE, WRAPT ABOUT WITH
 GREENE SILKE, MOURNES THUS IN A
 LOUE-DITTIE.

What chang 's here, O haire,
 I see since I saw you?
 How ill fits you this greene to weare,
 For hope the colour due?
 Indeede I well did hope,
 Though hope were mixt with feare,
 No other Shepheard should haue scope
 Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire ! how many dayes,
 My Dian made me show,
 With thousand prettie childish playes,
 If I ware you or no ?
 Alas, how oft with teares,
 (Oh teares of guilefull brest :)
 She seemed full of iealous feares,
 Whereat I did but iest?

Tell

England's Helicon.

Tell me O haire of gold,
If I then faultie be?
That hurt those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me?
Haue you not seene her moode,
What streames of teares she spent:
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene,
In one that changeth so?
Or where one loues so constant beene,
Who euer saw such woe?
Ah haire, you are not grieu'd,
To come from whence you be:
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd
To see me as you see.

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit:
Where, *sooner die than change my state,*
She with her finger writ.
Thus my belief was stay'd,
Behold Loue's mighty hand
On things, were by a woman say'd,
And written in the sand.

*Translated by S. Phil. Sidney, out of
Diana of Montmaior.*

A SONG BETWEENE TAURISIUS AND DIANA, ANSWERING
VERSE FOR VERSE.

- Taurisius.* The cause why that thou do'st denie,
To looke on me, sweet foe impart?
- Diana.* Because that doth not please the eye,
Which doth offend and grieue the hart.
- Taurisius.* What woman is, or euer was,
That when she looketh, could be mou'd?
- Diana.* She that resolves her life to passe,
Neither to loue nor to be lou'd.
- Taurisius.* There is no heart so fierce and hard,
That can so much torment a soule:
- Diana.* Nor shepheard of so small regard,
That reason will so much controule.
- Taurisius.* How falls it out loue doth not kill
Thy crueltie with some remorse?
- Diana.* Because that loue is but a will,
And free-will doth admit no force.
- Taurisius.* Behold what reason now thou hast
To remedie my louing smart.
- Diana.* The very same bindes me as fast,
To keepe such danger from my hart:
- Taurisius.* Why do'st thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe?
- Diana.* Because thou call'st me still vnkinde,
And pittillesse when thou do'st weepe.
- Taurisius.* Is it because thy crueltie
In killing me doth neuer end?
- Diana.* Nay, for because I meane thereby,
My heart from sorrow to defend.

L

Taurisius.

Taurisius. Be bold; so foule I am no way
As thou do'st thinke, faire Shepheardesse.

Diana. With this content thee, that I say,
That I beleue the same no lesse.

Taurisius. What, after giuing me such store
Of passions, do'st thou mock me too?

Diana. If answeres thou wilt any more,
Goe seeke them without more adoo.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

ANOTHER SONG BEFORE HER MAIESTIE AT OXFORD,
SUNG BY A COMELY SHEPHEARD, ATTENDED ON
BY SUNDRY OTHER SHEPHEARDS AND
NIMPHS.

Hearbs, words, and stones, all maladies haue cured,
Hearbs, words, and stones, I vsed when I loued:
Hearbs smells, words winde, stones hardnes haue procured,
By stones, not words, not hearbs her minde was moued.
I ask'd the cause: this was a woman's reason,
'Mongst hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refused.
Deceite as well as truth speakes words in season,
False stones by foiles haue many one abused.
I sigh'd, and then she said, my fancie smoaked,
I gaz'd, she said, my lookes were follies glancing:
I sounded dead, she said, my loue was choaked,
I started vp, she said, my thoughts were dancing.
Oh sacred Loue, if thou haue any godhead:
Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead.

Finis.

Anonimous.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S SONG: A CAROLL OR HIMNE FOR
CHRISTMAS.

Sweet Musicke, sweeter farre
Then any song is sweet:
Sweet Musicke heauenly rare,
Mine eares, (O peeres) doth greeke
Yon gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl'd with dewe,
Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, O listen, now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night.
But voyces most diuine,
Make blissfull harmonie:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else cleares the skie?
Tunes can we heare, but not the singers see,
The tunes diuine, and so the singers be.

Loe, how the firmament
Within an azure fold,
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their christals such reflection giue.
What then doth make the element so bright?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.
But harken to the song,
Glory to glories King:
And peace all men among,
These queristers doe sing.
Angels they are, as also (Shepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare we doe admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
 Your soules, (said he) annoy:
 To you and all mankinde,
 My message bringeth ioy.
 For loe the world's great Shepheard now is borne,
 A blessed babe, an infant full of power:
 After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
 Renowing Bethlem in the Sauour.
 Sprung is the perfect day,
 By prophets scene a farre:
 Sprung is the mirthfull May,
 Which Winter cannot marre.
 In Daud's citie doth this sunne appeare:
 Clouded in flesh, yet Shepheards sit we here.

*Finis.**E. B.*

ARSILEUS HIS CAROLL, FOR IOY OF THE NEW MARRIAGE
 BETWEENE SYRENUS AND DIANA.

Let now each meade with flowers be depainted,
 Of sundry colours sweetest odours glowing:
 Roses yeeld forth your smels so finely tainted,
 Calme windes the greene leaues moue with gentle blowing:
 The christall riuers flowing
 With waters be encreased,
 And since each one from sorrow now hath ceased,
 From mournfull plaints and sadnes.
 Ring forth faire Nymphs, your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Let

Let springs and meades all kinde of sorrow banish,
 And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding:
 Let gloomie cloudes with shining morning vanish,
 Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding,
 And since by new proceeding,
 With mariage now obtained,
 A great content by great contempt is gained,
 And you deuoyd of sadnes,
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Who can make vs to change our firme desires,
 And soule to leaue her strong determination,
 And make vs freeze in ice, and melt in fires,
 And nicest hearts to loue with emulation?
 Who rids vs from vexation,
 And all our minds commandeth,
 But great Felicia, that his might withstandeth,
 That fill'd our hearts with sadnes?
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Your fields with their distilling fauours cumber,
 (Bridegroome and happy bride) each heauenly power:
 Your flocks, with double lambs encreas'd in number,
 May neuer taste vnsauorie grasse and sower.
 The Winter's frost and shower,
 Your kids (your pretie pleasure)
 May neuer hurt, and blest with so much treasure,
 To driue away all sadnes,
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

O that sweet ioy delight you with such measure,
 Betweene you both faire issue to ingender:

Longer than Nestor may you live in pleasure,
 The gods to you such sweet content surrender,
 That may make mild and tender
 The beasts in every mountaine,
 And glad the fields and woods and every fountaine,
 Abiuring former sadnes.
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Let amorous birds with sweetest notes delight you,
 Let gentle windes refresh you with their blowing :
 Let fields and forrests with their good requite you,
 And Flora decke the ground where you are going.
 Roses and violets strowing,
 The iasmine and the gilliflower
 With many more, and neuer in your bower,
 To tast of houshold sadnes :
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
 And in your ioyfull state live you so quiet,
 That with the plague of iealousie tormented
 You may not be, nor fed with fortune's diet.
 And that your names may flie yet,
 To hills vnkowne with glorie.
 But now because my breast, so hoarce and sorrie
 It faints, may rest from singing,
 End Nymphs your songs, that in the clouds are ringing.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

PHILISTUS

PHILISTUS FAREWELL TO FALSE CLORINDA.

Clorinda false, adiew, thy loue torments me:
 Let Thirsis haue thy heart, since he contents thee.
 Oh grieve and bitter anguish,
 For thee I languish,
 Faine I (alas) would hide it,
 Oh ! but who can abide it?
 I can, I cannot: I abide it.
 Adiew, adiew then,
 Farewell,
 Leaue my death now desiring:
 For thou hast thy requiring.
 Thus spake Philistus on his hooke relying:
 And sweetly fell a dying.

Finis.

Out of M. Morley's Madrigalls.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGALL.

Loue in my bosome like a bee,
 Doth sucke his sweet:
 Now with his wings, he playes with me,
 Now with his feete.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender brest,
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah wanton will ye?

L iij

And

And if I sleepe, then pierceth he,
 With prettie slight:
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The liue long night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the strings,
 He musicke playes if I but sing,
 He lends me euery louely thing,
 Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:
 Whilst wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses euery day
 Will whip ye hence:
 And binde ye when ye long to play,
 For your offence.
 Ile shut my eyes to keepe ye in,
 Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
 Ile count your power not woorth a pinne.
 Alas, what hereby shall I winne
 If he gaine-say me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosome be:
 Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

Finis:

Thom. Lodge.

A DIALOGUE SONG BETWEENE SYLUANUS AND
ARSILIUS.

Syl. Shepherd, why do'st thou holde thy peace?

Sing, and thy ioy to vs report:

Arsil. My ioy (good Shepherd) should be lesse,
If it were tolde in any sort.

Syl. Though such great fauours thou do'st winne,
Yet daigne thereof to tell some part:

Arsil. The hardest thing is to begin
In enterprizes of such art.

Syl. Come make an end, no cause omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in:

Arsil. How should I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin?

Syl. It is not iust, we should consent,
That thou should'st not thy ioyes recite.

Arsil. The soule that felt the punishment,
Doth onely feele this great delight.

Syl. That ioy is small, and nothing fine,
That is not tolde abroad to many.

Arsil. If it be such a ioy as mine,
It neuer can be tolde to any.

Syl. How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of such great force?

Arsil. I haue it, where I did retaine
My passions of so great remorse.

Syl. So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to withhold:

Arsil. But greater that a pleasure is,
The lesse it may with words be told.

Syl.

Syl. Yet haue I heard thee heretofore,
Thy ioyes in open songs report :

Arsil. I said, I had of ioy some store,
But not how much, nor in what sort.

Syl. Yet when a ioy is in excesse,
Itselfe it will oft time vnfolde :

Arsil. Nay such a ioy would be the lesse,
If but a word thereof were tolde.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

MONTANUS SONNET.

When the dogge

Full of rage

With his irefull eyes

Frownes amidst the skies,

The Shepheard to asswage

The furie of the heate,

Himselfe doth safely seate

By a fount

Full of faire,

Where a gentle breath

Mounting from beneath,

Tempereth the ayre.

There his flocks,

Drinke their fill,

And

And with ease repose,
 While sweet sleepe doth close
 Eyes from toyling ill:
 But I burne,
 Without rest,
 No defensiu power
 Shields from Phœbus lower,
 Sorrow is my best:
 Gentle Loue
 Lower no more,
 If thou wilt inuade
 In the secret shade,
 Labour not so sore:
 I myselfe
 And my flocks,
 They their loue to please,
 I myselfe to ease,
 Both leaue the shadie oakes
 Content to burne in fire,
 Sith Loue doth so desire.

Finis.

S. E. D.

THE NIMPH SELUAGIA HER SONG.

Shepherd, who can passe such wrong,
 And a life in woes so deepe,

Which

England's Helicon.

Which to liue is too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Griuous sighs in vaine I waste,
Leasing my affiance, and
I perceauē my hope at last,
With a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
Bitter hopes that neuer sleepe?
When this life is too too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

This grieve which I feele so rife,
(Wretch) I doe deserue as hire:
Since I came to put my life
In the hands of my desire.

Then cease not my complaints so strong:
For though life her course doth keepe,
It is not to liue so long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

THE HEARD-MAN'S HAPPIE LIFE.

What pleasure haue great Princes,
More daintie to their choice;

Then

Then Heard-men wilde, who carelesse
In quiet life reioyce?
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
Are voyd of all deceit:
They neuer know how spightfull,
It is to kneele and waite,
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest:
More quiet then who sendeth
His ship into the east;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steeme it not a straw:
They thinke that honest meaning,
Is of itselfe a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
Not caring much for gold:
With cloathing which sufficeth,
To keepe him from the cold.

Though

Though poore and plaine his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

Finis.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

**CINTHIA THE NIMPH HER SONG TO FAIRE POLY
DORA.**

Neere to the riuer bankes, with greene
And pleasant trees on euery side,
Where freest minds would most haue beene,
That neuer felt braue Cupid's pride,
To passe the day and tedious howers:
Amongst those painted meades and flowers,

A certaine Shepheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede:
Not sorrowfull in outward show,
But troubled with such grieve indeede,
As cruell loue is wont t' impart
Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Shepheard euery day did die,
For loue he to Diana bare:
A Shepheardesse so fine perdie,
So liuely, young, and passing faire,
Excelling more in beautie's feature,
Then any other humane creature.

Who

Who had not any thing of all
 She had, but was extreame in her,
 For meanelly wise none might her call,
 Nor meanelly faire, for he did erre
 If so he did: but should devise
 Her name of passing faire and wise.

Fauours on him she did bestow,
 Which if she had not, then be sure
 He might haue suffered all that woe,
 Which afterward he did endure,
 When he was gone with lesser paine,
 And at his comming home againe.

For when indeed the hart is free
 From suffering paine or torment smart:
 If wisdom does not ouersee,
 And beareth not the greatest part;
 The smallest griefe and care of minde,
 Doth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a riuer swift and great,
 That famous Ezla had to name,
 The carefull Shepheard did repeate
 The feares he had by absence blame,
 Which he suspect where he did keepe:
 And feede his gentle lambs and sheepe.

And now sometimes he did behold
 His Shepheardesse, that there about
 Was on the mountains of that old
 And auncient Leon, seeking out

From

From place to place the pastures best
Her lambes to feede, herselfe to rest.

And sometime musing, as he lay,
When on those hils shee was not scene;
Was thinking of that happy day,
When Cupid gaue him such a Queene
Of beautie, and such cause of ioy,
Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet said (poore man) when he did see
Himselfe so sunke in Sorrowe's pit:
The good that Loue hath giuen mee,
I onely doe imagine it,
Because this neerest harme and trouble
Hereafter I should suffer double.

The sunne for that it did decline,
The carelesse man did not offend
With fierie beames, which scarce did shine
But that which did of loue depend,
And in his hart did kindle fire
Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde:
Christaline streames with their delight,
And nightingales were not behinde,
To helpe him in his louing verse,
Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

THE SHEPHEARD TO THE FLOWERS.

Sweet violets (Loue's paradise) that spread
 Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
 Within your palie faces :
 Vpon the gentle wing of some calme breathing winde,
 That playes amidst the plaine,
 If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
 Such grace as in my ladie's bosome place to finde:
 Be proud to touch those places :
 And when her warmth your moysture forth doth weare,
 Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed.
 Your honours of the flowrie meades I pray,
 You pretty daughters of the earth and sunne,
 With milde and seemely breathing strait display
 My bitter sighs, that haue my hart vndone.

Vermillion roses, that with new dayes rise,
 Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
 Whose radiant bright disgraces
 The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne.
 Ah if her virgin's hand
 Doe pluck your purse, ere Phoebus view the land,
 And vaile your gracious pompe, in louely Nature's scorne :
 If chaunce my mistresse traces
 Fast by your flowers to take the Sommer's ayre :
 Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
 To spread their teares, Adonis death reporting,

M

And

And tell Loue's torments, sorrowing for her friend:
 Whose drops of bloud within your leaues consorting,
 Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.
 Then may remorse, in pittying of my smart,
 Drie vp my teares, and dwell within her hart.

Finis.

Ignoto.

THE SHEPHEARD ARSILIUS, HIS SONG TO HIS REBECK.

Now Loue and fortune turne to me againe,
 And now each one enforceth and assures
 A hope, that was dismayed, dead, and vaine:
 And from the harbour of mishaps assures
 A hart that is consum'd in burning fire,
 With vnexpected gladnesse, that admires
 My soule to lay aside her mourning tire,
 And senses to prepare a place for ioy:
 Care in obliuion endlesse shall expire;
 For euery greife of that extreame annoy,
 Which, when my torment raign'd, my soule (alas)
 Did feelee, the which long absence did destroy,
 Fortune so well appayes, that neuer was
 So great the torment of my passed ill,
 As is the ioy of this same good I passe.
 Returne my hart, sursaulted with the fill
 Of thousand great vnrests, & thousand feares:
 Enioy thy good estate, if that thou will.

And

And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
 For soone you shall behold her with delight,
 For whom my spoiles with glory Cupid beares.
 Senses which seeke my starre so cleare and bright,
 By making here & there your thoughts estray:
 Tell me, what will you feele before her sight?
 Hence solitarinesse, torments away,
 Felt for her sake, and wearied members cast
 Off all your paine, redeem'd this happy day.
 O stay not time but passe with speedy hast,
 And fortune hinder not her comming now.
 O God, betides me yet this griefe at last?
 Come, my sweet Shepheardesse, the life which thou
 (Perhaps) did'st thinke was ended long agoe,
 At thy commaund, is readie still to bow.
 Comes not my Shepheardesse desired so?
 O God, what if she's lost, or if she stray
 Within this wood, where trees so thicke doe grow?
 Or if this nimph that lately went away,
 Perhaps forgot to goe and seeke her out:
 No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
 Thou onely art my Shepheardesse, about
 Whose thoughts my soule shall finde her ioy and rest:
 Why comm'st not then to assure it fro~ doubt?
 O seest thou not the sunne passe to the west?
 And if it passe and I behold thee not,
 Then I my wonted torments will request,
 And thou shalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

M ij

ANOTHER

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHELL TO HIS STELLA.

In a groue most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musique made;
May, then young, his pyed weedes showing,
New perfum'd, with flowers fresh growing,
Astrophell with Stella sweet,
Did for mutuall comfort meet,
Both within themselues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoake bare:
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoake did vanish.
Wept they had, alas the while:
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe, were glad sighs mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.
Their eares hungry of each word
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue itselfe did silence breake,
Loue did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.

Stella,

Stella, Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, loadstarre of desire:

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beames where they once are darted,
Loue therewith is strait imparted:

Stella, whose voyce when it speakes,
Sences all asunder breakes,
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth:

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beautie passeth,
Saue thy minde, which it surpasseth:
Graunt, O graunt: but speech alas
Failes me, fearing on to passe:
Graunt, O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may moue you.
Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it.
Smiling ayre alowes my reason,
The birds sing, now vse the season.

This small winde, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaues doth kisse,
Each tree in his best attyring,

Sence of loue to loue inspiring.
 Loue makes earth the water drinke:
 Loue to earth makes water sinke:
 And if dumbe things be so wittie,
 Shall a heavenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
 Would haue made tongue's language plaine,
 But her hands his hands repelling,
 Gaue repulse, all grace excelling.
 Then she spake; her speech was such,
 As not eares, but hart did touch:
 While such wise she loue denied,
 As yet loue she signified.

Astrophell, said she, my Loue,
 Cease in these effects to proue.
 Now be still, yet still beleeeue me,
 Thy grieve more then death doth greiue mee.
 If that any thought in me,
 Can taste comfort but of thee,
 Let me feede with hellish anguish
 Ioylesse, helplesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
 Halfe so deere as you to me:
 Let me home returne starke blinded
 Of those eyes, and blinder-minded.
 If to secret of my hart
 I doe any wish impart:
 Where thou art not formost placed;
 Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say,
 All my blisse on thee I lay:

If

If thou loue, my loue content thee,
 For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
 Trust me, while I thee denie,
 In myselfe the smart I trie.
 Tirant, honour doth thus vse thee,
 Stellae's selfe might not refuse thee.
 Therefore, (deere) this no more moue,
 Least, though I leaue not thy loue,
 Which too deepe in me is framed,
 I should blush when thou art named.
 Therewithall, away she went,
 Leauing him to passion rent :
 With what she had done and spoken,
 That therewith my song is broken.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

SYRENUS HIS SONG TO DIANAE'S FLOCKES.

Passed contents,
 Oh what meane ye?
 Forsake me now, and doe not wearie me.
 Wilt thou heare mee O Memorie?
 My pleasant dayes, and nights againe,
 I haue appai'd with seauen fold paine.
 Thou hast no more to aske me why,
 For when I went they all did die,
 As thou do'st see :
 O leaue me then, and doe not wearie me.

Greene field and shadowed valley, where

M iij

Some

Sometime my chieftest pleasure was,
 Behold what I did after passe.
 Then let me rest, and if I beare
 Not with good cause continuall feare,
 Now doe you see,
 O leaue me then, and doe not trouble mee.

I saw a hart changed of late,
 And wearied to assure mine:
 Then I was forced to recure mine
 By good occasion, time and fate:
 My thoughts that now such passion hate,
 O what meane ye?
 Forsake me now and doe not wearie mee.

You lambes and sheepe that in these layes
 Did sometime follow me so glad;
 The merry houres, and the sad
 Are passed now, with all those dayes.
 Make not such mirth and wonted playes
 As once did ye,
 For now no more you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
 Or come to comfort me indeed:
 I haue no ill for comfort's need.
 But if to kill mee: then (in some)
 Now my ioyes are deade and dombe,
 Full well may ye
 Kill me, and you shall make an end of me.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

TO

TO AMARILLIS.

Though Amarillis dance in greene,
 Like Fairie Queene,
 And sing full cleere,
 With smiling cheere:
 Yet since her eyes make heart so sore,
 Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My sheepe are lost for want of foode,
 And I so wood,
 That all the day,
 I sit and watch a heard-mayde gay,
 Who laughs to see me sigh so sore:
 Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
 Is such delight,
 That all in vaine,
 I loue to like and lose my gaine,
 For her that thanks me not therefore:
 Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
 And cause of woes,
 Your sweet desire
 Breedeth flames of ice, and freeze in fire.
 You corne to see me weepe so sore:
 Hey hoe, chill Loue no more.

Loue

Loue ye who list, I force him not:
 Sith God it wot,
 The more I waile,
 The lesse my sighs and teares preuaile.
 What shall I doe, but say therefore,
 Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Finis.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

CARDENIA THE NIMPH, TO HER FALSE SHEPHEARD
 FAUSTUS.

Faustus, if thou wilt reade from me
 These few and simple lines,
 By them most clearely thou shalt see,
 How little should accounted be
 Thy faigned words and signies.
 For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,
 Shepheard, thou must not scan,
 That euer it came to my minde,
 To praise thy faith like to the winde,
 Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,
 As smoake blowne in the aire:
 Or like quicksiluer turning round,
 Or as a house built on the ground
 Of sands that doe impaire:
 To firmenesse thou art contrarie,

More

More slipp'rie than the eele:
 Changing as weathercocke on hie,
 Or the camelion on the die,
 Or fortune's turning wheele.

Who would beleue thou wert so free,
 To blaze me thus each houre?
 My Shepheardesse, thou liu'st in me,
 My soule doth onely dwell in thee,
 And euery vitall power:
 Pale Atropos my vitall string
 Shall cut, and life offend:
 The streames shall first turne to their spring:
 The world shall end, and euery thing,
 Before my loue shall end

This loue that thou did'st promise me,
 Shepheard, where is it found?
 The word and faith I had of thee,
 O tell me now where may they be,
 Or where may they resound?
 Too soone thou did'st the title gaine
 Of giuer of vaine words:
 Too soone my loue thou did'st obtaine,
 Too soone thou lou'dst Diana in vaine,
 That nought but scorne affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
 That much thy patience moues:
 That though Diana doth excell
 In beautie, yet she keepes not well

Her

Her faith, nor loyall proues:
 Then thou hast chosen, each one saith,
 Thine equal, and a shrow:
 For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
 Her loue and louer she betrayeth:
 So like to like may goe.

If now this sonnet, which I send,
 Will anger thee: before
 Remember Faustus (yet my friend)
 That if these speeches doe offend,
 Thy deedes doe hurt me more.
 Then let each one of vs amend
 Thou deedes, I words so spent:
 For I confesse I blame my pen,
 Doe thou as much, so in the end,
 Thy deedes thou doe repent.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

OF PHILLIDA.

As I beheld I saw a heardman wilde,
 With his sheepe hooke a picture fine deface:
 Which he sometime his fancie to beguile,
 Had caru'd on bark of beech in secret place.
 And with despight of most afflicted minde,
 Through deepe dispaire of heart, for loue dismaid,
 He pull'd euen from the tree the carued rinde,
 And weeping sore, these wofull words he said.
 Ah Phillida, would God thy picture faire,
 I could as lightly blot out of my brest:
 Then should I not thus rage in deepe dispaire,
 And teare the thing sometime I liked best.
 But all in vaine, it booteth not God wot:
 What printed is in heart, on tree to blot.

Finis.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

MELISEA HER SONG, IN SCORNE OF HER SHEPHEARD
 NARCISSUS.

Young Shepheard turne aside, and moue
 Me not to follow thee:
 For I will neither kill with loue,
 Nor loue shall not kill me.

Since

England's Helicon.

Since I will liue and neuer show,
 Then die not, for my loue I will not giue.
 For I will neuer haue thee loue me so,
 As I doe meane to hate thee while I liue.

That since the louer so doth proue
 His death, as thou do'st see:
 Be bold, I will not kill with loue,
 Nor loue shall not kill me.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

HIS ANSWERE TO THE NIMPH'S SONG.

If to be lou'd it thee offend,
 I cannot choose but loue thee still:
 And so thy greife shall haue no end,
 Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with grieffe complaine,
 Since such a torment I endure:
 Or else fulfill thy great disdain,
 To end my life with death most sure.
 For as no credite thou wilt lend,
 And as my loue offends thee still:
 So shall thy sorrowes haue no end,
 Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

If

If that by knowing thee I could
 Leaue off to loue thee as I doe :
 Not to offend thee, then I would
 Leaue off to like and loue thee too.
 But since all loue to thee doth tend,
 And I of force must loue thee still :
 Thy grieffe shall neuer haue an end,
 Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

HER PRESENT ANSWERE AGAINE TO HIM.

Methinkes thou tak'st the worser way,
 (Enamour'd Shepheard) and in vaine
 That thou wilt seeke thine owne decay,
 To loue her, that doth thee disdaine.

For thine owne selfe, thy wofull hart
 Keepe still, else art thou much to blame :
 For she to whom thou gau'st each part,
 Of it disdaines to take the same.

Follow not her that makes a play,
 And iest of all thy grieffe and paines :
 And seeke not (Shepheard) thy decay,
 To loue her that thy loue disdaines.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

HIS LAST REPLIE.

Since thou to me wert so vnkinde,
 Myselfe I neuer loued, for
 I could not loue him in my minde,
 Whom thou, (faire Mistresse) do'st abhorre.

If viewing thee, I saw thee not,
 And seeing thee, I could not loue thee:
 Dying, I should not liue, (God wot,)
 Nor liuing should to anger moue thee.

But it is well that I doe finde
 My life so full of torments, for
 All kinde of ills doe fit his minde,
 Whom thou (faire Mistresse) do'st abhorre.

In thy obliuion buried now,
 My death I haue before mine eyes:
 And here to hate myselfe I vow,
 As (cruell) thou do'st me despise.

Contented euer thou did'st finde
 Me with thy scornes, though neuer (for
 To say the truth) I ioyed in minde,
 After thou did'st my loue abhorre.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.*

PHILON

PHILON THE SHEPHEARD HIS SONG.

While that the sunne with his beames hot,
Scorched the fruites in vale and mountaine:
Philon the Shepheard late forgot,
Sitting besides a christall fountaine.

In shaddow of a greene oake tree,
Vpon his pipe this song plaide hee.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue;
Your minde is light, soone lost for new loue.

So long as I was in your sight,
I was your heart, your soule, and treasure:
And euermore you sob'd and sigh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.

Three days endur'd your loue to me:
And it was lost in other three.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue, &c.

Another Shepheard you did see,
To whom your heart was soone enchained:
Full soone your loue was leapt from me,
Full soone my place he had obtained.
Soone came a third, your loue to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adiew Loue, &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,
That you your minde so soone remoued,

N

Before

Before that I the leasure had,
 To choose you for my best beloued.
 For all your loue was past and done,
 Two dayes before it was begun.
 Adiew Loue, &c.

Finis.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

LYCORIS THE NIMPH, HER SAD SONG.

In dewe of roses, steeping her louely cheekes,

Lycoris thus sate weeping:

Ah Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,

And now vnkinde hast left me,

Heare, alas, oh heare me,

Aye me, aye me,

Cannot my beautie moue thee?

Pitty, yet pittie me,

Because I loue thee.

Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee:

And this thou do'st, and all to slay me.

Why doe then

Kill me, and vaunt thee:

Yet my ghost

Still shall haunt thee.

Finis.

Out of M. Morleye's Madrigall

TO HIS FLOCKES.

Bvst forth my teares, assist my forward grieve,
And shew what paine imperious loue prouokes:
Kinde tender lambs lament Loue's scant reliefe,
And pine, since pensiue care my freedome yoakes.
Oh pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes.

Sad pining Care, that neuer may haue peace,
At Beautie's gate, in hope of pittie knocks:
But mercie sleepes, while deepe disdaines encrease,
And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yoakes:
Oh grieue to heare my grieve, my tender flockes.

Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighs and sutes repaide with mockes:
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene.
O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the rockes,
That both the Shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.

Finis.

TO HIS LOUE.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning breakes:
All the earth, all the ayre
Of loue and pleasure speakes.

N ij

Teach

England's Helicon.

Teach thine armes then to embrace,
 And sweet rosie lips to kisse :
 And mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
 Eyes were made for beautie's grace,
 Viewing, ruing Loue's long paine :
 Procur'd by beautie's rude disdaine.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
 The golden morning wasts :
 While the sunne from his sphere
 His fierie arrowes casts,
 Making all the shadowes flie,
 Playing, staying in the groaue,
 To entertaine the stealth of loue.
 Thither sweet Loue let vs hie
 Flying, dying, in desire,
 Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
 Doe not in vaine adiorne
 Beautie's grace that should rise
 Like to the naked morne.
 Lillies on the riuer's side,
 And faire Cyprian flowers newe blowne
 Desire no beauties but their owne.
 Ornament is nurse of pride,
 Pleasure, measure, Loue's delight :
 Hast then sweet Loue our wished flight.

Finis.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER OF HIS CYNTHIA.

Away with these selfe louing lads,
Whom Cupid's arrowe neuer glads,
Away poore soules that sigh and weepe,
In loue of them that lie and sleepe,
For Cupid is a meadow god:
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God Cupid's shafts, like destinie,
Doth either good or ill decree.
Desert is borne out of his bowe,
Reward vpon his feete doth goe.

What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I weare her rings on holy-dayes,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the same.

Where honour, Cupid's riual is:
There miracles are seene of his.

If Cynthia craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt doe darken things held deere,
Then wel-fare nothing once a yeere.

For many runne, but one must win,
Fooles onely hedge the cuckoe in.

N iij

The

England's Helicon.

The worth that worthinesse should moue,
 Is loue, which is the due of loue,
 And loue as well the Shepheard can,
 As can the mightie nobleman.
 Sweet Nymph, 'tis true, you worthy be,
 Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

Finis.

ANOTHER TO HIS CYNTHIA.

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with loue,
 Mount loue vnto the moon in clearest night:
 And say, as she doth in the heauens moue,
 On earth so waines and wexeth my delight.
 And whisper this but softly in her eares:
 Hope oft doth hang the head and trust shed teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust doe carrie,
 If for mistrust my Mistresse doe you blame,
 Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie:
 As she doth change, and yet remaine the same.
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
 And loue is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she for this with cloudes doe maske her eyes,
 And make the heauens darke with her disdaine:
 With windie sighs dispierce them in the skies,
 Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine.

Thought,

Thought, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

Finis.

*These three ditties were taken out of Maister
Iohn Dowland's Booke of Tableture for the
Lute. The Authours names not there set
downe, and therefore left to their owners.*

MONTANUS SONNET IN THE WOODS.

Alas, how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse!
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarm'd of reason, spoyl'd of Nature's goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,)
With endlesse grieve my heedlesse iudgement charmes.

My silent tongue assail'd by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprison'd in their ioy:
My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,
My heart enforc'd to harbour in annoy:
My reason rob'd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions slaue to euery ioy.
Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way:
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Finis.

S. E. D.

N iij

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S SORROW BEING DISDAINED IN
LOUE.

Myses help me, sorrow swarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with seas of languish:
Haplesse hope my solace harmeth,
Mindes repast is bitter anguish.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine trust in world vntrustie:
Flattering hope beguileth euer,
Wearie, old, and wanton lustie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned
Fortune's darling proud and dreadlesse:
Darksome night doth heare him moaned,
Who before was rich and needlesse.

Rob the spheare of lines vnited,
Make a suddaine voide in nature:
Force the day to be benighted,
Reaue the cause of time and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie,
This I weepe for, this I sorrow:
Muses, if you please to tarie,
Further help I meane to borrow.

Courted once by fortune's fauour,
Compast now with enuie's curses:

All my thoughts of sorrowes sauour,
Hopes runne fleeting like the sourses.

Aye me, wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my heart enioyed:
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my weale hath scanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring;
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaselesse showring.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauour is estraunged:
Loath'd the pleasure long desired,
Thus both men and thoughts are changed.

Louely swaine, with luckie speeding,
Once, but now no more so friended:
You my flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne till day was ended.

Drinke and fodder, foode and folding
Had my lambs and ewes together:
I with them was still beholding,
Both in warmth and winter weather.

Now they languish, since refused,
Ewes and lambes are pain'd with pining:

I with ewes and lambs confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence leaue thy caue obscured,
Daigne a dolefull swaine to tender.
Though disdaines I haue endured,
Yet I am no deepe offender.

Phillip's sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little:
Little sinne a day to linger,
Wise men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my swaine haue turned,
Though my sunne he neuer showeth.
Though I weepe, I am not mourned,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle Silence be their couer;
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
I will loath my pen and paper:
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching taper.

Kisse them Silence, kisse them kindly,
Though I leaue them, yet I loue them:
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet a swaine did once approue them.

I will

I will trauaile soiles remoued,
Night and morning neuer merrie:
Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the Shepheard strayeth,
In thy walkes and shades vnhaunted:
Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

A PASTORALL SONG BETWEENE PHILLIS AND AMA-
RILLIS, TWO NIMPHS, EACH ANSWERING OTHER
LINE FOR LINE.

Fie on the sleights that men deuise,
Heigh hoe, silly sleights:
When simple maides they would entice,
Maides are yong men's chiefe delights.
Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
Eyes like beames of burning sunne,
And men once caught, they soone despise,
So are Shepheards oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
Happy man is hee:
By trusting him she is betraide,
Fie vpon such treacherie.

England's Helicon.

If maides win young men with their guiles,
 Heigh hoe, guilefull greefe:
 They deale like weeping crocodiles,
 That murder men without releefe.

I knowe a simple countrie hinde,
 Heigh hoe, sillie swaine:
 To whom faire Daphne proued kinde,
 Was he not kinde to her againe?
 He vowed by Pan with many an oath,
 Heigh hoe, Shepheard's God is he.
 Yet since hath chang'd and broke his troath,
 Troth-plight broke, will plagued be.

She had deceiued many a swaine,
 Fie on false deceit:
 And plighted troth to them in vaine,
 There can bee no grieve more great.
 Her measure was with measure paide,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, equall meede:
 She was beguil'd that had betraide,
 So shall all deceiuers speede.

If euery maide were like to mee,
 Heigh hoe, hard of hart:
 Both loue and louers scorn'd should bee,
 Scorners shall be sure of smart.
 If euery maide were of my minde,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, louely sweet:
 They to their louers should proue kinde,
 Kindnes is for maidens meet.

Methinkes

Methinkes loue is an idle toy,
 Heigh hoe, busie paine :
 Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
 Both sense and wit thereby we gaine.
 Tush, Phillis cease, be not so coy,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, coy disdaine :
 I know you loue a Shepheard's boy,
 Fie that maydens so should faine.

Well Amarillis now I yeeld,
 Shepherds pipe aloude :
 Love conquers both in towne and field,
 Like a tirant fierce and proude.
 The euening starre is vp yee see,
 Vesper shines, we must away :
 Would euery loue might agree,
 So we end our roundelay.

Finis.

H. C.

THE SHEPHEARD'S ANTHEME.

Neare to a banke with roses set about,
 Where prettie turtles ioyning bill to bill :
 And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,
 Washing the foote of pleasure's sacred hill.
 There little Loue sore wounded lyes,
 His bow and arrowes broken :
 Bedewde with teares from Venus eyes.
 Oh that it should be spoken.

Beare

Beare him my hart, slaine with her scornefull eye,
 Where sticks the arrow that poore hart did kill,
 With whose sharp pyle, yet will him ere hee die,
 About my hart to write his latest will.

And bid him send it backe to mee,
 At instant of his dying:
 That cruell, cruell she may see,
 My faith and her denying.

His hearse shall be a mournfull cypres shade,
 And for a chauntrie, Philomel's sweet lay:
 Where prayer shall continually be made,
 By pilgrime louers, passing by that way.

With Nymphs and Shepheards yeerely mone,
 His timelesse death beweeeping:
 And telling that my hart alone
 Hath his last will in keeping.

Finis.

Mich. Drayton.

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S PASTORALL.

A Shepheard and a Shepheardesse,
 Sate keeping sheepe vpon the downes:
 His lookes did gentle blood expresse,
 Her beautie was no foode for clownes.
 Sweet louely twaine, what might you be?

Two

Two fronting hills bedeckt with flowers,
 They chose to be each other seate.
 And there they stole their amorous houres,
 With sighs and teares, poore louer's meate.
 Fond Loue thou feed'st thy seruants so.

Faire friend, quoth he, when shall I liue,
 That am halfe dead, yet cannot die?
 Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
 To him whose life hangs in your eye?
 Beautie is milde and will not kill.

Sweet swaine, quoth she, accuse not mee,
 That long haue beene thy humble thrall:
 But blame the angry destinie,
 Whose kinde consent must finish all.
 Vngentle fate, to crosse true loue.

Quoth hee, let not our parent's hate,
 Disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one.
 They may repent and all too late,
 If childlesse they be left alone.
 Father nor friend, should wrong true loue.

The parent's frowne, said shee, is death,
 To children that are held in awe:
 From them we drew our vitall breath.
 They challenge dutie then by law,
 Such dutie as kills not true loue.

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of sway

On these our earthly bodies here:
 But with our soules deale not they may,
 The god of loue doth hold them deere:
 He is most meet to rule true loue.

I know, said she, 'tis worse then hell,
 When parent's choise must please our eyes:
 Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
 Forc'd loue in desperate danger dies:
 Faire maid, then fancie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth he, might see the houre
 Of that sweet state which neuer ends,
 Our heavenly gree might haue the power,
 To make our parents as deere friends:
 All ranckour yeelds to soueraigne loue.

Then god of loue, said she, consent,
 And shew some wonder of thy power.
 Our parents and our owne content,
 May be confirmde by such an houre:
 Graunt greatest god to further loue.

The fathers, who did alwaies tend,
 When thus they got their priuate walke,
 As happy fortune chaunc'd to send,
 Vnknowne to each, heard all this talke:
 Poore soules to be so crost in loue.

Behinde the hills whereon they sate,
 They lay this while and listned all,

And

And were so mooued both thereat,
That hate in each began to fall.
Such is the power of sacred loue.

They shewed themselues in open sight,
Poore louers, Lord how they were mazde?
And hand in hand the fathers plight,
Whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
Hope now begins to further loue.

And to confirme a mutuall band,
Of loue, that at no time should cease :
They likewise ioyned hand in hand
The Shepheard and the Shepheardesse.
Like fortune still befall true loue.

Finis

Shep. Tonie.

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHELL.

The nightingale so soone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking :
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making.
And mournefully bewailing
Her throate in tunes expresseth,
What grieve her breast oppresseth,
For Tereus force, on her chaste will preuailing.

O

Oh

England's Helicon.

Oh Philomela faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy throne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of languish
 But Tereus loue, on her by strong hand wroken:
 Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,
 Full woman-like complaines her will was broken.

But I who daily crauing,
 Cannot haue to content me:
 Haue more cause to lament me,
 Sith wanting is more woe then too much hauing.
 Oh Philomel faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes,
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

AN INUECTIUE AGAINST LOUE.

All is not golde that shineth bright in show,
 Not euery flowre so good, as faire to sight,
 The deepest streames, aboue doe calmest flow,
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight.
 The pleasant baite doth hide the harmfull hooke,
 And false deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue

Loue is the gold whose outward hew doth passe,
 Whose first beginnings goodly promise make
 Of pleasures faire, and fresh as Sommer's grasse,
 Which neither sunne can parch, nor winde can shake.
 But when the mould should in the fire be tride,
 The gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide.

Beautie the flowre so fresh, so faire, so gay,
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and tast:
 As seemes it should endure, by right, for aye,
 And neuer be with any storme defast,
 But when the baleful southerne wind doth blow,
 Gone is the glory which it erst did shew.

Loue is the streame, whose waues so calmely flow
 As might intice men's minds to wade therein:
 Loue is the poison mixt with sugar so,
 As might by outward sweetnesse liking win,
 But as the deepe ore'flowing stops thy breath,
 So poyson once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whose taste the fish deceiues,
 And makes them swallow downe the choking hooke,
 Loue is the face whose fairenesse iudgement reaues,
 And makes thee trust a false and fained looke,
 But as the hooke the foolish fish doth kill,
 So flatt'ring lookes the louers life doth spill.

Finis.

O ij

FAIRE

FAIRE PHILLIS AND HER SHEPHEARD.

Shepherd, saw you not
 My faire louely Phillis,
 Walking on this mountaine,
 Or on yonder plaine?
 She is gone this way to Dianae's fountaine,
 And hath left me wounded,
 With her high disdaine.
 Aye me she is faire,
 And without compare,
 Sorrow come and sit with me:
 Loue is full of feares,
 Loue is full of teares,
 Loue without these cannot be.
 Thus my passions paine me,
 For my Loue hath slaine me,
 Gentle Shepherd, beare a part:
 Pray to Cupid's mother,
 For I know no other
 That can helpe to ease my smart.

Shepherd, I haue seene
 Thy faire louely Phillis,
 Where her flocks are feeding,
 By the riuer's side:
 Oh! I much admire
 She so farre exceeding
 In surpassing beautie,
 Should surpasse in pride.

But

But alas I finde,
 They are all vnkinde
 Beautie knowes her power too well:
 When they list they loue,
 When they please they moue,
 Thus they turne our heauen to hell.
 For their faire eyes glauncing,
 Like to Cupid's dauncing,
 Roule about still to deceaue vs:
 With vaine hopes deluding,
 Still dispraise concluding,
 Now they loue and now they leaue vs.
 Thus I doe despaire,
 Haue her I shall neuer,
 If shee be so coy,
 Lost is all my loue:
 But she is so faire
 I must loue her euer,
 All my paine is ioy,
 Which for her I proue.
 If I should her trie,
 And she should denie,
 Heaue hart with woe will breake.
 Though against my will,
 Tongue thou must be still,
 For she will not heare thee speake.
 Then with sighs goe proue her,
 Let them shew I loue her,
 Gracious Venus be my guide:
 But though I complaine me,

She will still disdaine mee,
 Beautie is so full of pride.

What though she be faire?
 Speake, and feare not speeding,

Be shee nere so coy,
 Yet she may be wunne :

Vnto her repaire,
 Where her flocks are feeding,

Sit and tick and toy,
 Till set be the sunne.

Sunne then being set,
 Feare not Vulcane's net

Though that Mars therein was caught:
 If she doe denie

Thus to her replie
 Venus lawes she must be taught.

Then with kisses mooue her,
 That's the way to proue her,

Thus thy Phillis must be wone:
 She will not forsake thee,

But her loue will make thee.
 When Loue's dutie once is done,

Happie shall I be,
 If she graunt me fauour,

Else for loue I die
 Phillis is so faire:

Boldly then goe see,
 Thou maist quickly haue her,

Though she could denie

Yet

Yet doe not despaire,
 She is full of pride,
 Venus be my guide,
 Helpe a silly Shepheard's speed,
 Vse no such delay,
 Shepheard, goe thy way,
 Venture man and doe the deed.
 I will sore complaine me,
 Say that Loue hath slaine thee
 If her fauours doe not feede :
 But take no deniall,
 Stand vpon thy triall.
 Spare to speake, and want of speede.

Finis.

I. G.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SONG OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus faire did ride
 Siluer doues they drew her,
 By the pleasant lawnds
 Ere the sunne did rise :
 Vestae's beautie rich
 Opened wide to view her,
 Philomel records
 Pleasing harmonies.
 Euery bird of Spring
 Cheerefully did sing,
 Paphos goddesse they salute :

O iij

Now

Now Loue's Queene so faire,
 Had of mirth no care,
 For her son had made her mute.
 In her breast so tender
 He a shaft did enter,
 When her eyes beheld a boy :
 Adonis was he named,
 By his mother shamed,
 Yet he now is Venus ioy.

Him alone shee met,
 Ready bound for hunting,
 Him she kindly greetes,
 And his iourney stayes ?
 Him shee seekes to kisse
 No deuises wanting
 Him her eyes still wooe
 Him her tongue still prayes.
 He with blushing red
 Hangeth downe the head,
 Not a kisse can he afford :
 His face is turn'd away,
 Silence sayd her nay,
 Still she woo'd him for a word.
 Speake, she sayd, thou fairest,
 Beautie thou impairest,
 See me I am pale and wan :
 Louers all adore mee,
 I for loue implore thee.
 Christall teares with that downe ran

Him

Him herewith she forc'd
 To come sit downe by her,
 She his necke embrac'd,
 Gazing in his face:
 He like one transform'd,
 Stir'd no looke to eye her,
 Euery hearbe did woe him
 Growing in that place.
 Each bird with a dittie,
 Prayed him for pittie
 In behalfe of beautie's Queene:
 Waters gentle murmur,
 Craued him to loue her,
 Yet no liking could be seene.
 Boy, she said, looke on mee,
 Still I gaze vpon thee,
 Speake, I pray thee my delight:
 Coldly he replied,
 And in brieft denied,
 To bestow on her a sight.

I am now too young
 To be wonne by beauty,
 Tender are my yeeres,
 I am yet a bud:
 Faire thou art, she said,
 Then it is thy dutie,
 Wert thou but a blossome
 To effect my good.
 Euery beauteous flower,
 Boasteth in my power,

Birds and beasts my lawes effect:
 Mirrha thy faire mother,
 Most of any other
 Did my louely hests respect.
 Be with me delighted,
 Thou shalt be requited,
 Euery Nymph on thee shall tend
 All the gods shall loue thee,
 Man shall not reprove thee,
 Loue himselfe shall be thy friend.

Wend thee from me Venus,
 I am not disposed,
 Thou wring'st me too hard,
 Pre-thee let me goe:
 Fie, what a paine it is
 Thus to be enclosed.
 If loue begin with labour,
 It will end in woe.
 Kisse me, I will leaue,
 Here a kisse receiue,
 A short kisse I doe it finde:
 Wilt thou leaue me so?
 Yet thou shalt not goe,
 Breathe once more thy balmie wind,
 It smelleth of the mirrh-tree,
 That to the world did bring thee,
 Neuer was perfume so sweet:
 When she had thus spoken,
 She gaue him a token,
 And their naked bosomes meet.

Now

Now he said, let's goe,
 Harke the hounds are crying,
 Grisly boare is vp,
 Huntsmen follow fast:
 At the name of boare,
 Venus seemed dying,
 Deadly coloured pale,
 Roses ouer-cast.
 Speake, said she, no more,
 Of following the boare,
 Thou vnfit for such a chase:
 Course the fearefull hare,
 Venson doe not spare,
 If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
 Shun the boare I pray thee,
 Else I still will stay thee,
 Herein he vow'd to please her mind,
 Then her armes enlarged,
 Loth she him discharged,
 Forth he went as swift as wind.
 Thetis Phœbus steedes,
 In the west retained,
 Hunting sport was past,
 Loue her loue did seeke:
 Sight of him too soone
 Gentle Queene she gained,
 On the ground he lay,
 Blood had left his cheeke.
 For an orped swine,
 Smit him in the groyne:

Deadly

England's Helicon.

Deadly wound his death did bring:
 Which when Venus found,
 She fell in a swoond,
 And awak'd her hands did wring.
 Nymphs and Satyrs skipping,
 Came together tripping,
 Eccho euery crie exprest:
 Venus by her power,
 Turn'd him to a flower
 Which she weareth in her creast.

*Finis.**H. C.*

THIRSI'S THE SHEPHEARD, HIS DEATH'S SONG.

Thirsis to die desired,
 Marking her eyes that to his heart was neerest,
 And she that with his flame no lesse was fired,
 Said to him: oh heart's loue deerest:
 Alas, forbear to die now,
 By thee I liue, by thee I wish to die to.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
 Wherewith to die poor loue then he hasted,
 Thinking it death while he his lookes maintained,
 Full fixed on her eyes, full of pleasure,
 And louely nectar sweet from them he tasted.
 His daintie Nymph, that now at hand espied
 The haruest of loue's treasure.

Said

Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wasted,
I die now,
The Shepheard then replied,
And I sweet life doe die to.

Thus these two two louers fortunately died,
Of death so sweet, so happy, and so desired:
That to die so againe their life retired.

Finis.

*Out of Maister M. Young,
his Musica Transalpina.*

ANOTHER STANZA ADDED AFTER.

Thirsis enioyed the graces,
Of Chloris sweet embraces,
Yet both their ioyes were scantd :
For darke it was and candlelight they wanted.
Wherewith kinde Cynthia in the heauen that shined
Her nightly vaile resigned,
And her faire face disclosed.
Then each from other's lookes such ioy deriued :
That both with meere delight died, and reuiued.

Finis.

Out of the same.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER SONNET THENCE TAKEN.

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth
 With flowers and hearbs which Winter's frost exileth.
 Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth
 Flora the garlands white and red compileth:
 Fields doe reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
 Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smileth:
 The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
 Each creature now to loue him reconcileth.
 But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
 And heauie sighs which from my heart she straineth,
 That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
 So that singing of birds, and Spring times flowring:
 And ladies loue that men's affection gaineth,
 Are like a desert, and cruell beasts deuouring.

Finis.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SLUMBER.

In Pescod time, when hound to horne
 Giues eare till buck be kil'd:
 And little lads with pipes of corne
 Sate keeping beasts a field.
 I went to gather strawberies tho,
 By woods and groaues full faire:

And

And parcht my face with Phœbus so,
In walking in the ayre,
That downe I layde me by a streame,
With boughs all ouer clad:
And there I met the strangest dreame,
That euer Shepheard had.
Methought I saw each Christmas game,
Each reuell all and some
And euery thing that I can name,
Or may in fancie come.
The substance of the sights I saw,
In silence passe they shall:
Because I lacke the skill to draw,
The order of them all,
But Venus shall not passe my pen,
Whose maydens in disdaine,
Did feed vpon the hearts of men,
That Cupid's bowe had slaine.
And that blinde boy was all in blood,
Be-bath'd vp to the eares:
And like a conquerour he stood,
And scorned louers teares.
I haue, quoth he, more hearts at call,
Then Cæsar could command.
And like the deare I make them fall,
That runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe here, another there,
In bushes as they groane;
I bend a scornfull carelesse eare,
To heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir, (quoth Honest Meaning) then

Thy

Thy boy-like brags I heare
 When thou hast wounded many a man,
 As huntsman doth the deare.
 Becomes it thee to triumph so?
 Thy mother wills it not:
 For she had rather breake thy bowe,
 Then thou should'st play the sot.
 What saucie merchant speaketh now,
 Said Venus in her rage:
 Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
 I gouerne euery age?
 My sonne doth shoote no shaft in wast,
 To me the boy is bound:
 He neuer found a heart so chaste,
 But he had power to wound.
 Not so faire goddess, (quoth Free-will)
 In me there is a choise:
 And cause I am of mine owne ill
 If I in thee reioyce.
 And when I yeeld myselfe a slaue,
 To thee, or to thy sonne:
 Such recompence I ought not haue,
 If things be rightly done.
 Why foole, stept forth Delight, and said,
 When thou art conquer'd thus:
 Then loe dame Lust, that wanton maid,
 Thy mistresse is iwus.
 And Lust is Cupid's darling deere,
 Behold her where she goes:
 She creepes the milk-warne flesh so neere,
 She hides her vnder close.

Where

Where many priuie thoughts doe dwell,
 A heauen here on earth:
 For they haue neuer minde of hell,
 They thinke so much on mirth.
 Be still, Good Meaning, quoth Good Sport,
 Let Cupid triumph make:
 For sure his kingdome shall be short,
 If we no pleasure take.
 Faire Beautie, and her play-feares gay,
 The virgin's Vestalles to:
 Shall sit and with their fingers play,
 As idle people doe.
 If Honest Meaning fall to frowne,
 And I Good Sport decay:
 Then Venus glory will come downe,
 And they will pine away.
 Indeede, (quoth Wit) this your deuice
 With strangenesse must be wrought:
 And where you see these women nice,
 And looking to be sought:
 With scowling browes their follies check,
 And so giue them the fig:
 Let Fancie be no more at beck,
 When Beautie lookes so big.
 When Venus heard how they conspir'd
 To murther women so,
 Methought indeede the house was fier'd,
 With stormes and lightning tho.
 The thunder-bolt through windowes burst,
 And in their steps a wight,
 Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,

So vgly was the sight.
 I charge you ladies all, (quoth he)
 Looke to yourselues in hast:
 For if that men so wilfull be,
 And haue their thoughts so chast,
 That they can tread on Cupid's brest,
 And martch on Venus face:
 Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
 When you shall waile your case.
 With that had Venus all in spight
 Stir'd vp the dames to ire:
 And Lust fell cold, and Beautie white,
 Sate babling with Desire.
 Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
 Much whispering there arose:
 The day did lower, the sunne wext darke,
 Away each lady goes.
 But whether went this angry flock?
 Our lord himselfe doth know:
 Wherewith full loudly crew the cock,
 And I awaked so.
 A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
 I take thereon no keepe:
 I gage my head such toyes as this,
 Doth spring from lacke of sleepe.

Finis.

DISPRAISE OF LOUE, AND LOUER'S FOLLIES.

If loue be life, I long to die,
 Liue they that list for me:
 And he that gaines the most thereby,
 A foole at least shall be.
 But he that feeles the sorest fits,
 Scapes with no lesse then losse of wits.
 Vnhappy life they gaine,
 Which loue doe entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
 By lying dreames in night,
 Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
 Each smile a false delight.
 If't hap their lady pleasant seeme,
 It is for other's loue they deeme:
 If voide she seeme of ioy,
 Disdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that louers finde,
 Such is the life they leade,
 Blowne here and there with euery winde,
 Like flowers in the mead.
 Now warre, now peace, now warre againe,
 Desire, despaire, delight, disdaine,
 Though dead in midst of life,
 In peace and yet at strife.

Finis.

Ignoto.

ANOTHER SONNET.

In wonted walkes since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise,
 For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
 Part of my paine me seemes engraue'd lies.

The rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
 In climbing steepe, now hard refusall shew:
 The shading woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
 And stately hills disdain to looke so low.

The restfull caues, now restlesse visions giue:
 In dales I see each way a hard assent:
 Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue:
 Alas, sweet brookes doe in my teares augment.
 Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades, brooks answer mee:
 Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

OF DISDAINEFULL DAPHNE.

Shall I say that I loue you?
 Daphne disdainfull?
 Sore it costs as I proue you,
 Louing is painefull.

Shall

Shall I say what doth grieue me?
 Louers lament it:
 Daphne will not relieue me;
 Late I repent it.

Shall I die, shall I perish,
 Through her vnkindnesse?
 Loue vntaught loue to cherish,
 Sheweth his blindnesse.

Shall the hills, shall the valleys,
 The fields, the citie,
 With the sound of my out-cries,
 Moue her to pittie?

The deepe falls of faire riuers,
 And the windes turning,
 Are the true musicke giuers
 Vnto my mourning:

Where my flockes daily feeding,
 Pining for sorrow
 At their maister's heart-bleeding,
 Shot with Loue's arrow.

From her eyes to my heart-string,
 Was the shaft launced:
 It made all the woods to ring,
 By which it glaunced.

When this Nymph had vs'd me so,
 Then she did hide her:

Haplesse I did Daphne know,
Haplesse I spied her.

Then turtle-like I wail'd me,
For my Loue's loosing:
Daphne's trust thus did faile me,
Woe worth such choosing.

Finis.

M. N. Howell.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD TO HIS LOUE.

Come liue with me, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That vallies, groues, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepie mountaines yeelds.

And we will sit vpon the rockes,
Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes,
By shallow riuers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Imbroydered all with leaues of mirtle :

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,

Faire

Faire lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw, and iuie buds,
With corall clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with me and be my loue.

The Shepheard swaines shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May-morning;
If these delights thy minde may moue,
Then liue with me and be my loue.

Finis.

Chr. Marlow.

THE NIMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHEARD.

If all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Shepheard's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When riuers rage, and rockes grow cold;
And Philomell becommeth dombe;
The rest complaines of cares to come.

P iij

The

The flowers doe fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yeelds;
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancie's Spring, but sorrowe's fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and iuie buds,
Thy corall clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no meanes can moue,
To come to thee and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee and be thy loue.

Finis.

Ignoto.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE MADE SINCE.

Come liue with me, and be my deere,
And we will reuell all the yeere,
In plaines and groues, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There

There shall you haue the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine;
And all the woods to be a skreene,
Least Phœbus kisse my Sommer's Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some riuer in a tree;
Where siluer sands and pebbles sing
Eternall ditties with the Spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds, with heauenly tuned throtes,
Possesse woods ecchoes with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse oake,
The ring-doues woings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doe no lesse.

In bowers of laurell trimly dight,
We will outweare the silent night,
While Flora busie is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,

All

England's Helicon.

All to adorne and beautifie
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose,
Lillie's faire mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfections in loue's play,
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice
Your presence to Loue's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my deare,
And we will strait begin the yeare.

Finis.

Ignoto.

TWO PASTORALS VPON THREE FRIENDS MEETING.

Ioyne mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting:
Let Pan our good god see,
How gratefull is our greeting.
Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one minde in bodies three.

Ye

Ye hymnes and singing skill
Of god Apolloe's giuing,
Be prest our reeds to fill
With sound of musicke liuing.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweet Orpheus' harpe, whose sound
The stedfast mountaines moued,
Let here thy skill abound
To ioyne sweet friends beloued.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
A happy blessed Trinitie,
As three most ioyntly set,
In firmest band of vnitie.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, E. D. F. G. P. S.
The number best beloued,
Within my heart you be
In friendship vnremoued.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Giue leaue your flocks to range,
Let vs the while be playing
Within the elmy grange;
Your flocks will not be straying.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can

Since

Since I am now come hither,
 Who neuer ioy but when
 I am with you together.
 Ioyne hands, &c.

Like louers doe their loue,
 So ioy I in your seeing:
 Let nothing me remoue
 From alwaies with you being.
 Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the turtle doue
 To mate with whom he liueth,
 Such comfort, feruent loue
 Of you to my heart giueth,
 Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
 Let them be ne'er asunder,
 But linkt in binding bands
 By metamorphoz'd wonder.
 So should our seuered bodies three
 As one for euer ioyned be.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

THE

THE WOODMAN'S WALKE.

Through a faire forrest as I went
 Vpon a Sommer's day,
 I met a woodman quaint and gent,
 Yet in a strange aray.
 I maruail'd much at his disguise,
 Whom I did know so well :
 But thus in tearmes both graue and wise,
 His minde he gan to tell.
 Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
 But list awhile to me :
 For it hath holpe me to suruay
 What I shall shew to thee.
 Long liu'd I in this forrest faire,
 Till wearie of my weale,
 Abroad in walkes I would repaire,
 As now I will reueale.
 My first dayes walke was to the court,
 Where beautie fed mine eyes :
 Yet found I that the courtly sport
 Did maske in slie disguise.
 For falsehood sate in fairest lookes,
 And friend to friend was coy :
 Court fauour fill'd but emptie bookes,
 And there I found no ioy.
 Desert went naked in the colde,
 When crouching craft was fed :
 Sweet wordes were cheaply bought and solde,
 But none that stood in sted.

Wit

England's Helicon.

Wit was imployed for each man's owne,
Plaine meaning came too short:
All these deuises seene and knowne,
Made me forsake the court.
Vnto the cittie next I went,
In hope of better hap:
Where liberally I lanch'd and spent,
As set on fortune's lap.
The little stock I had in store,
Methought would nere be done;
Friends flockt about me more and more,
As quickly lost as wone.
For when I spent then they were kinde,
But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behinde.
Thus loue with wealth doth quaile.
Once more for footing yet I stroue,
Although the world did frowne,
But they before that held me vp,
Together troad me downe.
And least once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay:
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence I stole away.
And in my minde (me thought) I said,
Lord blesse mee from the cittie;
Where simplenes is thus betraide,
And no remorse or pittie.
Yet would I not giue ouer so,
But once more trie my fate,

And

And to the country then I goe,
 To liue in quiet state.
 There did appeare no subtile showes,
 But yea and nay went smoothly :
 But, Lord, how country folkes can glose,
 When they speake most vntruely ?
 More craft was in a button'd cap,
 And in old wiues raile,
 Then in my life it was my hap,
 To see on downe or dale.
 There was no open forgerie,
 But vnderhanded gleaning :
 Which they call cuntry pollicie,
 But hath a worser meaning.
 Some good bold face beares out the wrong,
 Because he gaines thereby :
 The poore man's backe is crackt ere long,
 Yet there he lets him lie :
 And no degree among them all,
 But had such close intending,
 That I vpon my knees did fall,
 And prayed for their amending.
 Back to the woods I got againe,
 In minde perplexed sore :
 Where I found ease of all this paine,
 And meane to stray no more.
 There citty, court, nor country to,
 Can any way annoy me :
 But as a woodman ought to doe,
 I freely may imploy me.

There

England's Helicon.

There live I quietly alone,
 And none to trip my talke:
 Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
 Thinke on the Woodman's walke.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

THIRSI THE SHEPHEARD, TO HIS PIPE.

Like desert woods, with darkesome shades obscured,
 Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
 Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow paineth.

The trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
 That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth,
 To whet my grieve, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts my thoughts in cares assures,
 Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth,
 With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
 Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
 To coole the heate, the helpelesse hart containeth.

But

But shafts, but cares, but sighs, honors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded,
My faithfull loue by her might be regarded.

Finis.

Ignoto.

AN HEROICALL POEME.

My wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing,
Faire beautie's praise and Venus sweet delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string
To higher tunes that serue for Cupid's fight.
Shrill trumpets sound, sharpe swords and lances strong,
Warre, bloud, and death, were matter of her song.

The god of loue by chance had heard thereof,
That I was prou'd a rebell to his crowne,
Fit words for warre, quoth he, with angry scoffe,
A likely man to write of Mars his frowne.
Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
Whose wanton pen can nought but loue indite.

This said he whiskt his party colour'd wings,
And downe to earth he comes more swift then thought,
Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,
To see what change these newes of warres had wrought.
He pries, and lookes, he ransacks eu'ry vaine,
Yet finds he nought, saue loue and louer's paine.

Q

Then

Then I that now perceiu'd his needlesse feare,
 With heauie smile began to plead my cause:
 In vaine, (quoth I) this endlesse griefe I beare,
 In vaine I striue to keepe thy grievous lawes,
 If after prooffe, so often trusty found,
 Vniust suspecte condemne me as vnsound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull heart?
 Is this the hope on which my life is staide?
 Is this the ease of neuer ceasing smart?
 Is this the price that for my paines is paide?
 Yet better serue fierce Mars in bloudie field,
 Where death, or conquest, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I seru'd, what is my pay but paine?
 Oft haue I su'de, what gaine I but delay?
 My faithfull loue is quited with disdain,
 My griefe a game, my pen is made a play;
 Yea loue that doth in other fauour finde,
 In me is counted madnesse out of kinde.

And last of all, but grievous most of all,
 Thy selfe, sweet Loue, hath kil'd me with suspect:
 Could loue beleue, that I from loue would fall?
 Is warre of force to make me loue neglect.
 No, Cupid knowes, my minde is faster set,
 Then that by warre I should my loue forget.

My Muse indeed to warre enclines her mind,
 The famous acts of worthy Brute to write:
 To whom the gods this island's rule assignde,

Which

Which long he sought by seas through Neptune's spight.
 With such conceits my busie head doth swell.
 But in my heart nought else but loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the least,
 Here shall my Muse Brute's noble loue declare :
 Here shalt thou see thy double loue increast,
 Of fairest twins that euer lady bare.
 Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
 His conquer'd armes shall be thy triumphs light.

As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,
 And I thy glory through the world will ring,
 So by my paines, thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,
 And kill despaire. With that he whiskt his wing,
 And bid me write, and promist wished rest,
 But sore I feare false hope will be the best.

Finis.

Ignoto.

AN EXCELLENT SONNET OF A NIMPH.

Vertue, beautie and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
 My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight :
 First, second, last, did binde, enforce and arme,
 His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes might.

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
 Held, pearst, possest, my iudgement, sence and will,

Q ij

Till

Till wrongs contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then grieve, vnkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
But ah, alas, (in vaine,) my minde, sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.
For nothing, time nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A REPORT SONG IN A DREAME, BETWEENE A SHEP-
HEARD AND HIS NIMPH.

Shall we goe daunce the hay?
Neuer pipe could euer play
Better Shepheard's roundelay.

The hay?

Shall we goe sing the song?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong:
Faire maides holdes hands all along.

The song?

Shall we goe learne to woo?
Neuer thought came euer to,
Better deed could better doe.

To woo?

Shall we goe learne to kisse?
Neuer hart could euer misse,
Comfort, where true meaning is.

To kisse?

Thus

Thus at base they run,
When the sport was scarce begun :
But I awak't, and all was done.

They run,

Finis.

N. Breton.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Say that I should say, I loue ye ?
Would you say, 'tis but a saying ?
But if Loue in prayers moue ye ?
Will you not be mou'd with praying ?

Thinke I thinke that Loue should know ye ?
Will you thinke 'tis but a thinking ?
But if Loue the thought doe show ye ?
Will ye loose your eyes with winking ?

Write that I doe write you blessed,
Will you write, 'tis but a writing ?
But if truth and Loue confesse it,
Will ye doubt the true enditing ?

No, I say, and thinke, and write it,
Write, and thinke, and say your pleasure :
Loue, and Truth, and I endite it,
You are blessed out of measure.

Finis.

N. Breton.

Q iiij

THE

THE LOUER'S ABSENCE KILS ME, HER PRESENCE
KILS ME.

The frozen snake opprest with heaped snow,
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,
And spies farre off, from where she lies below,
The winter sunne that from the north is fled.
But all in vaine she looks vpon the light,
Where heate is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it helpe a wretch in prison pent,
Long time with biting hunger ouerprest,
To see without, or smell within the sent,
Of daintie fare for others tables drest?
Yet snake and pris'ner both behold the thing,
The which (but not with sight) might comfort bring.

Such is my state, or worse if worse may be,
My heart opprest with heauie frost of care,
Debar'd of that which is most deere to me,
Kil'd vp with cold, and pin'de with euill fare,
And yet I see the thing might yeeld reliefe,
And yet the sight doth breed my greater grieve.

So Thisbe saw her loue through the wall,
And saw thereby she wanted that she saw:
And so I see, and seeing want withall,
And wanting so, vnto my death I draw.
And so my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this verse my hated life might end.

Finis.

Ignoto.

THE

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THE SHEPHEARD'S CONCEIT OF PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus, when first from heauen hie,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnseene,
Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,
Gaue it a kisse, as it like sweet had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shoutes and shriking shrill,
He sought his ease in riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his griefe went with him still.

So silly I, with that vnwonted sight,
In humane shape, an angell from aboue:
Feeding mine eyes, th' impression there did light,
That since I runne, and rest as pleaseth Loue,
The difference is, the Satire's lips, my heart,
He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

Finis.

S. E. D.

Q iij

ANOTHER

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
 With sound of horne, which he himselfe did blow.
 Fearing, and feared thus, from himselfe hee fled,
 Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

Such causelesse feares, when coward mindes doe take,
 It makes them flie that which they faine would haue,
 As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,
 Thinking not why, but how himselfe to saue.

Euen thus mought I, for doubts which I conceaue
 Of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray :
 And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
 The sweet pursute of my desired pray.
 Better like I thy Satire, dearest *Dyer*,
 Who burnt his lips to kisse faire shining fier.

Finis:

S. Phil. Sidney.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SUNNE.

Faire Nymphs, sit ye here by me,
 On this flowrie Greene:
 While we this merrie day doe see,
 Some things but sildome seene.
 Shepheards all, come sit a round
 On yond checkquer'd plaine:
 While from the woods we here resound,
 Some comfort for loue's paine.
 Every bird sits on his bough,
 As brag as he that is the best.
 Then sweet Loue reueale how
 Our mindes may be at rest.
 Eccho thus replied to mee,
 Sit vnder yonder beechen tree,
 And there I oue shall shew thee
 How all may be redrest.

Harke, harke, harke, the nightingale,
 In her mourning lay:
 She tells her stories, wofull tale,
 To warne yee if she may.
 Faire maides take yee heede of loue,
 It is a perilous thing:
 As Philomell herselfe did proue,
 Abused by a king.
 If kings play false, belecue no men,
 That make a seemely outward show:

But

England's Helicon.

But caught once, beware then,
 For then begins your woe,
 They will looke babies in your eyes,
 And speake so faire as faire may be :
 But trust them in no wise,
 Example take by me.

Fie, fie, said the threstle-cocke,
 You are much to blame:
 For one man's fault all men to blot,
 Impairing their good name.
 Admit you were vs'd amisse
 By that vngentle king,
 It followes not that you for this,
 Should all men's honours wring.
 There be good, and there be bad,
 And some are false, and some are true:
 As good choyse is still had
 Amongst vs men, as you
 Women haue faults as well as wee,
 Some say for our one, they haue three.
 Then smite not, nor bite not,
 When you as faultie be.

Peace, peace, quoth Madge-Howlet then,
 Sitting out of sight:
 For women are as good as men,
 And both are good alike.
 Not so, said the little wrenne,
 Difference there may be,

The

The cocke always commands the henne,
 The men shall goe for me.
 Then Robbin Redbreast stepping in,
 Would needes take vp this tedious strife,
 Protesting, true louing,
 In either lengthened life.
 If I loue you, and you loue me,
 Can there be better harmonie?
 Then ending, contending,
 Loue must the vmpiere be.

Faire Nymphs, loue must be your guide,
 Chast ynsported loue:
 To such as doe your thralls betide,
 Resolu'd without remoue.
 Likewise iolly Shepheard swaines,
 If you doe respect,
 The happy issue of your paines,
 True loue must you direct,
 You heare the birds contend for loue,
 The bubbling springs doe sing sweet loue,
 The mountaines and fountaines
 Doe eccho nought but loue.
 Take hands then Nymphes and Shepheards all
 And to this riuer's musickes fall.
 Sing true loue, and chaste loue
 Begins our festiuall.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

LOVE

LOUE THE ONELY PRICE OF LOUE.

The fairest pearles that northerne seas doe breed,
 For precious stones from easterne coasts are sold,
 Nought yeelds the earth that from exchange is freed,
 Gold values all, and all things value gold.

Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
 There greatnesse serues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare so high a price,
 But that with mortall thing it may be bought,
 The corne of Sicill buies the westerne spice,
 French wine of vs, of them our cloath is sought.

No pearles, no gold, no stones, no corne, no spice,
 No cloath, no wine, of loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile?
 Nought saue it selfe, eu'n such a thing is loue.
 All worldly wealth in worth as farre doth faile,
 As lowest earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.

Diuine is loue, and scorneth worldly pelfe,
 And can be bought with nothing, but with selfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
 Such is the pay thy loue doth claime as due.
 Thy due is loue, which I (poore I) assay,
 In vaine assay to quite with friendship true:

True is my loue, and true shall euer be,
 And truest loue is farre too base for thee.

Loue

Loue but thy selfe, and loue thy selfe alone,
 For saue thy selfe, none can thy loue requite:
 All mine thou hast, but all as good as none,
 My small desart must take a lower flight.
 Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such blisse,
 Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.

Finis.

Ignoto.

COLIN, THE ENAMoured SHEPHEARD, SINGETH THIS
 PASSION OF LOUE.

O gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
 Thou makest my heart,
 A bloodie marke,
 With piercing shot to bleede.

Shoote soft, sweet loue, for feare thou shoote amisse,
 For feare too keene,
 Thy arrowes beene,
 And hit the heart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
 Shall be so blest,
 Among the rest;
 That loue shall ceaze on her by simpathie.

Then

Then since with loue my prayers beare no boote,
 This doth remaine,
 To ease my paine,
 I take the wound, and die at Venus foote.

Finis.

Geo. Peele.

OENONES COMPLAINT IN BLANKE VERSE.

Melpomene the muse of tragicke songs,
 With mournfull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
 Assist a silly Nymph to waile her woe,
 And leaue thy lustie company behind.

This lucklesse wreathe becomes not me to weare,
 The poplar tree for triumph of my loue,
 Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left,
 Be thou vncloathed of thy louely greene.

And in thy leaues my fortunes written be,
 And then some gentle winde let blow abroad,
 That all the world may see, how false of loue,
 False Paris hath to his Oenone beene.

Finis.

Geo. Peele.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S CONSORT.

Harke iolly Shepheards,
 Harke yond lustie ringing,
 How cheerefully the bells daunce,
 The whilst the lads are springing?
 Goe we then, why sit we here delaying?
 And all yond merrie wanton lasses playing?
 How gaily Flora leades it,
 And sweetly treads it?
 The woods and groues they ring,
 Louely resounding:
 With ecchoes sweet rebounding.

Finis.

Out of M. Morley's Madrigals.

THIRIS PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESSE.

On a hill that grac'd the plaine,
 Thiris sate, a comely swaine,
 Comelier swaine nere grac'd a hill:
 Whilst his flocke that wandred nie,
 Cropt the greene grasse busilie,
 Thus he tun'd his oaten quill.

Ver hath made the pleasant field,
 Many seu'rall odours yeeld,
 Odors aromaticall

From

From faire Astra's cherrie lip,
Sweeter smells for euer skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

Leauie groues now mainly ring
With each sweet bird's sonnetting
Notes that make the eccho's long:
But when Astra tunes her voyce,
All the mirthfull birds reioyce,
And are list'ning to her song.

Fairely spreads the damaske rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, pensils cannot faine:
Yet if Astra passe the bush,
Roses haue beene seene to blush,
She doth all their beauties staine.

Phœbus shining bright in skie
Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie,
With his beames all quick'ning fire:
Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)
Strikes a heate in hearts of stones,
And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
Ayre is blest when she doth breath,
Birds make happy eu'ry groue,
She each bird when she doth sing,
Phœbus heate to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in loue.

Those

Those blessings of the earth, we swaines doe call,
Astra can blesse those blessings earth and all.

Finis.

W. Browne.

A DEFIANCE TO DISDAINEFULL LOUE.

Now haue I learn'd with much adoe at last,
By true disdain to kill desire;
This was the marke at which I shot so fast;
Vnto this height I did aspire.
Proud Loue, now doe thy worst, and spare not;
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to moue my minde?
What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
I feele no heate in all thy fire.
Goe charge thy bowes, and get a stronger;
Goe breake thy shafts, and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hooke with beauties blaze,
In vaine thy wanton eyes allure:
These are but toyes, for them that loue to gaze;
I knowe what harme thy looks procure:
Some strange conceit must be deuised,
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

Finis.

Ignoto.

AN EPITHALAMIUM OR A NUPTIAL SONG, APPLIED
TO THE CEREMONIES OF MARRIAGE.

Sunne ri- Avrora's blush (the ensigne of the day)
sing. Hath wak't the god of light, from Tython's bowre,
Who on our bride, and bridegroom doth display
His golden beames, auspicious to this howre.

Strewing Now busie maydens strew sweet flowres,
of flow- Much like our bride in virgin state;
ers. Now fresh, then prest, soone dying,
The death is sweet, and must be yours,
Time goes on croutches till that date,
Birds fledg'd must needes be flying.

Leade on while Phœbus lights, and Hymen's fires
Enflame each heart with zeale to loues desires.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, Pæans sing
To Hymen and my Muses king.

Going to Forth honour'd grōome; behold, not farre behind,
church. Your willing bride; led by two strengthlesse boyes;
Bride For Venus dones, or thred but single twin'd
Boyess. May draw a virgin, light in marriage ioyes.

Vesta growes pale, her flame expires

As yee come vnder Juno's phane

To offer at loues shrine

The simpathie of hearts desires,

Knitting the knot, that doth containe

Two soules, in gordian twine.

The rites are done; and now (as tis the guise)

Loue's fast by day a feast must solemnize.

Chorus.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, Pæans sing,
To Hymen, and my Muses king.

The board being spread, furnisht with various plenties; Dinner;
The bride's faire object in the middle plac'd;
While she drinkes nectar, eates ambrosiall dainties,
And like a goddesse is admir'd and grac'd:

Bacchus and Ceres fill their veines;
Each heart begins to ope a vent;
And now the healths goe round;
Their bloods are warm'd; chear'd are their braines;
All doe applaud their loues consent;
So Loue with cheare is crown'd.

Let sensuall soules ioy in full bowles, sweet dishes,
True hearts and tongues accord in ioyfull wishes.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Now whiles slow howres doe feede the time's delay, After-
Confus'd discourse, with musicke mixt among, noone.
Fills vp the semy-circle of the day; Musicke.
Now drawes the date our louers wish'd so long.

A bounteous hand the board hath spred, Supper.

Lyeus stirres their bloods a-new;

All iouiall full of cheare;

But Phœbus see, is gone to bed; Sunne set.

Loe Hesperus appeares in view,

And twinckles in his sphere.

Now ne plus ultra; end as you begin;

Ye waste good howres: time lost in loue is sin.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

R ij

Breake

Breake off your complement; musick be dombe;
 And pull your cases o'er your fiddles eares;
 Cry not, a hall, a hall, but chamber-roome,
 Dauncing is lame, youth's old at twentie yeares;
 Going to bed. Matrons, yee know what followes next;
 Conduct the shamefac'd bride to bed,
 (Though to her little rest)
 Yee well can comment on the text,
 And in loue's learning deeply read,
 Aduise and teach the best.
 Forward's the word; y' are all so in this arrant;
 Wiues giue the word; their husbands giue the warrant.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Modestie in the Bride. Now droopes our bride, and in her virgin state,
 Seemes like Electra 'mongst the Pleyades;
 So shrinkes a mayde when her Herculean mate
 Must plucke the fruit in her Hesperides.
 As she's a bride, she glorious shines,
 Like Cynthia, from the sunne's bright sphære,
 Attracting all men's eyes;
 But as she's virgin, waines, and pines,
 As to the man, she approacheth neere;
 So mayden glory dies.
 But virgin beames no reall brightnesse render,
 If they doe shine, in darke to shew their splendor.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Then let the darke foyle of the geniall bed
 Extend her brightnesse to his inward sight;
 And by his sence he will be easily led

England's Helicon.

245

To know her vertue, by the absent light.

Youths, take his poynts ; your wonted right :

And maydens, take your due, her garters ;

Take hence the lights, be gone ;

Loue calls to armes, duell his fight ;

They all remoue out of his quarters,

And leaue them both alone :

That with substantiall heate, they may embrace,

And know Loue's essence, with his outward grace.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Bride
poynts
garters.

Hence Iealousie, riual to Loue's delight,

Sowe not thy seede of strife in these two harts ;

May neuer cold affect, or spleenefull spight

Confound this musicke of agreeing parts :

But time (that steales the virtuall heate

Where nature keeps the vitall fire)

(My heart speakes in my tongue)

Supply with fewell life's chiefe seate,

Through the strong feruour of desire ;

Loue, liuing ; and liue long.

And eu'n as thunder riseth gainst the winde,

So may yee fight with age ; and conquer kinde.

Chorus. Io to Hymen; Pæans sing

To Hymen, and my muses king.

Finis.

Christopher Brooke.

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